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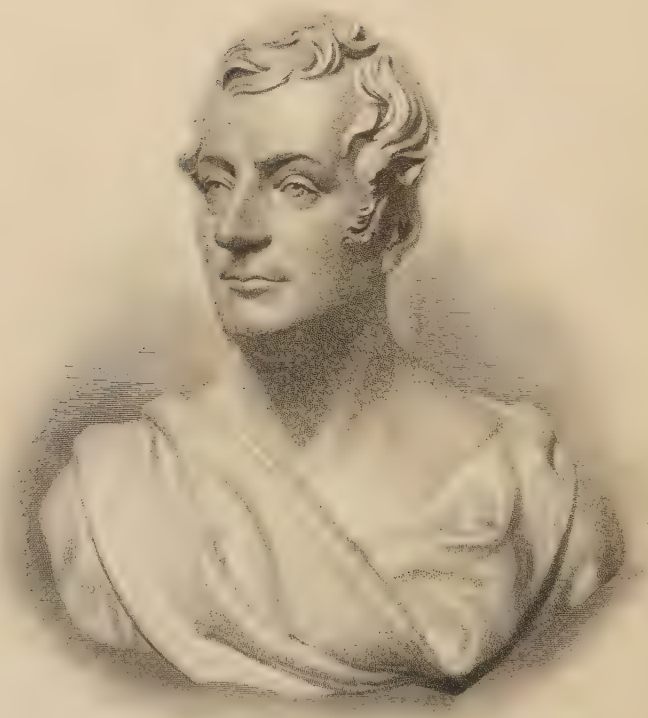
LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Knickerbocker Edition.

VOL. III.



THE

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

WASHINGTON IRVING.

BY HIS NEPHEW,

PIERRE M. IRVING.

REVISED AND CONDENSED, IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME III.

NEW YORK:
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LIFE AND LETTERS

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Letter to Miss Catherine Irving. — Passages from Letters to Mrs. Paris. — The Queen giving Audience. — Diplomatic Conversation with Royalty. — Insurrection in Barcelona. — Departure of the Regent. — The Solitary Raven. — Attacks of the "Southern Literary Messenger" and "Graham's Magazine." — Letters on the Subject. — Literary Occupation.

THERE is a vein of drollery in a portion of the following, to one of the youthful members of his home establishment, quite in character: —

[*To Miss Catherine Irving.*]

MADRID, November 15, 1842.

MY DEAR KATE: —

Your letter of October 1st reached me a few days since, and gave me a very sunshiny account of affairs at pleasant little Sunnyside. I thus enjoy, by reflection, the bright days which pass at that brightest of little homes. My present home is enlivened by

the return of the young travellers from their tour in Andalusia, which has been a very satisfactory one, excepting that they have not been robbed, at which they appear rather disappointed, an adventure with robbers being looked upon as essential to the interest and romance of a tour in Spain. They have a world of travelling anecdotes to relate about Granada, and Malaga, and Gibraltar, and Seville, which make our repasts quite instructive as well as convivial. They are all in fine health and spirits, and, from their good tempers, good sense, good breeding, and perfect harmony, make a very pleasant household.

You seem to pity the poor little Queen, shut up, with her sister, like two princesses in fairy tale, in a great, grand, dreary palace, and "wonder whether she would not like to change her situation for a nice little cottage on the Hudson." Perhaps she would, Kate, if she knew anything of the gayeties of cottage life; if she had ever been with us at a picnic, or driven out in the Shandry-dran, with the two roans, and James, in his slip-shod hat, for a coachman, or *yotted* in the *Dream*, or sang in the Tarrytown choir, or shopped at Tommy Dean's; but, poor thing! she would not know how to set about enjoying herself. She would never think of appearing at church without a whole train of the Miss ———s, and the Miss ———s, and the Miss ———s, as maids of honor, nor drive through Sleepy Hollow except in a coach and six, with a cloud of dust and a troop of horsemen in glittering armor. So I think, Kate, we must be content with pitying her, and leaving her in ignorance of the comparative desolateness of her situation.

The last time I saw the little Queen was about ten days since, at the opera, with her sister. Espartero, the Regent, sat on her right hand. She is

fond of theatricals, and appeared to take great interest in the performance. She is growing fast, and will soon be quite womanly in her appearance. I cannot say that she is strictly handsome, for which I am sorry, on account of your aunt; but you may console the latter, by assuring her that the Queen's sister is decidedly pretty enough to answer her notions of a princess. I shall give your aunt another diplomatic chapter on royalty and its concerns as soon as I can find leisure from my diplomatic communications to government; but she must not let it get to Mr. Webster's ears how communicative I am to her on these subjects; he may not be disposed to admit her into our secrets. . . . .

God bless you, my excellent, noble-hearted little girl! I can never enough express how deeply I feel the affection I have experienced and daily experience from you all. It constitutes the great happiness of my life.

After relating a second interview with the Queen, on her saint's day, — the day of St. Isabella, — in which she received congratulatory deputations from the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies at two o'clock, and from the *Corps Diplomatique* at three, and giving an account of her setting forth, followed by her sister, "on her awful journey along the diplomatic line," to receive and reply to a speech from each, "with the terrors of a school-girl," a letter to his sister remarks: —

I believe, at first, I felt almost as much fluttered as herself, I entered so much into the novelty and peculiarity of her task — a mere child having to

give audience to the official representatives of nations. Mr. Asten first addressed her. She had been accustomed to see him on other occasions, and that served to put her more at her ease. It was the same case with Count Lima; and, by the time she had finished with him, she began to smile. You will want to know what discourse I held with her, as my turn came next. I do not know whether I ought to impart these diplomatic conversations with royalty, as these are the verbal links that connect the destinies of nations. However, for once, I'll venture confiding in your secrecy. I had been so interested in contemplating the little sovereign, that I had absolutely forgotten to arrange anything to say; and when she stood before me, I was, as usual with me on public occasions, at a loss. However, something must be said; so I expressed my regret that my want of fluency in the Spanish language rendered it so difficult for me to address her as I could wish. "But you speak it very well," said she, with a smile, and a little flirt of her fan. I shook my head negatively. "Do you like Spain?" said she. "Very much," replied I, and I spoke sincerely. She smiled again, gave another little clack of her fan, bowed, and passed on. Her sister followed. She had not the womanly carriage of the Queen, being still more the child. I told her I hoped she had been pleased at the opera, where I had had the honor of seeing her a few nights before. She said, "Yes; she liked the theatre," and then glided on after her sister. When they had passed down the line, they returned to their places, and again, on being prompted, bowed to us; upon which we made respectful reverences, and retired, taking care, as we withdrew, not to turn our backs upon royalty.

I have thus, my dear sister, given you another peep

into court scenes, and shown you the petty machinery of the great world. I can imagine you smiling in the serene wisdom of your elbow chair, at this picture of a row of dignified diplomatic personages, some of them well stricken in years, and all of them sage representatives of governments, bowing with profound reverence, and conjuring up nothings to say to a couple of little girls. However, this is all the whipt syllabub of diplomacy. If I were to take you into one of our conferences with Cabinet Ministers, then you would know the solid wisdom required by our station ; but this department of our official functions is a sealed book !

It was not long after this audience that a popular paroxysm occurred, of which Mr. Irving gives this account, under date of November 25th : —

An insurrection has taken place in Barcelona. This is the next city in importance to Madrid. It is the capital of the province of Catalonia, the most active and industrious province in Spain. The Catalans are to Spain what the New England people are to the United States. Wherever money is to be made, there is a Catalan. They are pushing, scheming, enterprising, hardy, and litigious. Catalonia is one of the most restless and insubordinate of the Spanish provinces, and frequently the seat of political disturbances. It borders on France, and is infested by half-robber, half-rebel bands, the remnants of the factions of the civil wars which lurk about the French frontiers. There is a small but busy party of republicans, also, at Barcelona, who would gladly pull down the present form of government, and establish a republic. Catalonia also has a strong manufac-

turing interest, having many cotton manufactories. This has taken the alarm at the rumor of a proposed commerical treaty with England for the introduction of her cotton goods at a lower rate of duties, so that there is a mixture of various motives in the present convulsion; and the whole has been thrown in a ferment by the intrigues of foreign agents, who seek the confusion of Spain and the downfall of its constitutional government. The present insurrection seems to have broken out suddenly and accidentally, some trifling affray with custom-house officers having been the spark which has set the combustible community in a flame. There has been fighting in the streets, as in the famous "three days of Paris," and the troops have been obliged to evacuate the city, but hold it closely invested. The Regent set off from Madrid some days since for the scene of action, and troops are concentrating upon Catalonia from every direction; in the mean time, Madrid is full of rumors and reports that insurrections are breaking out in other provinces, but I believe, as yet, the insurrection is confined to Barcelona, and I think it probable it will be suppressed without much difficulty.

The departure of the Regent was a striking scene. All the uniform companies, or national guard of Madrid, consisting of several thousand men, well armed, equipped, and disciplined, paraded in the grand esplanade of the Prado in the neighborhood of the Regent's palace of Buena Vista. They really made a splendid appearance, and the air resounded with military music, several of the regiments having complete bands. It was a bright, sunshiny day. About two o'clock, the Regent sallied forth from Buena Vista, at the head of his staff. He is a fine martial figure, and was arrayed in full uniform, with

towering feathers, and mounted on a noble gray charger with a flowing mane, and a long silken tail that almost swept the ground. He rode along the heads of the columns, saluting them with his gauntleted hand, and receiving cheers wherever he went. He stopped to speak particularly with some of the troops of horsemen; then, returning to the centre of the esplanade, he drew his sword, made a signal as if about to speak, and in an instant a profound silence prevailed over that vast body of troops, and the thousands of surrounding spectators. I do not know that ever I was more struck by anything than by this sudden quiet of an immense multitude. The Regent then moved slowly backward and forward with his horse, about a space of thirty yards, waving his sword, and addressing the troops in a voice so loud and clear, that every word could be distinctly heard to a great distance. The purport of his speech was to proclaim his determination to protect the present constitution and the liberties of Spain against despotism on the one hand and anarchy on the other; and that, as on a former occasion, when summoned away by distant insurrection, he confided to the loyalty of the national guards the protection of the peace of the capital, and the safeguard of their young and innocent Queen. His speech was responded to by enthusiastic acclamations from the troops and the multitude, and he sallied forth in martial style from the great gate of Alcala.

I must note, to complete the scene, that just as Espartero issued forth from Buena Vista, and rode slowly down the Prado between the columns of the troops, a solitary raven came sailing down the course of the public promenade, passed immediately above him, and over the whole line of troops, and so flitted heavily out of sight. This has been cited, even in

the public papers, as a bad omen; and some of the superstitious say Espartero will never return to Madrid. I should not be surprised, however, if the omen had been prepared by some of the petty politicians with which this capital abounds, and that the raven had been let loose just at this opportune moment. However, with this portentous circumstance I will close my letter, especially as I have just received dispatches from government, which, with the stirring events of the day, will cut out plenty of occupation for me.

With love to all, your affectionate brother,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

A fortnight later, he writes to the same correspondent: —

My last letter ended, I think, with the departure of the Regent to quell the insurrection in Barcelona. He travelled in his own fearless style, pushing on in a post-chaise ahead of his troops, and without escort, accompanied merely by an officer or two of his staff, and threw himself frankly among the people in the towns and villages, who showed the sense of this confidence in their loyalty, receiving him everywhere with acclamations. After his departure, Madrid was full of rumors; insurrections were said to be breaking out everywhere. The downfall of Espartero and of the existing government was confidently predicted, and there were not wanting factious people and factious prints to endeavor to blow this hidden flame into a general conflagration. Thus far, however, they have been disappointed. Madrid has remained quiet under the guardianship of the national guards, and the insurrection did not extend beyond Barcelona. That factious city has once more been

brought into submission to the government, but not until it had suffered a bombardment of several hours. As yet, we have no particulars of the damage done, but it must have been considerable, and I fear we shall hear of some punishments inflicted upon those who have been most active in exciting this rebellion. Barcelona has sinned so often in this way, that it is deemed necessary to treat it, in the present instance, with rigor. The bombardment, though repeatedly threatened, and the day and hour assigned, was put off from day to day and hour to hour, in the hope that the insurgent city would surrender; but a band of desperadoes had got the upper hand, who refused to submit excepting on such terms as it would have been degrading to the government to grant.

The year of Mr. Irving's departure on his interesting mission was memorable for two attacks on him, to which it is necessary to allude, to clear the way for the letters from him which I am about to quote. A writer in the "Southern Literary Messenger," in March, 1841, had been at great pains to show that Mr. Irving's expressions of obligation to Navarrete, in the preface to his "Life of Columbus," were not sufficiently explicit, while conceding that he had performed his historical task with "accuracy, judgment, and infinite beauty." In the writer's estimation, his statements implied, though perhaps unintentionally, he admits, a more extensive search into original documents than he could have made, while the history was mainly digested from documents already collected by Navarrete.

The article was sent to Mr. Irving, and, without a perusal, handed over by him to a candid

and discriminating friend, with a request that he would read it, and tell him if there was anything in it which required an answer at his hands. If so, he would notice it; otherwise he did not care to be discomposed by reading it. He claimed no immunity from critical animadversion, but it was his practice to shun the perusal of all strictures that did not involve a point of character, and demand reply.

His friend read it, and, satisfied of the unsoundness of the strictures, and that his acknowledgments to Navarrete were ample, advised him to give himself no concern about it. He dismissed it, accordingly, from his thoughts.

In the May number of 1842 of the same magazine, after Mr. Irving had left the country, the writer returns to the attack; and, as more than a year had elapsed without any notice or refutation by the author, or his friends, of his "grave charges," he comes to the conclusion that he had preferred "the quiet disparagement of a judgment by default to the notoriety of a verdict after a fruitless contest." To this article there was a reply in the "Knickerbocker," to which Mr. Irving was in no ways privy, and a rejoinder in the "Messenger," in which the writer, with compliments to the purity and richness of his general style, still adhered to his original position that Mr. Irving had not sufficiently acknowledged his indebtedness to Navarrete.

The other attack was in Graham's "Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine," then under the editorial management of the Rev. Rufus W.

Griswold, a Baptist clergyman of some six-and-twenty years, who had recently given to the world a valuable compilation, styled "The Poets and Poetry of America." The "Magazine" was published in Philadelphia; had a circulation, it was said, of fifty thousand subscribers, and numbered, among its regular contributors, Cooper, Bryant, Dana, and other distinguished names. In a notice of the "Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of Sir Walter Scott," contained in the October number of that periodical, was a statement which, after charging Scott with numerous "puffs of himself from his own pen," proceeded in this language: "Washington Irving has done the same thing, in writing laudatory notices of his own works for the Reviews, and, like Scott, received pay for whitewashing himself."

As Mr. Irving was not in the country to meet this coarse aspersion with instant denial should he see fit to notice it, before communicating with him on the subject, I addressed a letter to Mr. Griswold, asking his authority for the statement, and requesting him to name the Reviews containing the laudatory notices in question. His reply gave a Mr. E———, an English gentleman, with whom his acquaintance was limited to a single interview, as the person who informed him that "Mr. Irving wrote the articles in the 'Quarterly Review,' on the 'Life of Columbus,' and the 'Chronicles of Granada.'" I replied that the "London Quarterly" contained no review of the "Life of Columbus," "laudatory" or otherwise, and that the review it did contain of the "Chron-

icles of Granada" had not a commendatory expression of the work or its author, or a single sentence that might not have come from the pen of Mr. Irving without the slightest impeachment of his delicacy. If a self-review, — and I did not then know whether it was or not, — it was not, at any rate, a self-eulogy.

Pointing out these facts to Mr. Griswold, and referring him to the files of the "Quarterly" for proof, I appealed to his sense of equity whether it were not due to Mr. Irving that he should review the grounds upon which, thus publicly and uncalled for, he had sought to bring the delicacy of his character into suspicion.

In his reply, dated October 13th, he expressed great regret for the whole matter, and said he would do Mr. Irving justice in the December number of the "Magazine," the November number being already printed. He was as good as his word, and in that number retracted, though rather ungraciously, the pitiful charge he had been too eager to catch up and circulate. The imputation upon Scott, I presume, had as little foundation.

On the 6th of October — before, of course, the receipt of Mr. Griswold's promise of recantation of the 13th — I wrote to Mr. Irving, enclosing the leaf of "Graham's Magazine" which contained the offensive imputation, and a copy of Mr. Griswold's answer to my first letter. In this answer, which named his authority for the assumed self-laudation, he took occasion to add that he had strong ground for supposing Mr.

Irving to have been a frequent contributor to the "London Quarterly," while that periodical, more than any other in Europe, was distinguished for its unprincipled hostility to the United States.

With this preface, I submit the letters of Mr. Irving on the subject of these separate charges: —

[*To Pierre M. Irving.*]

MADRID, November 12, 1842.

MY DEAR PIERRE: —

I have just received your letter of October 6th, inclosing an article from "Graham's Magazine," charging me with writing laudatory notices of my own works for the Reviews, and alluding especially to the "Quarterly." The only notice I ever took of any of my works was an article which I wrote for the "Quarterly Review" on my "Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada." It was done a long time after the publication of the work, in compliance with the wishes of Mr. Murray, who thought the nature of the work was not sufficiently understood, and that it was considered rather as a work of fiction than one substantially of historic fact. Any person who will take the trouble to read that review, will perceive that it is merely *illustrative*, not *laudatory* of the work, explanatory of its historical foundation. I never made a secret of my having written that review: I wrote it under the presumption that the authorship of it would become known to any person who should think it worth his while to make the inquiry. I never wrote any other article for the "Quarterly Review," excepting a review to call favorable attention to the work of my friend and *countryman*, Captain McKenzie (then Slidell), entitled "A Year in Spain, by a Young American,"

and another review, for the same purpose, of a work of my friend and *countryman*, Mr. Wheaton, at present Minister at the Court of Prussia. This last article, though written for the "Quarterly Review," did not appear in that publication, but was published in the "North American Review." The work of Mr. Wheaton which it reviews, was, I think, the "History of the Northmen." These are the only articles that I am conscious of having ever written for the "Quarterly," or any other European Review. I have never inserted in any publication in Europe or America a puff of any of my works, nor permitted any to be inserted by my publishers when I could prevent it; nor sought to procure favorable reviews from others, nor to prevent unfavorable ones where I thought they were to be apprehended. I have on all occasions, and in every respect, left my works to take their chance, and I leave them still to do the same. My present reply to your inquiry is only drawn forth by a charge that would affect my private character; though I hope *that* is sufficiently known to take care of itself on the point in question.

I understand a kind friend has recently been vindicating me against attacks made on me in the "Southern Literary Messenger," on the subject of my "Life of Columbus." I have never read those attacks, having been assured there was nothing in them that called for reply, and not being disposed to have my feelings ruffled unnecessarily. I understood they mainly charged me with making use of Mr. Navarrete's work without giving him due credit. Those who will look into my "Life of Columbus" will find that in the preface I have cited the publication of Mr. Navarrete as the foundation of my work, and that I have referred to him incessantly at the foot of the pages. If I have not done so sufficiently, I was

not aware of my "short-comings." His work was chiefly documentary, and, as such, invaluable for the purpose of history. As my work was not a work of invention, I was glad to find such a store of facts in the volumes of Mr. Navarrete; and as I knew his scrupulous exactness, wherever I found a document published by him, I was sure of its correctness, and did not trouble myself to examine the original. My work, however, was made up from various sources, some in print, some in manuscript, all of which, I thought at the time, I had faithfully cited. Those who wish to know Mr. Navarrete's opinion of the work will find it expressed in the third volume of his collections of documents, published after the appearance of "Columbus," in which his expressions are anything but those of a man who felt himself wronged. I can only say that I have never willingly, in any of my writings, sought to take advantage of a contemporary, but have endeavored to be fair in my literary dealings with all men; and if ever you hear again of my having practiced any disingenuous artifice in literature, to advance myself or to injure others, you may boldly give the charge a flat contradiction. What I am as an author, the world at large must judge. You know what I am as a man, and know, when I give you my word, it is to be depended upon. . . .

Your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Five days later, he returns to the subject of these attacks with the following supplementary letter, which relates, in his own words, particulars in his literary history heretofore hinted at by myself, and disposes of Mr. Griswold's epistolary intimation about the *frequency* of his contribu-

tions to the "London Quarterly." I have already briefly refuted this charge, by which it was intended to prejudice his popularity at home, but the reader may be willing to see in what spirit it is met by Mr. Irving. Mr. Griswold, it will be understood, makes no such charge himself, but only reports it as a supposition which he was disposed to entertain.

[*To Pierre M. Irving.*]

MADRID, November 17, 1842.

MY DEAR PIERRE: —

I wrote to you, a few days since, in reply to your letter concerning the attack upon me in "Graham's Magazine." As that reply was written hastily, I may not have been precise in one or two particulars. The review of the "Conquest of Granada" was written nearly, if not quite, two years after the publication of the work, and after it had been very favorably noticed in several periodical publications. As I before observed, it was written in compliance with the wishes of Mr. Murray, to state the historical nature of the work; my use of the soubriquet of Fray Antonio Agapida, and the occasional romantic coloring, having led many to suppose it was a mere fabrication. I did not ask or expect any remuneration from Mr. Murray, but he sent me the sum he was accustomed to pay for similar contributions to his "Review," and I did not hesitate to accept it, the article, in fact, being written for his benefit. Perhaps it would be as well to have the review republished in the "Knickerbocker," and then the public will be able to judge whether or no it is "laudatory."

While I am upon these literary matters, I will

furnish you with a fact or two in my literary life in Europe, which may enable you to reply to any similar charges that may be brought against me. In the early struggle of my literary career in London, before I had published the "Sketch Book" in England, I received a letter from Sir Walter Scott, inviting me to Edinburgh to take charge of a periodical publication, holding out the certainty of a liberal sum per annum, with other incidental advantages. Though low in purse and uncertain in my prospects at the time, I declined accepting the invitation, fearing it might implicate me in foreign politics.

When I was in Spain, I was offered, by Mr. Murray, £1,000 per annum to conduct a magazine which he had in contemplation, I to be paid, *in addition*, for any articles I might contribute. This I declined, because it would detain me in Europe, my desire being to return to the United States. Mr. Murray likewise offered me a hundred guineas an article for any article I might write about Spain for the "Quarterly Review." I refrained from accepting his very liberal offer. As I mentioned in my former letter, I contributed but two articles to his "Review" — one explanatory of the historical grounds of my "Chronicles of Granada," and the other a review of my friend McKenzie's "Year in Spain, by a Young American."

I do not recollect having written for any other reviews or magazines in Europe, and I again repeat, I never in any way sought to "puff" my works, or to have them puffed. I always suffered them to take their chance, and always felt that I was favored beyond my deserts.

At the close of the letter to me from which I have been quoting, dated November 17th, Mr.

Irving gives this glance at his literary and diplomatic matters: —

. . . . I have, of late, been so much occupied in diplomatic business, that I have not had time to attend to the Life of "Washington." Indeed, I have not done much at it since I have been here, but I shall soon take it earnestly in hand. I found it necessary to give up literary matters for a time, and turn my thoughts entirely into the subjects connected with my station. The statistics of trade about which I have had to occupy myself, are new to me, and require close attention for a time to master them.

Five weeks later, December 21st, in a letter to his brother Ebenezer, he alludes in this way to his progress on the "Life of Washington":

I have been much interrupted in my literary occupations for the last two or three months, by the necessity of applying my mind to the examination of some subjects connected with my diplomatic duties, and of preparing rather voluminous papers. Within this week or two past, however, I have been able to add a few chapters to my history.

CHAPTER II.

Letter to Miss Sarah Irving. — Indisposition of the Author. — Letter to Mrs. Paris. — Alarming Aspect of Political Events. — Gloomy Soirée of the Regent, preparatory to his Departure. — Letters to Mrs. Storrow. — In the Midst of Conspiracies and Insurrections. — A City in a State of Siege. — Sallies forth. — Striking Scenes. — Note of the Diplomatic Corps in Behalf of the Queen.

THERE is a sly vein of humor in the following extract from a letter to a juvenile inmate of Sunnyside, who had been keeping him in the current of family affairs, and giving him a budget of New York gossip: —

[*To Miss Sarah Irving.*]

January 13*th*, 1843. — . . . . Your information that Mr. ——— had given Mrs. ——— a two-story house in Broadway gave me great satisfaction; but when you added that the mantel-pieces were of wood, it went to my heart. However, let us hope for the best. If the young couple really love each other, they may manage to have a happy fireside in spite of the mantel-piece; and who knows but the old gentleman's heart may soften toward them before his death, and he may leave them a marble mantel-piece in his will. Miss ———, on the contrary, who married according to his wishes, has been rewarded, I am told, with a three-story (I am not cer-

tain that it is not a *four*-story) house. These two instances of the matrimonial fortunes of two sisters, my dear girl, should be held up as warnings to young ladies disposed to enter the connubial state, not to give away their soft and tender hearts without first consulting the harder hearts of all the old gentlemen they may happen to be related to. For my own part, I should take it in great dudgeon, if any of you girls at the cottage should throw yourselves away upon any agreeable young gentleman, without his first gaining the affections of your father and myself; though I trust I should not go to the length of condemning you to a wooden mantel-piece.

I thought of you all at dear little Sunnyside on Christmas day, and heartily wished myself there to eat my Christmas dinner among you. I hope you kept up Christmas in the usual style, and that the cottage was decked with evergreens. You must not let my absence cause any relaxations in the old rules and customs of the cottage; everything must go on the same as it did when I was there.

His own Christmas dinner he had eaten at the British embassy, where, he remarks, "we had the good old Christmas luxuries of plum-pudding and minced pies, and our repast was a very pleasant one."

In the beginning of this year, Mr. Irving was confined to the house by an indisposition, the consequence of a cold, which was soon followed by an inflammatory disease of the skin, similar to that which he had experienced about twenty years before, but much more virulent. It was the result, as in the former instance, of having overworked himself, and fagging too incessantly at his

literary, diplomatic, and epistolary tasks, while taking too little exercise. The malady, though annoying and obstinate, was not dangerous, but it required him to renounce the pen for a while, as the least mental excitement aggravated his symptoms. From this tedious and harassing complaint, which in a measure unfitted him for everything, he was doomed to suffer more or less for two years, the remedies sometimes proving almost as irksome as the disease. At the time it first set in, he had been engaging with all his powers upon his "Life of Washington," to which he had added some chapters, when he was compelled to throw by the pen, not, I think, to exercise it again on this task until his return to his own country. This interruption to his literary occupations, always cheering to him, brought additional discomfort in the midst of his malady. But though incapable of working, he could direct others, and manage to carry on the business of the legation. He was a less attentive correspondent, however, than heretofore, though not incapable of letter-writing, as the following will show: —

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

MADRID, June 21, 1843.

MY DEAR SISTER: —

I have again to thank you for kind and cheering letters, full of precious home details. I am sorry I can make but such poor returns; but, though my malady has ceased in its virulence, I find writing still irksome to me, and, indeed, am prohibited by my physician from indulging in it. It is a great privation, and reduces me to a state of idleness

foreign to my habits and inclinations. The doctor would also, if he could, put a stop to my almost incessant reading, as he thinks that any fixed attention for a length of time wearies the brain, and in some degree produces those effects on the system which originated my complaint; but I cannot give up reading, in my otherwise listless state. He has been very urgent for me to travel, not merely for a change of air, but because the succession of scenes and incidents amuses without fatiguing the mind, and thus operates healthfully upon the system. I have been recovering so much of late, however, that I hope to be able to dispense with this part of his advice, and to continue at my post. I should be loath to leave it in the present critical state of the country, when insurrections are breaking out in various parts of the kingdom, and Spain is once more threatened with civil war.

My illness has prevented me from giving you a detail of the political events of the country, which have of late assumed an alarming aspect. A coalition of various factious (opposite in their views and doctrines, and no one of them of sufficient magnitude to form a majority) has united in a vehement attempt to pull down the Regent, and put an end to the existing government. For this purpose, insurrections have been stirred up in various parts of the country, and latterly, in Barcelona, that old seat of rebellion. To-day, the Regent sallies forth from the capital, to put himself once more at the head of his troops, and endeavor to quell these insurrections. I heartily pray for his success; for, should he fail, and should he be ejected from power, a fearful state of anarchy would ensue. The very coalition now combined against him would break into warring factions, each striving for the ascendency, and we might have civil war of the worst kind.

I have just returned from attending a levee held by the Regent, at twelve o'clock, preparatory to his departure. He made a frank, manly address to the diplomatic corps, declaring his disposition to cultivate cordial relations with all countries, but particularly with those who had representatives at this Court, and who recognized the constitution of Spain, the throne of Isabella II., and his regency; his loyal devotion to the constitution and the throne, and his sole and uniform ambition to place the reins of government in the hands of the youthful Queen on the 10th of October, 1844, when she should have completed her minority, and to place under her command a peaceful, prosperous, and happy country; but he expressed, at the same time, his determination to resist every attempt to throw the country into a state of anarchy, and to defend the throne of Isabella and the constitution of 1837 like a good soldier.

At four o'clock a general review of the national militia takes place in the Prado, as on a former occasion, when the Regent, as before, will no doubt make them a speech, confiding the safety of the city and of the youthful Queen and her sister, to their patriotism and loyalty. At five o'clock he takes his departure. I cannot but feel that he sallies forth this time, with much more doubtful prospects than in his former expedition against Barcelona. The spirit of rebellion is more widely diffused, and is breaking forth at various points. A few days, or a very few weeks at farthest, will decide his fate, and determine whether he is to maintain his post, and keep up some form of government for the remainder of the minority of the Queen (about fifteen months and a half), or whether his power, if not himself, is to be annihilated, and everything for a time thrown into chaos.

On Sunday evening last, I attended the *soirée* held weekly at the Regent's. It was the only one I have been able to attend for upward of four months; but I was anxious to go to it, as it would be the last before the departure of the Regent. It was thinly attended, and I remarked a general gloom on the faces of those attached to the Regent, or whose interests were connected with his fortunes. The Regent himself did not appear, being engaged in a Cabinet council. The Duchess was pale, and had a dejected air, complaining of headache. I rather fear it was heartache, for she feels their hazardous position, and the pitfalls which surround them. She is an amiable and a lovely woman, and her dejected air rather heightened her beauty in my eyes. I had not seen her since my illness, and I had to thank her for many kind inquiries she had made after my health, sending one of the Duke's aides-de-camp for the purpose. It will be a joyful hour for her, I am convinced, when the Duke lays down his regency, and returns to the quiet and security of private life. . . . .

At the date of the following letter, Mr. Hamilton, his Secretary of Legation, was setting off on an excursion to the Pyrenees. Brevoort had left the legation in April, to make the tour of Europe, and Ames had left in June, to return to France and embark for the United States in July. The letter gives some further insight into the critical state of Spanish affairs, the observation of which still took up much of his time and thoughts. It is addressed to Mrs. Storrow, at Paris, and bears date June 27th: —

. . . . We are in the midst of plots, conspir-

acies, and insurrections, and know not what a day may bring forth. The Regent is on his way to one part of the kingdom which is in a state of insurrection; in the mean time, insurrections are breaking forth in other quarters. Many predict that he will never return to Madrid; but so they predicted last year, when he sallied forth to put down the insurrection at Barcelona. For my part, I never expect to see Spain enjoy tranquillity and a settled form of government during the time I may sojourn in it, and fear I may have to witness some sanguinary scenes of popular commotion. I have looked upon Espartero as the only man likely to maintain the country in a tolerable state of tranquillity during the minority of the little Queen; but I now doubt if he will be able to keep up against the combination of factions bent upon his destruction. A few days will determine his fortunes.

Ten or twelve days later he writes to the same: —

We are here in the midst of confusion and alarm. I speak of the city and the people, for, as to myself, my mind is as tranquil and almost as stagnant as a millpond. A singular kind of rebellion is going forward. Armies marching and countermarching about the country; city after city declaring itself in a state of insurrection, but as yet no fighting. An insurgent army, under General Espiroz, has been hovering about Madrid for several days; another (under General Narvaez) is marching from a different direction to coöperate with it; and government troops, under Generals Soane and Zurbano, are pushing in from a distance, to aid in the defense of the place. In the mean time, the city is declared in a state of siege, and placed under martial law;

the gates are closed and guarded, and we are thus shut up within the walls. The day before yesterday I was sitting in my room writing, when I was attracted to the window by an uncommon bustle and confusion of voices in the street. I looked out, and saw men, women, and children scampering in every direction; as far as the eye could reach there was the same hurry-scurry movement hither and thither. I summoned Lorenzo, and asked the reason. He told me there was "a revolution!" It appears the "General," or alarm, had been sounded, which is only done at moments of imminent peril, summoning every one to his post. The word was circulated that the enemy (an advanced guard of the army of General Espiroz) were at the Puerta de Hierro, or Iron Gate, which crosses the main road about half a league from the city gate. In a little while the national guards, or militia, were issuing from every side and corner, hastily equipped, and hurrying to their posts; women were gathering their children home, like hens gathering their chickens under their wings on the sight of a hawk. Before long there were eighteen thousand men under arms within the city; all the gates were strongly guarded; the main squares were full of troops, with cannon planted at the entrances of the streets opening into them. The shops were all shut up, and the streets, in general, deserted and silent, all those not on duty keeping as much as possible within doors. At night the whole city was illuminated, as is generally the case when any popular movement is apprehended, so that an enemy may not have darkness to favor his designs.

I was advised not to stir out, as one may get involved in tumults at such times. I kept at home all day, but in the evening I could not resist the

desire to see something of a city in a state of siege, and under an alarm. I accordingly sallied forth in my carriage, and drove to the Prado. Instead of being crowded by the fashionable world, it was full of troops, there having been a review of the national guards. I alighted, and walked among them. They seemed all to be in high spirits. There were but two carriages besides my own on the drive, usually so crowded. I drove from gate to gate of this end of the city, all closed and guarded. As the night advanced, I drove through most of the principal streets. The houses were illuminated from top to bottom. Few people were walking in the streets; but groups were gathered about every door. Troops were patrolling in every direction, and in the main squares, which formed military posts, both officers and men were bivouacking on the pavements. The appearance of a solitary carriage rumbling through the streets attracted universal attention, but no one offered to molest me. I drove to Madame Albuquerque's, took tea there, and returned home about eleven o'clock. I never saw Madrid under more striking and picturesque circumstances.

Yesterday was comparatively tranquil, but this morning the "General," or alarm, has been given at six o'clock. The enemy has approached a different gate of the city, and there is news that General Narvaez and his troops are at Guadalajara, a few leagues distant. The city is again under arms. I presume the shops are shut up, but I have not as yet been out of the house. The greatest evil I have as yet experienced, is the cutting off the supply of butter and cow's milk for my breakfast, both coming from the royal dairy beyond the Puerto de Hierro, or Iron Gate.

As the government has prohibited the circulation

of the opposition papers by the mail, they have all ceased to publish; the government papers themselves are very scanty of intelligence, so that we are left in a state of ignorance of passing events, and are at the mercy of rumor, which fabricates all kinds of stories of plots, conspiracies to carry off the Queen, to blow up the powder magazines, etc., etc., etc.

Contradictory reports prevail also with respect to the Regent, who, by last accounts, was in La Mancha. Some say he is on his march back to Madrid, others that he is going to Cordova, others to Granada, to quell the insurrection in Andalusia. Some say his troops are in a high state of enthusiasm, others that they are deserting him. Every report has its counter report, so that one is reduced to mere conjecture.

I had looked forward to such a state of things, and I look forward to one still worse when the hostile parties come to blows. There may also be perplexing questions for diplomatists, should the invading armies get possession of the capital, and of the person of the young Queen. The question may then arise, "Where is the actual government?" and which party is to be considered legitimate? You will now understand why, at such a crisis, a diplomatic agent should not be absent from his post.

We have no regular troops in the city, but a large force of national guards, and of the national militia from the neighboring villages. Some feel great confidence in their maintaining the safety of the city; others doubt their being willing to fight, seeing that the invaders are their countrymen. My idea is, that if Soane and Zurbano arrive in the neighborhood with the force they are said to have, the invaders will have to retreat, or to make battle. Should no such succor arrive, I should not be sur-

prised if, after a few days, the city should make terms, acknowledge the insurgent authority, and that a temporary government should suddenly be organized here — how long to last, it would be useless even to conjecture.

I am scrawling this hastily, to be sent off by the French courier. I doubt letters going safely at present by the mail, as the insurgent cities through which it passes are eager to get at news from the capital. As I have no time to write to your mother, send her this letter when you have done with it. It will help to keep up the thread of Spanish affairs I have given her.

[*To Mrs. Storrow, Paris.*]

MADRID, July 13, 1843.

MY DEAR SARAH: —

I have just learned that a French courier is about to set off from the French embassy, and I hasten to scrawl you a line by it, as letters by the mail are apt, at the present moment, to be intercepted, and you may be anxious to hear from me during these warlike times. I wrote to you about four days since, giving you some account of the critical state of affairs in this city. Since that time, we have been in a state of siege; the enemy at the gates; the whole body of national guards, etc., under arms; the main streets barricaded; every house illuminated at night; the streets swarming with military men; the shops shut; the publication of the newspapers suspended, and the public ear abused with all kinds of lying rumors. There has been brisk firing of musketry about some of the gates, and an occasional report of a cannon; but the besiegers calculated upon disaffection and treachery within the walls; upon a pronunciamento in favor of the insurrectional government, and

upon the gates being thrown open to them. They therefore came without artillery. Thus far they have been disappointed. The national guards have remained firm and true, and have kept up a brisk fire whenever the enemy made any demonstrations. One of my windows commands a view of one of the city gates and its vicinity, and I could hear every discharge, and at night could see the flash of the guns. It has been extremely interesting to me, and, fortunately, I have so far recovered from the lingering of my malady, that I could go all about on foot, and witness some of the striking scenes presented by a city in a state of siege, and hourly in apprehension of being taken by assault. Troops were stationed in the houses along the main streets, to fire upon the enemy from the windows and balconies, should they effect an entrance; and it was resolved to dispute the ground street by street, and to make the last stand in the royal palace, where were the Queen and her sister, and where the Duchess of Victoria, wife of the Regent, had taken refuge, her own palace being in one of the most exposed parts of the city.

Apprehending that the lives of the Queen and her sister might be exposed to extreme hazard, as much in the defense as in the attack, the diplomatic corps addressed a note to the government, urging the most scrupulous attention to the safety of these helpless little beings, and offering to repair in a body to the palace, and remain there during the time of peril. Our offer has been declined, the ministry thinking the safety of the Queen and her sister sufficiently secured by the devotion of the inhabitants of Madrid, etc.

Last evening it was confidently reported that there would be a grand attack at various points in the course of the night, and many were in a great

state of alarm. I had returned home at a late hour, and had just got into bed, when I found a note lying on the table beside my bed, which proved to be from Mrs. Weismuller, the young and beautiful bride of Mr. Weismuller, a connection and representative of the Rothschilds, who arrived here recently from England, and whose residence was in the main street leading from the gate that would be attacked. She requested permission to take refuge in my house. It was already twelve o'clock, but I hastily dressed myself again, and repaired to the residence of Mr. Weismuller, escorted by Lorenzo. Groups of soldiers, with sentinels, were stationed at every corner. I found Mr. and Mrs. Weismuller in much anxiety, he having received what he considered certain intelligence that the attack would take place about four o'clock in the morning. I offered every accommodation my house would afford, and, after much deliberation, it was determined that, on the first alarm of the attack, they should repair to my residence. This being settled, I returned home, but did not get asleep until between one and two o'clock. This morning I awoke about four. There was the sound of a drum in the street, and the report of two or three distant shots. I thought the attack was about to commence, and prepared to rise; but all remained quiet, and there was no further alarm. It appeared that, instead of attacking, the enemy had drawn off in the night. They had heard of the approach of the forces under Generals Soane and Zurbano in one direction, and of a smaller force (about three thousand men) under Generals Iriarte and Enna in another direction. General Narvaez, therefore, has marched to encounter Soane and Zurbano, and General Espiroz to encounter Iriarte and Enna. Should they vanquish them, they will return upon

Madrid, which, in such case, will probably capitulate. Should Soane and the others be successful, the Regent's government will be strengthened in Madrid; should they fail, his government will be overthrown. However this present contest may end, I look upon it as but the commencement of another series of conflicts and struggles for rule that will desolate unhappy Spain. Espartero has been the only man that has presented, for many years, calculated to be a kind of keystone to the arch; but his popularity has been undermined, and, whether he be displaced or not, I fear he will no longer have power and influence sufficient to prevent the whole edifice falling to ruin and confusion.

I scrawl this in great haste, and have no time to write to any of the family; you must forward it, therefore, to your mother, that it may let all at home know that I am *safe*, and mean to continue so, whatever storms may prevail around me. I have just received a letter from Hamilton, dated from the Pyrenees. He will be much grieved at being absent from Madrid in these stirring and eventful times.

My health is continually improving, and I think the excitement of the last two or three days has been of great service to me. Yesterday I was on my feet from ten o'clock in the morning until twelve or one at night, and, though much fatigued, feel all the better for it.

CHAPTER III.

Letter to Mrs. Paris. — Incorrect Accounts of the Interposition of the Corps Diplomatique. — His Version. — Espartero driven out. — Impatience to declare the Queen of Age. — Scenes and Ceremonials in the Royal Palace. — Visits the Duchess of Victoria (the Regent's Wife) in her Reverse of Fortune.

SOME of the letters of the foregoing chapter gave a glimpse or two of the scenes of warfare and confusion of which Mr. Irving was a witness, while alone in the legation, with the city in a state of siege, and in hourly expectation of a general assault. He had, as we have seen, recovered sufficiently from his tantalizing malady to be able to go about on foot, and felt so extremely interested and excited during the crisis, that he could not keep in the house day or night. "I sallied out with as much eagerness," he writes, "as, when a boy, I used to break bounds, and sally forth at midnight to see a fire." What added, no doubt, to his excitement, was that his residence was not far from the gate of Alcala, about which most of the skirmishing took place. He states that he could see the flash of firearms from his window, and was often roused from sleep by the report of them in the night. The consequence of this exposure and fatigue to one who had hardly yet regained the use of his legs, was a relapse.

We have seen, in a former letter, that when preparations were made for a last stand at the palace, in case the city should be carried by assault, he had joined with the rest of the diplomatic corps in an offer to repair thither, and be near the Queen in the hour of danger. In the following letter, written after the event of the siege and the catastrophe of Espartero's regency, who had been driven from the country by a successful insurrection, he enters into some particulars of his agency in proposing the diplomatic intervention, and the motives which prompted the offer. The letter is to Mrs. Paris, is dated August 10th, and, besides the theme to which I have referred, contains other interesting and striking details of the royal drama of which he was a spectator.

. . . . I see the French and English papers have published incorrect accounts of an interposition of the *corps diplomatique* in relation to the safety of the little Queen and her sister, in case of the city being carried by storm. I am represented by some as having prepared a note under the direction of the French *chargé d' affaires*, by others as having prepared it in concert with the British Minister. The fact is, I prepared one according to my own conception of what would be likely to meet with the concurrence of both parties, whose disagreement was likely to defeat the whole measure. The intervention was in consequence of preparations being made to convert the royal palace into a citadel, where, in case the city were carried by assault, the last desperate stand was to be made, and in consequence of a declaration of that fanfaron Mendizabal, who had the

control of affairs, that, if pushed to the utmost, he would sally forth with the Queen and her sister in each hand, put himself in the midst of the troops, and fight his way out of the city. I looked upon this as empty swaggering, but I knew not how far the defense might be pushed, or to what dangers the poor little Queen and her sister might be exposed by those who might seek to screen themselves behind the fancied sanctity of their persons.

I entered, therefore, into the remonstrance of the diplomatic corps solely on account of the royal children. I was for protesting against any EXTREME, either of *attack or defense*, which might put their persons in imminent jeopardy, knowing that the protest of the diplomatic corps would be promulgated, and would reach the besieging army, with the leaders of which the objections of a part of the diplomatic corps would have influence; while that of another part would have an effect upon the leaders of the defense. I had, however, as I before observed, to modify the whole note, as the British Minister would only protest against the *attack*, while the rest of the diplomatic corps objected to omitting the word *defense*. I suggested the idea of offering to repair to the palace, and be near the Queen in any moment of danger; which was adopted, and incorporated in the note. Our offer was declined. Fortunately, events obviated the necessity of the measure. My only view in joining in the measure, as I before observed, was, as far as our interference could have effect, to prevent the poor little Queen and her sister from being personally exposed to the dangers of any ruffian contest between warring and desperate factions. I am happy to say the storm has passed away, and they are at present safe.

The day before yesterday we had one of those

transitions of scene and circumstance to which the melodramatic politics of this country are subject. Poor Espartero, as you will learn from the public papers, has been completely cast down, and driven out of the country. Notwithstanding all the obloquy heaped upon his name by those who have effected his downfall, I still believe him to have been loyal in his intentions toward the crown and the constitution; but of this no more for the present. Those who were lately insurgents, now possess the power; have formed themselves into a provisional government, occupy the capital, and carry on the affairs of the country in the accustomed manner, at the public offices. Their great object now is to declare the Queen of age as soon as possible, so that there will be no need of a regency, and that they will be able to act immediately in her name and by her authority. Some were of opinion that the government (or cabinet of Ministers) ought to declare her so instantly, as authorized by the wish of the nation, expressed in the various *juntas* and *pronunciamentos;* but others objected that this would be unconstitutional; the *Cortes* only could, by its vote, abbreviate the minority of the Queen, and declare her of age to govern, and before the *Cortes* only could she take the necessary oaths on assuming the reins of government. It was determined, therefore, to defer the measure until the meeting of the *Cortes* in October next, but, in the mean time, to have a grand ceremonial in presence of all the dignitaries of the kingdom and the diplomatic corps, whenever the measure should be recommended in an address to the Queen, and concurred in by her, and thus a solemn pledge given to the nation, that, *the Cortes concurring*, the minority would cease, and the Queen begin to reign in her own person in October. Accordingly,

the day before yesterday, at five o'clock in the afternoon, I was present at another imposing scene at that theatre of political events, the royal palace. I have given you two or three rather gloomy scenes there already, connected with the story of the little Queen. I will now give you one of a different character. As the recent change of affairs has been one in which the *moderados*, or aristocracy, have taken great part, a complete change has taken place in the affairs of the palace. Arguelles, Madame Mina, and all the official characters elevated into place about the royal person by former revolutions are now superseded, and the old nobility, who stood aloof and refused to mingle at court with people who had risen from the ranks, now surround the throne, and throng the saloons of the palace. As my carriage drew up at the foot of the vast and magnificent staircase, I observed hosts of old aristocratic courtiers, in their court dresses, thronging the marble steps, like the angels on Jacob's ladder — excepting that they were all ascending, none descending. I followed them up to this higher heaven of royalty. I paused for a moment at the great portal opening into the royal apartments. The marble casings still bear marks of the shattering musket-balls, and the folding doors are still riddled like a sieve — mementos of that fearful night when this sacred abode of royalty and innocence was made the scene of desperate violence. Now all was changed; the doors, thrown open, gave access to an immense and lofty antisala, where we passed through lines of halberdiers and court servants, all in new and bright array. All the anterooms were swarming with courtiers, military and civic officers and clergy, in their different costumes. The magnificent hall of the ambassadors, which, at our last audience of the little Queen, was

almost empty and silent, was now absolutely crowded. I have already mentioned this hall to you. It is of great size, very lofty, the ceilings painted with representations of the various climes and realms of Spain in her palmy days, when the sun never set on her dominions. The walls are hung with crimson velvet, relieved with rich gilding. The chandeliers are of crystal. All the furniture is sumptuous. On one side of the saloon, just opposite the centre windows, is the throne, on a raised dais, and under a superb canopy of velvet. In this saloon, as I observed, were congregated an immense throng: old and new courtiers, many of the ancient nobility, who had kept out of sight during the domination of Espartero, but who now crept forth to hail the dawn of what they consider better days. Here, too, were many of the generals and officers who had figured in the recent insurrection, or who had hastened back from exile to come in for a share of power. Here was Narvaez, who lately held Madrid in siege; here was Espiroz, his confederate in arms; here was O'Donnell, the hero of the insurrection of 1840, connected with the night attack on the palace. In short, it was a complete resurrection and reunion of courtiers and military partisans, suddenly brought together by a political *coup de theatre*. For a while all was buzz and hum, like a bee-hive in swarming time, when suddenly a voice from the lower end of the saloon proclaimed, *La Reina! la Reina!* (the Queen! the Queen!) In an instant all was hushed. A lane was opened through the crowd, and the little Queen advanced, led by the venerable General Castaños, Duke de Bailen, who had succeeded Arguelles as tutor and guardian. Her train was borne by the Marchioness of Valverde, a splendid-looking woman, one of the highest nobility; next followed

her little sister, her train borne by the Duchess of Medina Celi, likewise one of the grandees; several other ladies of the highest rank were in attendance. The Queen was handed up to the throne by the Duke of Bailen, who took his stand beside her; the Duchess of Valverde arranged the royal train over the back of the chair of state which forms the throne, so that it spread behind the little Queen something like the tail of a peacock. The little Princess took her seat in a chair of state on the floor, a little to the left of the throne; the Duchess of Medina Celi behind her, and the other noble ladies-in-waiting ranged along to her left, all glittering in jewels and diamonds. A little further off, likewise in a chair of state, was Don Francisco, the Queen's uncle, and beside him stood his son, the Duke of Cadiz, who is one of the candidates for the hand of her little Majesty. I had now a good opportunity of seeing this youth. He was in a hussar's uniform, and a much better-looking stripling than I had been led to suppose him. As I know I am now on a diplomatic theme that will be peculiarly interesting to you — good republican as you are — I wish I could detail to you, learnedly, the dresses of the little Queen and her sister, which, as usual, were alike. I know the body and skirt were of beautiful brocade, richly fringed with gold; there was abundance of superb lace; the trains were of deep-green velvet; the Queen wore a kind of light crown of diamonds, in which alone she differed from the Princess. They both had diamond pendants and necklaces, and diamond ornaments in their side locks.

The little Queen looked well. She is quite plump, and has grown much. She acquitted herself with wonderful self-possession, considering that she was thus elevated individually in the midst of such an

immense and gorgeous assemblage, and the object of every eye. Her manner was dignified and graceful. Her little sister, however, is far her superior, both in looks and carriage. She has beautiful eyes, an intelligent countenance, a sweet smile, and promises to be absolutely fascinating. Her looks and her winning manners she is said to inherit from her mother. She seemed to be in fine spirits; indeed, both of the sisters appeared to enjoy the scene. It was the first time that the little Queen had been surrounded by the aristocratical splendors of a court.

When the Queen had taken her seat, the cabinet Ministers took their stand before the throne, and one of them read an address to her, stating the circumstances that made it expedient she should be declared of age by the next *Cortes*, and should then take the oaths of office. As the little Queen held her reply, ready cut and dry, in a paper in her hand, she paid but little attention to the speech, but kept glancing her eyes here and there about the hall, and now and then toward her little sister, when a faint smile would appear stealing over her lips, but instantly repressed. The speech ended, she opened the paper in her hand, and read the brief reply which had been prepared for her. A shout then burst forth from the assemblage, of *Viva la Reina!* (Long live the Queen!) The venerable Duke of Bailen, taking the lead as tutor to the Queen, then bent on one knee, and kissed her hand. The Infanta Don Francisco and his son gave the same token of allegiance. The same was done by every person present, excepting the diplomatic corps. They also knelt and kissed the hand of the Princess, and some kissed the hand of Don Francisco, but those were his partisans. As the crowd was great, this ceremonial took up some time. I observed that the Queen and her

sister discriminated greatly as to the crowd of persons who paid this homage, distinguishing with smiles, and sometimes with pleasant words, those with whom they were acquainted. It was curious to see generals kneeling and kissing the hand of the sovereign, who but three weeks since were in rebellion against her government, besieging her capital, and menacing the royal abode, where they were now doing her homage.

This ceremony over, the Queen and her sister took their stand in a balcony in front of the great hall of ambassadors, under a rich and lofty silken awning. The high dignitaries of her court attended on her. The ladies of the court were in a balcony on one side, and the diplomatic corps in one on the other; and every window of the royal suite of apartments was thronged by persons in court dresses or uniforms. The whole effect, in that magnificent palace, was remarkably brilliant. A vast throng was collected in the great square before the palace. In a little while, martial music was heard, and General Narvaez, with his staff, escorted by a troop of horse, came advancing under an archway on the opposite side of the square. In fact, the whole army that had lately besieged the city, now came marching in review before the palace, shouting *vivas* as they passed beneath the royal balcony. It was really a splendid sight — one of those golden, cloudless evenings of this brilliant climate, when the sun was pouring his richest effulgence into the vast square, around which the troops paraded. Here were troops from various parts of Spain, many of them wayworn and travel-stained, and all burnt by the ardent sun under which they had marched. The most curious part of this military spectacle was the Catalan legion — men who looked like banditti rather than soldiers — arrayed

in half-Arab dress, with *mantas*, like horse-cloths, thrown over one shoulder, red woolen caps, and hempen socks instead of shoes. They are, in fact, little better than banditti — a fierce, turbulent race, as are all the Catalans. I remained for a great part of an hour witnessing the passing of these insurgent legions, which were recently overrunning the country and menacing the capital, but which, by the sudden hocus pocus of political affairs, are transformed into loyal soldiers, parading peacefully before the royal palace, and shouting *vivas* for the Queen. This is the last act I have witnessed of the royal drama, and here I will let fall the curtain.

After writing the foregoing to his sister, he drove out to pay visits of ceremony to some of the persons who had suddenly been brought into official station by the recent change of government. The visit detailed below, however, was not one of form, and had a higher prompting than diplomatic etiquette. I have heard him say it provoked a courtier's scoff. When about to bring his long letter to an end, he writes to his sister, August 11th: —

Before I conclude, let me say a word or two about that most amiable and excellent woman, the Duchess of Victoria. I have always esteemed and admired her, but never so much as since her great reverse of fortune. During the siege, as the palace of Buena Vista was near the point of attack, she took refuge in the royal palace. Since the capitulation of the city, the occupation of it by the insurgent armies, and the formation of the provisional government, she retired to the house of an aunt in the centre of Madrid. Here I visited her, and found her still attended by

some faithful friends. I found her calm, self-possessed, and free from all useless repining or weak lamentation. In fact, she was in a far better state of mind than when I saw her at her *soirées* at Buena Vista, surrounded by something like a court, but harassed by doubts and forebodings. She said her conscience was clear; she had never been excited by her elevation as the wife of the Regent, and trusted her conduct had always been the same as when wife of a simple general. She felt no humiliation in her downfall. She spoke of the charges made against her husband of grasping ambition, artifice, love of power — he, said she, whose habits were so simple, whose desires so limited; who cared not for state, and less for money; whose great pleasure was to be in his garden, planting trees and cultivating flowers. It was a matter of pride and consolation to her, she added, that they left the regency poorer than when they entered it. I was pleased to see that she spoke without acrimony of those political rivals who had effected the downfall of her husband, but with deep feeling of the conduct of some who had always professed devotion to him, who had risen by his friendship, and who had betrayed him. "This," said she, "is the severest blow of all, for it destroys our confidence in humankind." I could not but admire the discrimination of her conduct with respect to the two great leaders of the present government, Generals Narvaez (Commander-in-chief) and Serrano (the Minister of War). They both sent her offers of escort, and of any other service and facility. "As to General Narvaez," said she, "he has always been the avowed enemy of my husband, but an open and frank one; he practiced nothing but what he professed; I accept his offers with gratitude and thanks. As to Serrano, he professed to be my husband's

friend; he rose by his friendship and favors, and he proved faithless to him; I will accept nothing at his hands, and beg his name may not again be mentioned to me."

The Duchess has set off for England by the way of France, and an escort was furnished her by Narvaez to protect her on her journey through Spain. I have no doubt she will be well received in England, and will feel a tranquillity of mind there to which she has long been a stranger. "Oh!" said she, drawing a long breath, "how glad I shall be to find myself once more at complete liberty, where I can breathe a freer air, and be out of this atmosphere of politics, trouble, and anxiety!"

CHAPTER IV.

Leaves Madrid for Change of Air. — Excursion to Versailles and Paris. — Grisi in "Norma." — Bordeaux. — Letter to Henry Brevoort. — Regrets about the Interruption of his Literary Plans. — Allusion to the Diplomatic Intervention for the Safety of the Queen. — Meeting with Rogers. — Return to Madrid. — Letter to Mrs. Paris. — The Young Queen's Accession to the Throne. — Madame Calderon. — Passages from a Letter to Mrs. Grinnell.

BEING strongly urged by his physician to try the effects of travel and a change of air for the inflammation in his ankles, which had now harassed him, more or less, for seven months past, confining him for a great part of the time to the house, and sometimes to his bed, Mr. Irving left Madrid on the 7th of September, to make an excursion into France, leaving the legation in the hands of the Secretary, Mr. Hamilton. He was accompanied by his faithful servant, Lorenzo, and from Bordeaux, where he stopped to pass a few days among his friends, the Guestiers and Johnsons, writes to his niece, Mrs. Storrow, then quartered at Versailles: —

I hope you will retain your apartments at Versailles. I would vastly prefer visiting you there than at Paris.

I must tell you that I have thus far enjoyed my

journey extremely. I do not know when scenery had a more vivifying effect on my feelings than in passing from the dreary, parched wastes of the Castiles to the green mountains and valleys of the Basque provinces. The nights were superb, a full moon lighting up splendid mountain scenery; the air bland, and fresh, and balmy, instead of the parching airs of Madrid. The first sight of the sea, too, and the inhaling of the sea-breeze, brought a home feeling that was quite reviving. You cannot imagine how beautiful France looks to me, with her orchards and vineyards, and groves, and green meadows, after naked, sterile Spain. I feel confident I shall return from this excursion with a stock of health and good spirits to carry me through the winter.

He left Bordeaux on Wednesday, the 13th, and, travelling day and night, arrived at Versailles at three o'clock on Friday (15th). Here he remained nearly two weeks without coming to Paris, and, indeed, without leaving the house, excepting in a carriage to take the air, the journey from Madrid having brought on a temporary irritation of the lingering symptoms of his malady.

We came to Paris the day before yesterday [he writes to his brother, September 30th], but I have not yet been out of the house. I am gradually, however, getting over this transient access of my complaint, and hope in a few days to be again able to go about on foot. I intend consulting the ablest physician on the subject. I am anxious to get well, so as to be able to return to Madrid before the cold weather sets in. I do not like to be away from my post in these critical times.

Thirteen days later, he writes to his sister (October 12th): —

I have now been two weeks in Paris, but am still confined very much to the house, excepting when I go out in a carriage. The least exercise on foot produces an irritation of the malady which still lingers about my ankles, and thus retards my cure. I begin to think it will yet take a considerable time to conquer it, and that I shall have to return to Madrid before my cure is completed. My general health, however, is good, my appetite excellent, and I am growing as stout a gentleman as formerly.

The next day (October 13th) he writes to me from Paris: —

I am leading a very quiet life in the very centre of all that is gay and splendid. My obstinate malady, which still clings to me just sufficiently to fetter me, prevents my sallying forth excepting in a carriage, so that I pass most of the time in the house. Last night, however, I managed to visit the opera, and saw Grisi in "Norma." She is one of the finest actors I have ever seen, quite worthy of being classed with the Siddonses, Pastas, etc. I had scarcely expected ever again to have seen such a glorious combination of talent and personal endowment on the stage.

November 22d, in a letter to me, he reports himself as being on the point of setting off in the *malle poste* for Bordeaux, in very good travelling condition; and, four days later, after a comfortable journey, he writes to his old friend, Brevoort, from that city, as follows, giving, as will be seen,

a glance at his own private affairs, the public concerns of his mission, and an amusing sketch of an encounter with Rogers, while at Paris: —

Bordeaux, November 26, 1843.

My dear Brevoort: —

I received your most kind and welcome letter some short time before leaving Paris, and should have answered it immediately, but I was in one of those moods when my mind has no power over my pen. Indeed, I have long owed you a letter, and have intended to write to you; but correspondents multiplied fearfully upon me, and my pen was tasked, diplomatically and otherwise, on my arrival at Madrid, to such a degree as to fag me out, and to produce the malady which has harassed me for nearly a year past. I am now on my way back to my post, after between two and three months' absence. I set out in pursuit of health, and thought a little travelling and a change of air would "make me my own man" again; but I was laid by the heels at Paris, by a recurrence of my malady, and have just escaped out of the doctor's hands, sufficiently recovered to get back to my post, where I hope, by care and medical treatment, to effect my cure.

This indisposition has been a sad check upon all my plans. I had hoped, by zealous employment of all the leisure afforded me at Madrid, to accomplish one or two literary tasks which I have in hand. . . . . A year, however, has now been completely lost to me, and a precious year, at my time of life. The "Life of Washington," and, indeed, all my literary tasks, have remained suspended; and my pen has remained idle, excepting now and then in writing a dispatch to government, or scrawling a letter to my family.

Carson will give you an account of diplomatic and household affairs at Madrid. I was extremely sorry to part with him; but I could not advise him to stay, where there was no career nor regular pursuit opening to him. . . . .

I do not know whether you speak in jest or earnest about the popular view of my conduct on the occasion of the diplomatic intervention for the safety of the little Queen, during the late siege of Madrid. My conduct was dictated at the time by honest and spontaneous impulse, without reference to policy or politics. I felt deeply for the situation of the Queen and her sister, and was anxious that their persons should be secured from the civil brawls and fightings which threatened to distract the city, and invade the very courts of the royal palace. In all my diplomacy, I have depended more upon good intentions, and frank and open conduct, than upon any subtle management. I have an opinion that the old maxim, "Honesty is the best policy," holds good even in diplomacy!

Thus far I have got on well with my brother diplomatists, and have met with very respectful treatment from the Spanish Government in all its changes and fluctuations. I have endeavored punctually to perform the duties of my office, and to execute the instructions of government; and I believe that the archives of the legation will testify that the business of the mission has never been neglected. I have not suffered illness to prevent me from keeping everything in train; and, indeed, my recovery has been retarded by remaining at my post during the revolutionary scenes of last summer, though urged by my physicians to spend the hot months at the watering places in the mountains. I do not pretend to any great skill as a diplomatist; but in whatever

situation I am placed in life, when I doubt my skill, I endeavor to make up for it by conscientious assiduity.

While I was in Paris, in driving out, one day, with my niece in the Champs Elysées, we nearly ran over my old friend Rogers. We stopped, and took him in. He was in one of his yearly epicurean visits to Paris, to enjoy the Italian opera and other refined sources of pleasure. The hand of age begins to bow him down, but his intellect is clear as ever, and his talents and taste for society in full vigor. He breakfasted with us several times, and I have never known him more delightful. He would sit for two or three hours continually conversing, and giving anecdotes of all the conspicuous persons who have figured within the last sixty years, with most of whom he has been on terms of intimacy. He has refined upon the art of telling a story, until he has brought it to the most perfect simplicity, where there is not a word too much or too little, and where every word has its effect. His manner, too, is the most quiet, natural, and unpretending that can be imagined. I was very much amused by an anecdote he gave us of little Queen Victoria and her nautical vagaries. Lord Aberdeen has had to attend her in her cruisings, very much against his will, or, at least, against his stomach. You know he is one of the gravest and most laconic men in the world. The Queen, one day, undertook to reconcile him to his fate. "I believe, my lord," said she, graciously, "you are not often seasick." "*Always*, madam," was the grave reply. "But," still more graciously, "not *very* seasick." With profounder gravity, "VERY, madam!" Lord Aberdeen declares, that if her Majesty persists in her cruisings, he will have to resign.

During his absence in Paris, the declaration of the majority of the Queen had been made by the *Cortes*, and she had taken the oath to support the constitution; an imposing ceremonial, at which the diplomatic body were present. Soon after his return to Madrid, he writes as follows: —

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

MADRID, December 10, 1843.

MY DEAR SISTER: —

. . . . I arrived safe in Madrid about ten days since, after a somewhat rapid journey; but I had the mail carriage to myself, and was enabled to make myself comfortable. On approaching Spain, I heard of the mail having been robbed between Bayonne and Madrid, and the passengers extremely maltreated, and was advised not to go until I could be well escorted; but I knew that highway robberies seldom occurred twice in any neighborhood, unless at long intervals, so I pushed forward. It had been advertised that the mail would be doubly guarded, in consequence of the late robberies, but the promise was not fulfilled. We passed through the robber region in the night, with only two musketeers to guard the carriage, both of whom went to sleep. As I did not care to keep watch myself, and alarm myself with shadows, I arranged myself comfortably, and fell asleep likewise, and continued napping through all the dangerous part of the road. I arrived in Madrid just in time to witness the three days of public rejoicing for the young Queen's accession to the throne. All the houses were decorated, the balconies hung with tapestry; there were triumphal arches, fountains running with milk and wine, games, dances, processions, and parades by

day, illuminations and spectacles at night, and the streets were constantly thronged by the populace in their holiday garb. . . . . The *Moderados* have the government at present, and are determined to mantain their sway by military means. General Narvaez is with them, and, under his military vigilance, the capital gleams with the bayonet as in time of war.

Ten days later, he writes to his niece, at Paris: . . . . "I found Mr. Hamilton in good health and good looks on my return. He has conducted the legation extremely well during my absence, and given it up into my hands in complete order." . . . . "I was cordially welcomed back by my brother diplomatists, and really had a home feeling on finding myself once more among them. I miss my old crony, Mr. Asten, however, sadly, and fear it will be difficult to supply his loss."

Mr. Asten, the British Minister, was succeeded by Henry Lytton Bulwer, who had not yet made his appearance in the diplomatic circle. After mentioning some accessions to that body during his absence, he adds: —

We have here, also, Mr. Calderon, formerly Minister to the United States, and his wife. The latter recently wrote a very lively work on a residence in Mexico. She is originally Scotch, but has resided for some time in the United States. I am highly pleased with her. She is intelligent, sprightly, and full of agreeable talent. I fear, however, she will not remain here long, as Mr. Calderon is likely to be appointed to some diplomatic post. Madame Calderon is a constant correspondent of Mr. Prescott.

By the by, she has just lent me a copy of his "Conquest of Mexico," in sheets. I have read a great part of the introductory chapters, treating of Aztec manners, customs, etc., and am deeply interested in it.

I close the year with a few extracts from a letter, dated December 29th, to Mrs. M. H. Grinnell, in answer to some account of changes and improvements in her residence in the city of New York:—

Your account of the wonderful additions and alterations in the house in College Place quite astonishes me. G. certainly must have the bump of constructiveness strongly developed, particularly in that department of architecture which appertains to dining-rooms, butlers' pantries, and wine cellars. I have no doubt that, in consequence of his increased facilities, he now gives two dinners where he formerly gave one; though that can hardly be, as he formerly, in general, gave one dinner and a half per diem, the latter being smuggled into the household economy under the name of a supper. . . . . God bless his bounteous heart! I have no doubt that, had he been in the place of his great namesake of Holy Writ, when he smote the rock, there would have spouted out wine instead of water. . . . . .

I perfectly agree with you in your idea of ——— and ———. I feel deeply my separation from them; they both seemed to take the place of others dear to my heart, whom I had lost and deplored. ——— came to my side when I was grieving over the loss of my dear brother Peter, who had so long been the companion of my thoughts, and I found in him many of the qualities which made that brother so invaluable

to me as a bosom friend; . . . . while ———, in the delightful variety of her character, so affectionate, so tender, so playful at times, and at other times so serious and elevated, and always so intelligent and sensitive, continually brought to mind her mother, who was one of the tenderest friends of my childhood, and the delight of my youthful years. God bless and prosper them both! . . . .

The letter concludes with a fervent wish that he could return and be once more with his "little flock": —

My heart yearns for home; and as I have now probably turned the last corner in life, and my remaining years are growing scanty in number, I begrudge every one that I am obliged to pass separated from my cottage and my kindred.

CHAPTER V.

Extracts from Various Letters. — The Past Year a Literary Blank. — The Queen's Entrance upon her Reign. — Preparations for the Arrival of the Queen-mother. — Her Return. — Letter to Mrs. Paris. — The Royal Meeting. — Entrance of Queen Christina into Madrid. — Besa Manos at the Royal Palace.

THOUGH Mr. Irving had the advantage of one of the most eminent physicians in Paris, he still brought back to Madrid the malady with which he had been so long tormented; a malady the more annoying, as it robbed him of the free use of his pen, and prevented him from being agreeably employed. The following extracts from various letters at this period are all more or less tinged with a depression arising from this drawback upon his literary plans: —

[*To Mrs. Storrow.*]

January 7th, 1844. — . . . . Madame A —— says my visit to Paris has done me no good in one respect, that I am less content with Madrid since my return; but, in fact, I am at times disheartened by the continuance of my malady, which obliges me to abstain from all literary occupations, and half disables me for social intercourse. If I could only exercise my pen, I should be quite another being. . . . .

I am preparing to give a diplomatic dinner, which is something of an undertaking in my present nerveless condition.

[*To the Same.*]

January 14th. — . . . I fear I am growing miserly over the remnant of existence, and cannot bear to have any of the few years that remain to me wasted as the last has been. I hope this year I may live more to the purpose; otherwise it is a heavy tax to pay for mere existence.

To his niece, Sarah Irving, at the cottage, he writes: —

January 19th. — . . . I hope you will all make your contemplated visits to New York in the course of the winter; it will serve to break up the monotony of the season, though, for my part, if I could only be in my little cottage, looking out from its snug, warm shelter, upon the broad expanse of the Tappan Sea, all brilliant with snow, and ice, and sunshine, I think I should be loath to leave it for the city; but then what would suit a philosophic old gentleman, who has seen enough of the world, and grown too wise for its gayeties, would hardly be to the taste of a bevy of young ladies, for whom the world has still some novelty.

[*To Pierre M. Irving.*]

January 20th, 1844. — . . . I feel sadly the loss of the past year, which has disconcerted all those literary plans I formed on leaving home. However, I still hope the opening year, or at least a part of it, may be more profitably employed.

The following letter unfolds another page in Spanish affairs: —

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

MADRID, March 16, 1844.

MY DEAR SISTER: —

We are preparing for great ceremonies and festivities on the arrival of the Queen-mother, who has lately entered from France, and is slowly making her way to the capital, to be restored to her children. The little Queen and her sister departed from Madrid some time since, to meet her mother on the road, according to Spanish usage. The meeting is to take place a little beyond the royal *sitio*, or country residence of Aranjuez, between that place and Ocaña. A temporary structure has been put up in the road for the purpose. The *corps diplomatique*, and all the court and nobility, are invited to attend on the occasion, and Aranjuez is already crowded. This place is about twenty-seven miles from Madrid, situated in a narrow valley watered by the Tagus. It is a small town, or rather village, in which are some indifferent hotels, and large barracks of houses, and is almost deserted, excepting when visited by the sovereign in the spring. The royal palace is spacious, but not magnificent. The great attractions are delicious gardens, with shady walks and bowers, refreshing fountains, and thousands of nightingales: also noble avenues of trees, and fine shady drives. All these render it a paradise in this arid, naked country; and you come upon it by surprise, after traversing dreary plains, for it lies sunk in a narrow, green valley scooped out of the desert by the Tagus. As I have not yet sufficiently the use of my legs to enjoy the gardens and promenades, I shall not go to Aranjuez, this time, until the day before the Queen is expected to arrive. . . . .

The return of the Queen-mother is quite an event in the royal romance of the palace, and the circumstances of her journey have really a touching interest for me. She returns by the very way by which she left the kingdom in 1840, when the whole world seemed to be roused against her, and she was followed by clamor and execrations. What is the case at present? The cities that were then almost in arms against her, now receive her with fêtes and rejoicings. Arches of triumph are erected in the streets; *Te Deums* are chanted in the cathedrals; processions issue forth to escort her; the streets ring with shouts and acclamations; homage and adulation meet her at every step; the meanest village has its ceremonial of respect, and a speech of loyalty from its alcalde. Thus her progress through the kingdom is a continual triumph. . . . .

In the following, to the same correspondent, dated March 23d, he gives a picture of the restoration of the Queen-mother to her children: —

I must now give you a chapter of the romance of the palace. I set off, the day before yesterday, for Aranjuez, to be present at the meeting of the little Queen and her mother. I started at six o'clock in the morning, in my carriage, with old Pedro the coachman, and my faithful Lorenzo. Mr. Valdevielso, the Mexican Minister, accompanied me, having sent on his four horses to be stationed on the road as relays. We had a beautiful morning, and enjoyed our drive to the old village of Valdemoro, where we left Pedro and the horses to await our return, and took the first pair of Mr. Valdevielso's horses, with his coachman. With these we drove to Aranjuez, not finding occasion to use the second

relay, which followed us. We arrived at Aranjuez at half-past eleven, and found the meeting was expected to take place about five o'clock in the afternoon, about three miles from Aranjuez, on the road to Ocaña, a royal tent having been put up for the occasion. Aranjuez was crowded with company — all the nobility from Madrid, the military, and official characters of all sorts, not to mention office-hunters, and the countless crowd that courts the smiles of royalty.

Every vehicle at Madrid had been engaged at high prices to bring on the multitude; every lodging, good or bad, at Aranjuez, had been taken up beforehand. I had comfortable quarters with my good friends the Albuquerques, and found myself the inmate of quite a diplomatic commonwealth, occupying a huge house hired for the occasion. It was two stories high, built around a square court-yard. You may imagine the size of the Spanish houses, when I tell you that in this were accommodated the French Ambassador and his lady, with two young gentlemen of the embassy; the Albuquerques and their family; the Prince and Princess de Carini; the Count Marnex, Belgian *chargé d'affaires;* Mr. D'Alborgo, *chargé d'affaires* of Denmark; the Mexican Minister and myself; and that each family had a distinct apartment to itself, with sitting-room, antechamber, etc. We all dined together, and a pleasant dinner we had; while, throughout the day and evening, Madame Albuquerque's saloon was a general resort. Here I had a comfortable sofa to lounge upon, and was quite petted by the good people. This gathering together of the diplomatic corps had, indeed, a most sociable, agreeable effect; we seemed like one family. I became great friends with the Princess Carini, who is full of good humor and good spirits, and disposed to

take the world cheerfully. Her husband was quite the life of the house, ever ready for anything that may amuse; a man of varied talent — a musician, a painter, etc., etc.

In the course of the afternoon, I drove out, with Mr. Valdevielso, to the place where the royal meeting was to take place. The road was full of carriages and horsemen, hastening to the rendezvous, and was lined with spectators, seated by the roadside in gaping expectation. The scene of the rendezvous was quite picturesque. In an open plain, a short distance from the road, was pitched the royal tent — very spacious, and decorated with fluttering flags and streamers. Three or four other tents were pitched in the vicinity, and there was an immense assemblage of carriages, with squadrons of cavalry, and crowds of people of all ranks, from the grandee to the beggar. We left our carriage at a distance from the tent, and proceeded on foot to the royal presence. The impatience of the little Queen and her sister would not permit them to remain in the tent; they were continually sallying forth among the throng of courtiers, to a position that commanded a distant view of the road of Ocaña, as it sloped down the side of a rising ground. Poor things! they were kept nearly a couple of hours in anxious suspense. . . . . At length the royal cortege was seen descending the distant slope of the road, escorted by squadrons of lancers, whose yellow uniforms, with the red flag of the lance fluttering aloft, made them look at a distance like a moving mass of fire and flame. As they drew near, the squadrons of horse wheeled off into the plain, and the royal carriage approached. The impatience of the little Queen could no longer be restrained. Without waiting at the entrance of the tent to receive her royal mother, according to eti-

quette, she hurried forth, through the avenue of guards, quite to the road, where I lost sight of her amidst a throng of courtiers, horse-guards, etc., etc. . . . . The reception of the Queen-mother was quite enthusiastic. The air resounded with acclamations. . . . . The old nobility, who have long been cast down and dispirited, and surrounded by doubt and danger, look upon the return of the Queen-mother as the triumph of their cause, and the harbinger of happier and more prosperous days.

After witnessing this meeting, I hastened back to Aranjuez, to dine and get some repose before the reception of the *corps diplomatique*, which was to take place at the palace at half-past nine o'clock. We were received in plain clothes, the Queen-mother wishing to avoid the necessity of putting on a court dress. The royal palace was illuminated, and was surrounded by a crowd. We were received in a very beautiful saloon, furnished in the style of the "Empire;" that is to say, the classic style prevalent during the reign of Napoleon. Our diplomatic circle has quite increased of late, since the Queen has been recognized by different courts. The Ambassador of France takes precedence in it, from his diplomatic rank; then come the Ministers, etc., according to the date of their residence: first the Portuguese Minister, then myself, then the Mexican Minister, etc. The little Queen entered the room, followed by her mother and her sister, and the Minister of State. The Ambassador of France made her a congratulatory address in the name of the corps, to which she read a brief, written reply. She then, followed by her mother and sister, passed along the line, addressing some words, of course, to each member of the diplomatic corps; after which the royal party courtesied themselves out of the room.

. . . . I was glad to get to bed that night, for my poor ankles fairly ached with having to be so much on my legs that day. The next morning Mr. Valdevielso and myself returned to Madrid, as did most of the diplomatic corps, so as to be ready to see the royal entrance into the capital. It will take place between three and four o'clock this afternoon, and I will keep my letter open to give you a word or two about it. . . . .

I have just returned from witnessing the entrance of Queen Christina, but have no time to give particulars, as it is dinner time, and the courier is about to depart. There was a great parade of military, and the streets were filled with a countless multitude. The Queen-mother sat in an open carriage, on the left hand of her daughter. The houses were all decorated with tapestry hung out of the windows and balconies. The reception of the Queen by the populace was not very animated. She is popular with the *Moderados* — that is to say, the aristocracy.

In the following letter to Mrs. Paris, he takes up the thread of his diplomatic themes. His elation, at the close, at being restored to the free use of his legs, from which he had been so long debarred, is quite in character: —

[*To Mrs. Paris, New York.*]

MADRID, April 17, 1844.

MY DEAR SISTER: —

My last letter concluded with the entrance of the Queen and Queen-mother into Madrid. Various fêtes and ceremonies, civil and religious, have since taken place in honor of the return of Maria Christina. I have been obliged to absent myself from

most of them on account of my indisposition. I was present, however, at the *Besa manos* (or hand-kissing) at the royal palace. This is the grand act of homage to the sovereign and the royal family. The day was bright and propitious. The place in front of the royal palace was thronged with people waiting to see the equipages drive up; while the avenues were guarded by horse and foot, and the courts and halls echoed with military music. On entering the palace, the grand staircase and the antechambers were lined with the officers, halberdiers, and attendants of the royal household, and thronged with a gorgeous multitude, civil and military, glittering with gold lace and embroidery. I made my way into the Hall of Ambassadors, where the throne is situated, and which I found already filled with grandees and high functionaries, and a number of the *corps diplomatique*. I have already noticed this hall in my former letters; it is very magnificent, though somewhat *sombre*, the walls being covered with crimson velvet. It has a great number of large mirrors, immense chandeliers of crystal, and the vaulted ceiling is beautifully painted, representing, in various compartments, the people and productions of the various countries and climates of the Spanish empire, as it existed before its dismemberment. The throne is on the side of the hall opposite to the windows, just midway. It is raised three or four steps, and surmounted by a rich canopy of velvet. There were two chairs of state thus elevated, one on the right hand for the Queen, and on the left for the Queen-mother; at the foot of the throne, to the left, was a chair of state for the Queen's sister. As everybody is expected to stand in the royal presence, there are no other seats provided. I began to apprehend a severe trial for my legs, as some time would probably

elapse before the entrance of the Queen. The introducer of ambassadors, however (the Chevalier de Arana), knowing my invalid condition, kindly pointed out to me a statue at the lower end of the hall, with a low pedestal, and advised me to take my seat there until the opening of the court. I gladly availed myself of the suggestion, and, seating myself on the edge of the pedestal, indulged myself in a quiet survey of the scene before me, and a meditation on the various scenes of the kind I had witnessed in this hall in the time of Ferdinand VII. and during the time of my present sojourn at this court, and in calling to mind the rapid vicissitudes which had occurred, even in my limited experience, in the gilded and anxious throngs which, each in their turns, have glittered about this hall. How brief has been their butterfly existence! how sudden and desolate their reverses! Exile, imprisonment, death itself, have followed hard upon the transient pageants of a court; and who could say how soon a like lot might befall the courtier host before me, thus swarming forth into sudden sunshine? They all seemed, however, secure that their summer was to last, and that the golden days of monarchical rule had once more returned. The arrival of the Queen-mother has been regarded by the aristocracy as the completion and consolidation of their triumph. They have crowded, therefore, to do homage to the throne, and the Spanish Court has once more resumed something of its ancient splendor. Indeed, I had never seen the royal palace so brilliantly attended; and the whole ceremonial had an effect even upon the French Ambassador, who has been slow to see anything good at Madrid, but who acknowledged that the splendor of the court quite surpassed his expectations.

After we had been for some time assembled, the

Queen was announced, and every one immediately ranged himself in order. The grandees take their station on the right hand of the throne; the diplomatic corps forms a line directly in front of it, with the French Ambassador at the head. The Queen entered first, followed by her mother and the Princess Royal, and a long train of ladies of the highest nobility, magnificently dressed. The Queen and the Queen Mother took their seats on the throne, the latter on the left hand. The Princess was seated in a chair of state to the left of the throne, and the ladies in attendance ranged themselves from the left of the throne to the lower end of the hall. Among them were some of the most beautiful ladies of the nobility; they were all in court dresses, with lappets and trains, and as fine as silk, and plumes, and lace, and diamonds could make them. I doubt whether even the lilies of the valley, though better arrayed than King Solomon in all his glory, could have stood a comparison with them. (I hope it is not wicked to say so.)

The little Queen and her sister were each dressed in white satin, richly trimmed with lace; they had trains of lilac silk, and wreaths of diamonds on their heads, the only difference in their dress being the superior number of diamonds of the Queen. The Queen Mother had a train of azure blue, her favorite color. I like to describe dresses, having a knack at it; but I absolutely forget the rest of her equipments. The little Queen, who, by the by, will soon cease to deserve the adjective of *little*, looked rather full and puffy on the occasion, being perhaps rather too straitly caparisoned; the Infanta, too, looked pale, and, I was told, was in bad health. The Queen Mother, on the contrary, was in her best looks; no longer fatigued and worn by a long and anxious

journey, as when I saw her at Aranjuez, but cheerful and animated. I think, for queenly grace and dignity, mingled with the most gracious affability, she surpasses any sovereign I have ever seen. Her manner of receiving every one, as they knelt and kissed her hand, and the smile with which she sent them on their way rejoicing, let me at once into the secret of her popularity with all who have frequented her court.

I remained but a short time after the *Besa manos* had commenced. It was likely to be between two and three hours before the immense crowd of courtiers, clergy, military, municipality, etc., could pay homage, and it was impossible for me to remain standing so long. I beat a retreat, therefore, in company with the *chargé d'affaires* of Denmark, the veteran D'Alborgo — a thoroughgoing courtier, who had risen from a sick-bed to be present on the occasion. I have since written a note to the Minister of State, requesting him to explain to the Queen and Queen Mother the cause of my absence from most of the court ceremonies on the recent joyful occasion; and have received a very satisfactory note in reply, with kind expressions on the part of the sovereigns. There is to be another grand *Besa manos* on the twenty-seventh of this month, by which time I hope to be sufficiently recovered from my long indisposition to resume my usual station in the diplomatic corps.

I am happy to tell you that I am getting on prosperously in my cure by the aid of baths, which I take at home. Indeed I expect, in a very little time, to be able to go about on foot as usual, and only refrain from doing so at present lest, by any over exercise, I might retard my complete recovery. When I drive out and notice the opening of spring I

feel, sometimes, almost moved to tears at the thought that in a little while I shall again have the use of my limbs, and be able to ramble about and enjoy these green fields and meadows. It seems almost too great a privilege. I am afraid, when I once more sally forth and walk about the streets, I shall feel like a boy with a new coat, who thinks everybody will turn round to look at him. "Bless my soul, how that gentleman has the use of his legs!"

I want some little excitement of the kind, just now, to enliven me, for Alexander Hamilton is packing up, and preparing for his departure, which will probably take place in the course of three weeks. It will be a hard parting for me, and I shall feel his loss sadly, for he has been everything to me as an efficient aid in business, a most kind-hearted attendant in sickness, and a cheerful, intelligent, sunshiny companion at all times. He will leave a popular name behind him among his intimates and acquaintances in Madrid, who have learned to appreciate his noble qualities of head and heart. What makes his departure very trying to me, is, that he is in a manner linked with my home, and is the last of the young companions who left home with me. God bless him! he will carry home sunshine to his family.

And now, with love to "all bodies," I must conclude.

Your affectionate brother,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

On the 27th of April, Mr. Irving informs his niece, at Paris, that he had given two diplomatic dinners lately, and should give a third the next day. "You will think," he says, "I am quite 'breaking forth' with dinner parties; but, in truth, I have for a long time been so much de-

pressed and out of social mood with my tedious malady, that I fell quite in arrears; and one of the first impulses, on finding myself really getting better, was to call my friends about me and make good cheer."

To another niece, under the same auspicious improvement in the state of his health, he writes, April 28:—

. . . . I have been rather light-hearted of late, at being in a great degree relieved from the malady which has so long kept me, as it were, in fetters. Yesterday I was at a *Besa manos*, or royal levee, at the palace, in honor of the birthday of the Queen Mother, where all the nobility and people of official rank have the honor of kissing the hands of the Queen and royal family; and, though the ceremonial lasted between two and three hours, I stood through the whole of it without flinching. I have also taken a walk in the green alleys of the Retiro, for the first time in upward of fifteen months, and performed the feat to admiration. I do not figure about yet in the streets on foot, lest people should think me proud; I continue, therefore, to drive out in my carriage. Indeed, I endeavor to behave as humbly and modestly as possible under "so great a dispensation;" but one cannot help being puffed up a little on having the use of one's legs.

CHAPTER VI.

Departure of Hamilton. — Loneliness. — The New American Minister at Paris. — Heartsick with the Politics of Spain. — The Retiro. — A New Secretary of Legation. — Letter from Barcelona. — The Turkish Minister. — Audience of the Queen. — Reminiscence of the Palace. — Its Peculiar Interest to him. — Count De Espagne. — Letter to Pierre M. Irving. — Temporary Leave of Absence granted him. — Intends to visit Paris.

THE day after the departure of Mr. Hamilton, the last of the three young companions who had embarked with him in his mission, and were linked to him by home affinities, Mr. Irving writes to Mrs. Storrow (May 15th): —

To-day there is an inexpressible loneliness in my mansion, and its great saloons seem uncommonly empty and silent. I feel my heart choking me, as I walk about, and miss Hamilton from the places and seats he used to occupy. The servants partake in my dreary feelings, and that increases them. . . . .

I am scrawling this, because it is a relief to me to express what I feel, and I have no one at hand to converse with. The morning has been rainy, but it is holding up, and I shall drive out and get rid of these lonely feelings. To-day I dine with the Albuquerques, of which I am glad.

All this will soon pass away, for I have been

accustomed, for a great part of my life, to be much alone; but I think, of late years, living at home, with those around to love and cherish me, my heart has become accustomed to look around for others to lean upon; or, perhaps, I am growing less self-dependent and self-competent than I used to be. However, thank God, I am getting completely clear of my malady, and in a train to resume the occasional exercise of my pen; and when I have that to occupy and solace me, I am independent of the world.

I select some further passages from letters to Mrs. Storrow, addressed to her at Paris: —

May 18th. — I am wearied and at times heartsick of the wretched politics of this country, where there is so much intrigue, falsehood, profligacy, and crime, and so little of high honor and pure patriotism in political affairs. The last ten or twelve years of my life . . . . has shown me so much of the dark side of human nature, that I begin to have painful doubts of my fellow-men, and look back with regret to the confiding period of my literary career, when, poor as a rat, but rich in dreams, I beheld the world through the medium of my imagination, and was apt to believe men as good as I wished them to be.

May 24th. — I see that a new Minister has been appointed for Paris, Mr. William King, of Alabama, who for many years has been in the Senate of the United States. He is an old acquaintance of mine, a very gentleman-like man. I first knew him about the year 1817, when I was residing with your uncle Peter, in Liverpool. He was then on his way home from Russia, having been attached to the legation in that court. He remained a week or two at Liver-

pool, and dined alternately with us, with a Mr. Kirwan, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Haggerty, of Virginia, so that we were every day the same party of five, though at different houses. We supposed he would give a good account of Liverpool, on his return home, as a very hospitable place, but with *only five inhabitants*. I believe he is still a bachelor, in which case I should not be surprised if he were an old one.

I have enjoyed myself greatly in the Retiro of late. It is such a delight to be able once more to ramble about the shady alleys, and to have the companionship of nightingales, with which the place abounds at this season of the year. There is a beautiful prospect, too, of the distant Guadarrama mountains, seen rising above the tree-tops, tinted with hazy purple, and crowned with snow. The Retiro is one of the few pleasant haunts that cheer the surrounding sterility of Madrid.

The following extract from a letter to his sister, Mrs. Paris, announces the arrival of his new Secretary of Legation, Mr. Jasper H. Livingston, a son of Brockholst Livingston, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, with whom, as has been noted, Mr. Irving had passed a part of his novitiate as a student at law: —

June 15th. — I am now preparing for a journey to Barcelona, where I have to go to deliver two letters from the President to the Queen: one congratulatory on her accession to the throne, the other of condolence on the death of her uncle. They have been a long time on the way, and did not reach us until long after the Queen's departure; otherwise I should have delivered them here, and have en-

deavored to dispense with this journey to Barcelona. It is a long journey to make in this hot weather, and I fear I shall find Barcelona crowded, and comfortable quarters not to be had.

Mr. Livingston, who takes the place of Mr. Hamilton, arrived here about a week since, with a nephew, a fine boy about thirteen years of age. They have taken up their abode with me, and have quite enlivened my house.

Mr. Irving left Madrid for Barcelona on the 26th of June. The following is written about a week after his arrival in that "beautiful city, which," he writes to me, "appears to me to be one of the favored spots of the earth; surrounded by a rich and fruitful country, magnificent prospects of land and sea, and blessed with a sweetly tempered southern climate."

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

Barcelona, July 5, 1844.

My dear Sister: —

I presume Sarah Storrow has forwarded to you the letter I wrote to her on my arrival at this city, giving some account of my journey from Madrid, through the wild, mountainous region of Aragon. It was very fatiguing, very hot, and very dusty, yet I am glad I have made it, as it took me through a great part of what was a distinct kingdom before the marriage of Ferdinand with Isabella, by which the crowns of Aragon and Castile became united. We travelled almost constantly, day and night. In some of the mountainous parts the diligence was drawn by eight, and occasionally ten mules, harnessed two and two, with a driver on the box, a *zagal*, or

help, who scampered for a great part of the way beside the mules, thwacking them occasionally with a stick, and bawling out their names in all kinds of tones and inflections; while a lad of fifteen years of age was mounted on one of the leaders, to act as pilot. This lad kept on with us for a great part of the journey. How he bore the fatigue, I can hardly imagine; and more especially the want of sleep, for we only paused about six hours each evening to dine and take repose. He, however, I found, could sleep on horseback; and repeatedly, when our long line of mules and the lumbering diligence were winding along roads cut around the face of mountains, and along the brink of tremendous precipices, the postilion was sleeping on his saddle, and we were left to the caution and discretion of the mules. However, we accomplished our journey in safety, in defiance of rough roads and robbers, and arrived here, after three days and a half of almost continual travel. . . . .

I am delighted with Barcelona. It is a beautiful city, especially the new part, with a mixture of Spanish, French, and Italian character. The climate is soft and voluptuous, the heats being tempered by the sea breezes. Instead of the naked desert which surrounds Madrid, we have here, between the sea and the mountains, a rich and fertile plain, with villas buried among groves and gardens, in which grow the orange, the citron, the pomegranate, and other fruits of southern climates. We have here, too, an excellent Italian opera, which is a great resource to me. Indeed, the theatre is the nightly place of meeting of the diplomatic corps and various members of the court, and there is great visiting from box to box. The greatest novelty in our diplomatic circle is the Turkish Minister, who arrived lately at Barcelona on a special mission to the

Spanish Court. His arrival made quite a sensation here, there having been no representative from the Court of the Grand Sultan for more than half a century. He was for a time quite the lion; everything he said and did was the theme of conversation. I think, however, he has quite disappointed the popular curiosity. Something oriental and theatrical was expected — a Turk in a turban and bagging trousers, with a furred robe, a long pipe, a huge beard and moustache, a bevy of wives, and a regiment of black slaves. Instead of this, the Turkish Ambassador turned out to be an easy, pleasant, gentleman-like man, in a frock coat, white drill pantaloons, black cravat, white kid gloves, and dandy cane; with nothing Turkish in his costume but a red cap with a long, blue silken tassel. In fact, he is a complete man of society, who has visited various parts of Europe, is European in his manners, and, when he takes off his Turkish cap, has very much the look of a well-bred Italian gentleman. I confess I should rather have seen him in the magnificent costume of the East; and I regret that that costume, endeared to me by the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," that joy of my boyhood, is fast giving way to the leveling and monotonous prevalence of French and English fashions. The Turks, too, are not aware of what they lose by the change of costume. In their oriental dress, they are magnificent-looking men, and seem superior in dignity of form to Europeans; but, once stripped of turban and flowing robes, and attired in the close-fitting, trimly cut modern dress, and they shrink in dimensions, and turn out a very ill-made race. Notwithstanding his Christian dress, however, I have found the Effendi a very intelligent and interesting companion. He is extremely well informed, has read much and observed still more,

and is very frank and animated in conversation. Unfortunately, his sojourn here will be but for a very few days longer. He intends to make the tour of Spain, and to visit those parts especially which contain historical remains of the time of the Moors and Arabs. Granada will be a leading object of curiosity with him. I should have delighted to visit it in company with him.

I know, all this while, you are dying to have another chapter about the little Queen, so I must gratify you. I applied for an audience shortly after my arrival, having two letters to deliver to the Queen from President Tyler; one congratulating her on her majority, the other condoling with her on the death of her aunt. The next day, at six o'clock in the evening, was appointed for the audience, which was granted at the same time to the members of the diplomatic corps who had travelled in company with me, and to two others who had preceded us. It was about the time when the Queen drives out to take the air. Troops were drawn up in the square in front of the palace, awaiting her appearance, and a considerable crowd assembled. As we ascended the grand staircase, we found groups of people on the principal landing places waiting to get a sight of royalty. This palace had a peculiar interest for me. Here, as often occurs in my unsettled and wandering life, I was coming back again on the footsteps of former times. In 1829, when I passed a few days in Barcelona, on my way to England to take my post as Secretary of Legation, this palace was inhabited by the Count de Espagne, at that time Captain General of the province. I had heard much of the cruelty of his disposition, and the rigor of his military rule. He was the terror of the Catalans, and hated by them as much as he was feared. I dined

with him, in company with two or three English gentlemen, residents of the place, with whom he was on familiar terms. In entering his palace, I felt that I was entering the abode of a tyrant. His appearance was characteristic. He was about forty-five years of age, of the middle size, but well set and strongly built, and became his military dress. His face was rather handsome, his demeanor courteous, and at table he became social and jocose; but I thought I could see a lurking devil in his eye, and something hard-hearted and derisive in his laugh. The English guests were his cronies, and, with them, I perceived his jokes were coarse, and his humor inclined to buffoonery. At that time, Maria Christina, then a beautiful Neapolitan princess in the flower of her years, was daily expected at Barcelona, on her way to Madrid to be married to Ferdinand VII. While the Count and his guests were seated at table, after dinner, enjoying the wine and cigars, one of the petty functionaries of the city, equivalent to a deputy alderman, was announced. The Count winked to the company, and promised a scene for their amusement. The city dignitary came bustling into the apartment with an air of hurried zeal and momentous import, as if about to make some great revelation. He had just received intelligence, by letter, of the movements of the Princess, and the time when she might be expected to arrive, and had hastened to communicate it at head-quarters. There was nothing in the intelligence that had not been previously known to the Count, and that he had not communicated to us during dinner; but he affected to receive the information with great surprise, made the functionary repeat it over and over, each time deepening the profundity of his attention; finally he bowed the city oracle quite out of the saloon, and

almost to the head of the staircase, and sent him home swelling with the idea that he had communicated a state secret, and fixed himself in the favor of the Count. The latter returned to us, laughing immoderately at the manner in which he had played off the little dignitary, and mimicking the voice and manner with which the latter had imparted his important nothings. It was altogether a high farce, more comic in the acting than in the description; but it was the sportive gamboling of a tiger, and I give it to show how the tyrant, in his hours of familiarity, may play the buffoon.

The Count de Espagne was a favorite general of Ferdinand, and, during the life of that monarch, continued in high military command. In the civil wars, he espoused the cause of Don Carlos, and was charged with many sanguinary acts. His day of retribution came. He fell into the hands of his enemies, and was murdered, it is said, with savage cruelty while being conducted a prisoner among the mountains. Such are the bloody reverses which continually occur in this eventful country, especially in these revolutionary times.

I thought of all these things as I ascended the grand staircase. Fifteen years had elapsed since I took leave of the Count at the top of this staircase, and it seemed as if his hard-hearted, derisive laugh still sounded in my ears. He was then a loyal subject and a powerful commander; he had since been branded as a traitor and a rebel, murdered by those whom he had oppressed, and hurried into a bloody grave. The beautiful young Princess, whose approach was at that time the theme of every tongue, had since gone through all kinds of reverses. She had been on a throne, she had been in exile, she was now a widowed Queen, a subject of her own daughter, and a sojourner in this palace.

On entering the royal apartments, I recognized some of the old courtiers whom I had been accustomed to see about the royal person at Madrid, and was cordially greeted by them, for at Barcelona we all come together sociably, as at a watering-place. The "introducer of ambassadors" (the Chevalier de Arana) conducted my companions and myself into a saloon, where we waited to be summoned into the royal presence. I, being the highest in diplomatic rank of the party present, was first summoned. On entering, I found the little Queen standing in the centre of the room, and, at a little distance behind her, the Marchioness of Santa Cruz, first lady in attendance. She received me in a quiet, graceful manner, with considerable self-possession, expressing, in a low voice, the hope that I had made a pleasant journey, etc. This must be the hardest task for so young a creature, to have to play the Queen *solus*, receiving, one by one, the diplomatic corps, and beginning the conversation with each. Our interview was brief. I presented my two letters, expressed the satisfaction which I (really) felt at seeing, by her improved looks, that the sojourn at Barcelona had been beneficial to her, etc., after which I retired, to give place to my companions. We had afterward, one by one, an audience of the Queen Mother, who is looking very well, though, I am told, she is still subject to great anxiety and frequent depression of spirits, feeling the uncertainty of political affairs in Spain, and the difficulties and dangers which surround the throne of her youthful daughter. Nothing could be more gracious and amiable than her reception. Her smile is one of the most winning I have ever witnessed; and the more I see of her, the less I wonder at that fascination which, in her younger and more beautiful days, was so omnipotent, and which,

even now, has such control over all who are much about her person.

Eleven days after the date of the foregoing letter, to which he refers me, with a hint that he should have to "greatly retrench the epistolary prodigality of [his] pen," he writes me from Barcelona as follows: —

July 18*th.* — Yesterday I received my letters by the steam packet of the 15th of June, among which is a dispatch from Government, granting me the temporary leave of absence for the benefit of my health which I had solicited. I shall avail myself of the leave of absence toward the end of this month, to make an excursion to Paris previous to returning to Madrid. I shall thus escape the dry, parching summer heat of the Spanish capital, be enabled, if necessary, to consult the French physician who attended me last autumn, refresh and recruit myself by a pleasant tour and complete change of climate, and return to Madrid early in the autumn, fully prepared, I trust, to enter with vigor upon my literary as well as my diplomatic occupations.

CHAPTER VII.

From Barcelona to Paris. — Marseilles. — Avignon. — Lyons. — Versailles. — Havre. — Leaves Havre for London. — Slips through London quietly. — At the Shrubbery. — Back to France. — Visit to King Louis Philippe. — Letter to Mrs. Paris. — Court Gayeties. — Musings in the Royal Pile.

IN the following extract we have a pleasant picture of the author's wayfaring from Barcelona toMarseilles: —

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

BARCELONA, July 28 1844.

MY DEAR SISTER: —

To-morrow I embark in a Spanish steamer for Marseilles, on my way to Paris. I leave this beautiful city with regret, for my time has passed here most happily. Indeed, one enjoys the very poetry of existence in these soft southern climates which border the Mediterranean. All here is picture and romance. Nothing has given me greater delight than occasional evening drives with some of my diplomatic colleagues to those country seats, or *Torres*, as they are called, situated on the slopes of the hills, two or three miles from the city, surrounded by groves of oranges, citrons, figs, pomegranates, etc., etc., with terraced gardens gay with flowers and fountains. Here we would sit on the lofty terraces overlooking the rich and varied plain; the distant city gilded by

the setting sun, and the blue sea beyond. Nothing can be purer and softer and sweeter than the evening air inhaled in these favored retreats.

July 29th. On board of the Spanish steamer Villa de Madrid. — At seven o'clock this morning we left Barcelona, and have been all day gliding along a smooth summer sea, in sight of the Spanish coast, which is here very mountainous and picturesque. Old ruined castles are to be seen here and there on the summit of cragged heights, with villages gleaming along the shore below them. The Catalonian coast is studded with bright little towns, the seats of industry and enterprise, for Catalonia is the New England of Spain, full of bustle and activity. We have, as usual, a clear blue sky overhead ; the air is bland and delightful, and the sea enlivened here and there by the picturesque Mediterranean vessels, with their tapering lateen sails. To-night we shall have delightful sailing by the light of the full moon — a light which I have peculiarly enjoyed, of late, among the orange gardens of Barcelona.

On board of the steamer we have a joyous party of Catalans, gentlemen and ladies, who are bound to St. Filian, a town on the coast, where there is to be held some annual fête. They have all the gayety and animation which distinguish the people of these provinces.

While I am writing at a table in the cabin, I am sensible of the power of a pair of splendid Spanish eyes which are occasionally flashing upon me, and which almost seem to throw a light upon the paper. Since I cannot break the spell, I will describe the owner of them. She is a young married lady, about four or five and twenty, middle sized, finely modeled, a Grecian outline of face, a complexion sallow yet healthful, raven black hair, eyes dark, large, and

beaming, softened by long eyelashes, lips full and rosy red, yet finely chiseled, and teeth of dazzling whiteness. She is dressed in black, as if in mourning; on one hand is a black glove; the other hand, ungloved, is small, exquisitely formed, with taper fingers and blue veins. She has just put it up to adjust her clustering black locks. I never saw female hand more exquisite. Really, if I were a young man, I should not be able to draw the portrait of this beautiful creature so calmly.

I was interrupted in my letter-writing, by an observation of the lady whom I was describing. She had caught my eye occasionally, as it glanced from my letter toward her. "Really, Señor," said she, at length, with a smile, "one would think you were a painter, taking my likeness." I could not resist the impulse. "Indeed," said I, "I am taking it; I am writing to a friend the other side of the world, discussing things that are passing before me, and I could not help noting down one of the best specimens of the country that I had met with." A little bantering took place between the young lady, her husband, and myself, which ended in my reading off, as well as I could into Spanish, the description I had just written down. It occasioned a world of merriment, and was taken in excellent part. The lady's cheek, for once, mantled with the rose. She laughed, shook her head, and said I was a very fanciful portrait painter; and the husband declared that, if I would stop at St. Filian, all the ladies in the place would crowd to me to have their portraits taken — my pictures were so flattering. I have just parted with them. The steamship stopped in the open sea, just in front of the little bay of St. Filian; boats came off from shore for the party. I helped the beautiful original of the portrait into the boat, and

promised her and her husband, if ever I should come to St. Filian, I would pay them a visit. The last I noticed of her, was a Spanish farewell wave of her beautiful white hand, and the gleam of her dazzling teeth as she smiled adieu. So there's a very tolerable touch of romance for a gentleman of my years.

MARSEILLES, *July 31st.* — I arrived here yesterday morning, about eight o'clock, after a beautiful sail by moonlight, which kept me a great part of the night on the deck.

I entered the harbor of Marseilles between the forts that guard it like two giants. Just without the fort I recognized a little cove where I used to bathe when I was here, just forty years since. I landed on the quay where I had often walked in old times. It was but little altered, but the harbor, at that time, was nearly empty, being a time of war; it was now crowded with shipping. The city had nearly doubled in size, and had greatly improved in beauty, as have all European cities during this long peace. It is indeed a magnificent city, one of the stateliest in France.

On the afternoon of the 31st July, Mr. Irving, accompanied by his faithful Lorenzo, took the diligence for Avignon, and, after travelling all night, arrived early in the morning at that "ancient and picturesque town," which he had visited in his youthful days. He took another look at the old castle where the Pope resided for nearly a century, and a peep into the old church where once was the tomb of Petrarch's Laura, and then embarked in a steamer on the Rhone for Lyons. "I was delighted with the scenery of the river," he writes. "It is very varied,

many parts wild, mountainous, and picturesque: some parts resembling the scenery of the Hudson, with the addition of old towns, villages, ruined castles, etc." From Lyons he continued his course in another steamer up the Saone, the scenery of which he did not find so striking as that of the Rhone, to Chalons, whence he took the diligence for Paris. After passing a week "of heartfelt pleasure" at Versailles with his niece, Mrs. Storrow, he set off, with Lorenzo, for Havre, to pay his friend Beasley a visit. From Havre, where he spent a few days "most pleasantly," he started at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 21st of August, in a steamer for London direct, whence he intended to make the best of his way to Birmingham, the residence of his sister. "Tell Mr. Storrow," he writes to his niece on the eve of his departure, "to send all letters for me in an envelope addressed to Mr. Van Wart. I do not want my name to appear in any way that may draw upon me invitations."

He slipped through London, only stopping to pass his trunks through the custom-house; and, after a pleasant sojourn of about three weeks at Birmingham, where he found his sister, who had been an invalid, improved beyond his expectations, he shaped his course again for France.

The teasing remains of his malady still clung to his ankles, and he continued to linger in Paris for some time, in hopes of getting in good travelling condition by the aid of baths. A few days before he set off on his long journey to his post, he sends his sister, Mrs. Paris, the following account of another visit to Louis Philippe: —

I have been living so quietly for some time past, that I have nothing new to tell you excepting a visit which I paid to King Louis Philippe, about a week since. I made it in company with Mr. King, our Minister at the Court, and Mr. Wheaton, our Minister to Prussia, who is making a sojourn in this city. The royal family were at St. Cloud, a few miles from Paris. The King, while at the country seats, receives privileged visitors in the evenings, when they go in plain dress. We drove out to St. Cloud in Mr. King's carriage. I thought of Napoleon as we entered the gates and ascended the great marble staircase of this beautiful palace, for it was one of his favorite residences. The interior of the palace was brilliantly lighted up. We passed through spacious halls and antechambers, and caught vistas through long galleries superbly painted and gilded; all contrasting with the partial gloom of the royal palace at Madrid, on my last evening visit to it.

We found the royal family in a lofty square chamber, at the end of one of the saloons. As on my former visit (in 1842), the Queen and Madame Adelaide were seated at a round table, engaged in needlework or embroidery. The beautiful young Duchess de Nemours was likewise seated at the table as were two or three ladies of rank. At another round table on the opposite side of the room, were seated two or three ladies of honor. The tea equipage was on the table, as in a private house. Several gentlemen, some in military uniforms, were in groups about the room. The Duke de Nemours was in one of the groups, and the King was conversing with a diplomatic personage in the embrasure of one of the windows. The King was in plain dress, and there was altogether an absence of form and ceremony.

We had a long and varied conversation with the King. He appears to be in excellent health and spirits, and bears in his countenance and carriage the promise of a length of days. He converses very freely and copiously, and turned from one subject to another, varying his humor with his theme. He is fond of telling stories of his adventures in the backwoods in America, and gave us one or two in excellent style, laughing heartily. I was surprised to find how tenaciously he retains the names of places and persons, the relative distances, the nature of the country, etc., etc. Our conversation must have lasted for half an hour, and was more like the frank, social conversation of common life, than the diplomatic communications between a king and ambassadors. The King has been highly gratified by his late visit to England, and it has put him in wonderful good humor. He regretted that the ocean was so wide and the United States so far off, that he could not pay our country a visit with equal convenience.

The next letter from which I quote is addressed to the same correspondent, nine days after his arrival in Madrid, which he reached on the 17th of November, after a more comfortable journey from Paris than he had anticipated from the irritation that still hung about his ankles.

My return home was hailed with transports of joy by the whole household. Juana threw her arms round my neck. Old Pedro, the coachman, cut a most uncouth caper, and I had much ado to avoid the embraces of the cook's aide-de-camp and the footboy. I found everything prepared to make me comfortable for the winter: my bedroom fresh papered, curtained, and carpeted, and looking so cozy, that,

were I an old bachelor (which you know I am not), I should have been tempted to nestle myself in it, and give up the world until spring time.

I find Madrid quite grand and gay under the domination of the *Moderados*. The nobility and the wealthy are vying with each other in display, during this interval of political sunshine; and as many fortunes have been made by men in office and political speculators, all Madrid rattles and glitters with new equipages. One would hardly suspect, from the luxury of the capital, that the country was so wretchedly impoverished. The Court, too, is more gay and magnificent than I have ever known it to be. There had been a grand concert at the palace a few days before my arrival; and I came just in time for a *Besa manos* at the palace, and a ball at General Narvaez's, on the young Queen's saint's day.

After some account of the crowded *Besa manos*, where the diplomatic corps were kept standing for a couple of hours in front of the throne, while the immense throng passed one by one, kneeling, and kissing the hands of the Queen and royal family, the letter proceeds: —

In the evening was the ball at the hotel of General Narvaez, at which the Queen and royal family were present — a compliment rarely paid to a subject at this punctilious Court. Though the hotel of General Narvaez is of great size, built around an open court, with great saloons, yet it was exceedingly crowded, there being about fifteen hundred persons present. The General is of a swelling, magnificent spirit, and does not regard expense, and certainly nothing had been spared to make this entertainment worthy of the royal presence. An inner room, at

the end of the principal saloon, was appropriated to the Queen and royal family, with such of the royal household as were in attendance on them, and to the members of the *corps diplomatique*, who are expected to be near the royal person. I had great difficulty in making my way through the crowded saloons to the royal presence. The young Queen had laid aside her state dress of the morning, and was arrayed simply, but becomingly, in white. Her principal ornament was a necklace of six rows of pearls with a splendid diamond clasp. She was in high glee. Indeed, I never saw a school-girl at a school ball enjoy herself more completely. A royal quadrille was formed in the saloon just in front of the presence chamber. In the first quadrille, General Narvaez danced with the Queen; Count Bresson (the French Ambassador) with the Queen Mother; the Portuguese Minister with the Infanta; others of the diplomatic corps and of the royal household with the princesses (daughters of Don Francisco), the Princess Carini, the French ambassadors, etc. There were blunders in the quadrille, which set the little Queen laughing; and queer, old-fashioned dancing on the part of the Portuguese Minister, which increased her risibility. She was at times absolutely convulsed with laughter, and throughout the whole evening showed a merriment that was quite contagious. I have never seen her in such a joyous mood, having chiefly seen her on ceremonious occasions, and had no idea that she had so much real *fun* in her disposition. She danced with various members of the diplomatic corps; and about four o'clock in the morning, when she was asked if she could venture upon another dance, O, yes! she said; she could dance eight more, if necessary. The Queen Mother, however, got her away between four and five. I was repeatedly

asked to take a part in the royal quadrille, but pleaded my lameness as an excuse; for I do not know whether my *years* would have been a sufficient apology where royalty was in question. I left the ball about three o'clock in the morning; and, having been on my legs at that, and the *Besa manos*, almost ever since one o'clock in the preceding day, I expected to be laid up with inflammation of the ankles. To my great surprise and satisfaction, I have experienced no ill effects, and, ever since, the symptoms of my malady have been declining.

I have given you but the beginning of court gayeties. To-morrow, the *corps diplomatique* are invited to a royal dinner at the palace, which I am curious to see, having never been present on an occasion of the kind at this Court. There is a talk, also, of a succession of concerts and balls at the palace; of another ball at General Narvaez's, and of other entertainments in the court circle, unless some conspiracy or insurrection should break out to throw everything in confusion. Everything is undertaken here with such a proviso; and a lady who was preparing for the grand ball of General Narvaez, expressed her fears to me that we should all be blown up there, a plot having been discovered, some months since, to blow the General up at his lodgings.

A few days later, he gives his sister a long account of the royal banquet, at which the number of guests was upward of a hundred, composed of the Cabinet Ministers, the principal dignitaries of the Government, the diplomatic corps, with their wives (such as had any), and the ladies in attendance on the royal family. His position at the table was to the left of the Queen Mother. In bringing his details to a close, he remarks: —

Thus, my dear sister. I have endeavored to give you a familar idea of a royal banquet, and the interior of a royal palace. I am afraid, if any strange eye should peruse these domestic scribblings, I should be set down as one infatuated with courts and court ceremonies; but these are intended only for your eye, my dear sister, and for the domestic little circle of the cottage, and to gratify that curiosity which those who live in the quiet and happy seclusion of the country have to learn the reality about kings and queens, and to have a peep into the interior of their abodes.

At the close of another letter addressed to Mrs. Storrow at Paris, in which he had indulged in some details of court entertainments, and other festivities, he observes: —

You will conclude, from all these details of gayeties, that I am a very gay fellow; but I assure you I am often, in the midst of these brilliant throngs, the very dullest of the dull. Unless there should be some one or other of my few cordial intimates present to whom I can link myself, I am apt to gaze on the crowd around me with perfect apathy, and find it very difficult, and at times impossible, to pay those commonplace attentions, and make those commonplace speeches to scores of half acquaintances, required in the wide circulation of fashionable society. I have grown too old or too wise for all that. I hope those who observe my delinquency attribute it to the latter cause. How different my feelings are at these court fêtes and fashionable routs, from what they were at our cordial little American *soirées* at Paris!

I take the following from a letter to Mrs. Paris, dated Madrid, February 19th, 1845: —

Madrid has been uncommonly gay this winter. The aristocracy, having got the government in their hands, and feeling confident of continuing in power, have resumed somewhat of their old state and splendor. The Court has been quite magnificent. . . . .

I have been particularly pleased with two concerts given at the palace. One was an amateur concert, at which several ladies of the court circle acquitted themselves in a manner that would have done credit to first-rate artistes. On these occasions an immense range of saloons and chambers was thrown open, different from those in which the banquet was given, or in which the *Besa manos* are held. The concert was given in a splendid saloon, where seats were provided for a great part of the company; many, however, had to stand the whole time. The seats assigned to the diplomatic corps were in front, close to those of the Queen and royal family; there was no stirring, therefore, from one's place. After the first part of the concert, however, we all adjourned to a distant apartment fitted up in the style of a grotto, where tables were set out with a cold supper, confectionery, ices, etc., etc. . . . .

When the company returned to the concert room, I did not return to my place, but passed through to the range of apartments beyond. Here I enjoyed myself in my own way: loitering about a long suite of magnificent rooms brilliantly lighted up, decorated with all the luxuries of art, hung with paintings of the great masters, and with historical portraits. These I had, in a manner, all to myself, for, excepting here and there a domestic in royal livery, or a couple of courtiers who had stolen out to whisper secrets in a corner, the whole range was deserted. All the embroidered throng had crowded into the concert room to be in the presence of majesty. I

wandered about, therefore, musing, and weaving fancies, and seeming to mingle them with the sweet notes of female voices, which came floating through these silken chambers from the distant music room. And now and then I half moralized upon the portraits of kings and queens looking down upon me from the walls, who had figured for a time in the pageants of this royal pile, but, one after another, had "gone down to dusty death." Among them was Ferdinand VII., and his wife, Amelia of Saxony, who had presided in this palace during my first visit to Spain, and whom I had often seen objects of the adulation of its courtiers — Amelia, whose death-knell I heard rung from the cathedral towers of Granada, at the time I was a resident in the Alhambra. Talk of moralizing among the tombs! You see one may moralize even in a palace, and within hearing of the revelry of a court.

CHAPTER VIII.

Extract from a Letter to Mrs. Paris. — Narvaez. — Passages from Letters to Mrs. Storrow. — Letter to Mrs. Paris. — Transfer of his Establishment, intending to send in his Resignation. — Resolves on a Brief Visit to Paris. — Lingers there to see Mr. McLane, the American Minister at the Court of St. Jamcs. — Transmits his Resignation. — Visits London. — The Oregon Dispute. — Letter to Pierre M. Irving. — Return to Madrid.

I CONTINUE the picture of Mr. Irving's life at Madrid, and the changing scenes in which he was mingling, with some extracts from a letter to the sister to whom he was accustomed to write so copiously on Spanish affairs: —

. . . . General Narvaez, you perceive, is quite the lord of the ascendant. There appears to be more court paid to him even than to the sovereign. Wherever he goes he is the object of adulation, not merely among men but among women. He is a great admirer of the sex, and received by them everywhere with smiles; and he has a quick, inflammable temper, that makes men stand in awe of him. He is, in fact, a singular compound: brave, high-spirited, proud, and even vain, generous to profusion, very punctilious, excessively sensitive to affronts, but passionate rather than vindictive; for, though in the first moment of passion he is capable

of any excess, yet, when passion is past, he can forgive anything but an insult. . . . .

While thus at the height of power as a subject, and apparently basking in the sunshine of royal favor, I look on the position of Narvaez as perilous in the extreme, and I should not be surprised at seeing him suddenly toppled down by some unlooked-for catastrophe. A schism has gradually taken place between him and the Queen-mother, which is daily widening, though still they wear the external appearance of good will. The Narvaez Cabinet has pushed the reform of the constitution to a great extent, so to take a vast deal of the power out of the hands of the people, and invest it in the crown. It has stopped short, however, of what is desired by some of the Absolutists, who are for restoring an absolute monarchy; and it has stopped short of the wishes of the clergy. During the revolution, the clergy were stripped of their immense landed possessions, which gave the Church such power in Spain; and all the convents of monks, and most of those of nuns, were suppressed. A great part of the lands thus confiscated have been sold and resold, and have passed into the hands of persons of all ranks and conditions. One great object of the Queen-mother, since her return to Spain, has been to replace the clergy, as much as possible, in their former state. To this she is urged by the Court of Rome, and it is made a condition for her being taken into favor with the Pope, receiving absolution for her sins, and for her daughter, Isabella II., being recognized by the Pope as the legitimate sovereign of Spain. The Narvaez Cabinet, in compliance with these views and wishes, have suspended the sale of the Church property, and have determined that all that remained unsold should be devoted to the benefit of the clergy. This, however,

is not considered enough by a number of hot-headed priests, who have recently denounced from their pulpits all those who should purchase or hold property that had been wrested from the Church. An alarm has spread through all ranks of society, as this rendered all property insecure, and threatened to unsettle society. The Queen-mother, being a little tender in conscience, and under the influence of some of the most bigoted of the priesthood, is thought to incline to ultra-monarchical and apostolical measures. Narvaez has come out bravely in opposition to any measures of the kind, and has declared his determination to stand by the constitution as at present reformed, defending it equally against absolute Monarchists and ultra-Apostolicals on the one side, and Revolutionists, or Radicals, on the other. He says the Cabinet are all strictly united, and determined to stand or fall together; and he trusts to the fidelity of the army to check any attempts at insurrection. Thus you see how critical a stand he takes — how full of danger. The whole Cabinet may be upset by a *coup d'état* brought about by the policy of the Queen-mother; or Narvaez may be shot down by a secret enemy or rival (as had nearly been the case last year); or the army may be corrupted, as it was under Espartero, and then we shall have confusion and bloodshed. Even within these two days a conspiracy has been discovered in Vittoria, among the troops stationed there; and this day's "Gazette" gives the names of three captains, several lieutenants, and about twenty sergeants arrested, of whom a number will no doubt be promptly shot. . . . .

Narvaez has great faults, but he has also great merits. He has risen to the level of his situation, and displays a tact and capacity in the various concerns of government quite beyond what was expected

from him. He is extremely vigilant, prompt in action, and possesses the true spirit of command. Altogether, he appears to me to be one of the most striking characters, if not the most striking, that has risen to power in Spain during the long course of her convulsions.

The epistolary passages which follow, present some interesting touches of self-portraiture:

[*To Mrs. Storrow.*]

MADRID, March 27, 1845.

. . . . The spring has suddenly broken upon us with all its splendor; that is to say, as far as weather is concerned, for the vicinity of Madrid affords but little opportunity for the spring to put on its gala dress. The weather, however, is exquisite. Such bright sunshine, such a deep blue sky, and such bland temperature! The Prado is gay with equipages, and the promenade crowded with all the beauty and fashion of Madrid. I confine my drives, at present, to this popular resort, which is somewhat like the Champs Elysées and amuse myself by observing the passing throngs. In this way, though alone, I am not lonely. Indeed, I have been for so much of my life a mere looker on in the game of society, that it has become habitual to me; and it is only the company of those I truly like, that I would prefer to the quiet indulgence of my own thoughts and reveries. I therefore pass much of my time alone through choice. I breakfast alone, when I read the papers; then pass the morning in my study, until summoned to my afternoon drive. This I usually take alone, amusing myself, as I before observed, with looking out upon the world. I return home in time to dress for dinner, which I take in company with Mr. Liv-

ingston, and occasionally a guest or two; and in the evening I take my quiet seat at the opera, where I need no company to help me enjoy the music. This is the scheme of many of my days, though occasionally diversified by visits to my particular intimates, and evening gatherings at the French embassy, or at Mr. O'Shea's. My literary occupations have a great effect in reconciling me to a solitary life, and even in making it pleasant. . . . . Besides, I am now at that time of life when the mind has a stock of recollections on which to employ itself; and though these may sometimes be of a melancholy nature, yet it is a "sweet-souled melancholy," mellowed and softened by the operation of time, and has no bitterness in it. My life has been a checkered one, crowded with incidents and personages, and full of shifting scenes and sudden transitions. All these I can summon up and cause to pass before me, and in this way can pass hours together in a kind of reverie. When I was young my imagination was always in the advance, picturing out the future, and building castles in the air; now, memory comes in the place of imagination, and I look back over the region I have travelled. Thank God, the same plastic feeling, which used to deck all the future with the hues of fairy land, throws a soft coloring on the past, until the very roughest places, through which I struggled with many a heartache, lose all their asperity in the distance.

[*To the Same.*]

April 3d. — . . . . This is my sixty-second birthday. I recollect the time when I did not wish to live to such an age, thinking it must be attended with infirmity, apathy of feeling, peevishness of temper, and all the other ills which conspire to "render

age unlovely;" yet here my sixty-second birthday finds me in fine health, in the full enjoyment of all my faculties, with my sensibilities still fresh, and in such buxom activity that, on my return home yesterday from the Prado, I caught myself bounding upstairs three steps at a time, to the astonishment of the porter, and checked myself recollecting that it was not the pace befitting a Minister and a man of my years. If I could only retain such health and good spirits, I should be content to live on to the age of Methuselah.

To-day I am to dine at the house of a rich neighbor, Mr. Arcos, who has a fine, joyous, musical family of young men, so that I anticipate a jovial birthday dinner, and am determined to be as young as any of the party.

You must not keep angling for me for your Swiss tour. I am not to be caught, even though you bait your hook with Mrs. E — and her black velvet dress. I *have* visited Switzerland, though I may never have talked about it to you. In my young days I crossed St. Gothard, on my return from Italy. The road was not practicable for wheel carriages then, as now, so that I crossed on horseback, three days from the Italian valley of the Tecino, to the banks of the Lake of the Four Cantons; and a wild, picturesque journey it was: from the rich, umbrageous scenery of Italy, to the then terrific pass of the Devil's Bridge, and the dreary valley of Schoellenen. I traversed all of the four cantons, coasted by some of the scenes of the exploits of William Tell, visited Lucerne, Zurich, Basle, etc., and then struck off on my first visit to Paris. I well remember what a home feeling I had in Switzerland; what delight I had in again meeting with log houses among the mountains; what pretty girls I saw in every village.

I am sure I should not see as many now, even though I have the advantage of looking through spectacles. O, days of my youth! how much younger and greener the world then was than now. And the women! — the world is full of old women now; they were all young in those times.

[*To the Same.*]

May 24th. — . . . . Yesterday we had a grand ceremony — the Queen going in state to close the *Cortes;* after which the *corps diplomatique* repaired to the palace to make a farewell visit to the Queen and her mother and sister, who depart this day for Barcelona.

. . . . There is a complete breaking up of society here for the summer. The diplomatic corps disperses in every direction. Part will come together again at Barcelona. Even Mr. Livingston takes his departure for France in the course of a few days, so you see I shall be perfectly alone. If I can only exercise my pen, however, I shall be content.

The following extract of a letter to Mrs. Paris, dated August 9th, presents scenes and groups characteristic of Spain. There is something striking in the picture it gives of the loneliness of the vast landscape in the neighborhood of Madrid: —

My evening drives, though lonely, are pleasant. You can have no idea of the neighborhood of Madrid from that of other cities. The moment you emerge from the gates, you enter upon a desert: vast wastes, as far as the eye can reach, of undulating, and, in part, hilly country, without trees or habitations, green in the early part of the year, and cultivated with

grain, but burnt by the summer sun into a variety of browns, some of them rich though sombre. A long picturesque line of mountains closes the landscape to the west and north, on the summits of some of which the snow lingers even in midsummer. The road I generally take, though a main road, is very solitary. Now and then I meet a group of travellers on horseback, roughly clad, with muskets slung behind their saddles, and looking very much like the robbers they are armed against; or a line of muleteers from the distant provinces, with their mules hung with bells, and tricked out with worsted bobs and tassels; or a goatherd, driving his flock of goats home to the city for the night, to furnish milk for the inhabitants. Every group seems to accord with the wild, half-savage scenery around; and it is difficult to realize that such scenery and such groups should be in the vicinity of a populous and ancient capital. Some of the sunsets behind the Guadarrama mountains, shedding the last golden rays over this vast melancholy landscape, are really magnificent

I have had much pleasure in walking on the Prado on bright moonlight nights. This is a noble walk within the walls of the city, and not far from my dwelling. It has alleys of stately trees, and is ornamented with fine fountains decorated with statuary and sculpture. The Prado is the great promenade of the city. One grand alley is called the Saloon, and is particularly crowded. In the summer evenings there are groups of ladies and gentlemen seated in chairs, and holding their *tertulias*, or gossiping parties, until a late hour; but what most delights me, are the groups of children, attended by their parents or nurses, who gather about the fountains, take hands, and dance in rings to their own nursery songs. They are just the little beings for such a fairy moon-

light scene. I have watched them night after night, and only wished I had some of my own little nieces or grandnieces to take part in the fairy ring. These are all the scenes and incidents that I can furnish you from my present solitary life.

I am looking soon for the return of the Albuquerques to Madrid, which will give me a family circle to resort to. Madame Albuquerque always calls me Uncle, and I endeavor to cheat myself into the idea that she is a niece; she certainly has the kindness and amiableness of one, and her children are most entertaining companions for me.

Your letter from the cottage brings with it all the recollections of the place: its trees and shrubs, its roses and honeysuckles and humming-birds. I am glad to find that my old friend, the catbird, still builds and sings under the window. You speak of Vaney's barking, too; it was like suddenly hearing a well-known but long-forgotten voice, for it is a long time since any mention has been made of that most meritorious little dog. . . . .

A short time after, we find he is about to send in his resignation, and has made a sudden transfer of his establishment to the Albuquerques' — an arrangement satisfactory to all parties, excepting, he remarks, "to my poor servants, who, at first, were quite in consternation."

[*To Mrs. Storrow.*]

MADRID, September 6, 1845.

MY DEAR SARAH: —

This is the country of revolutions, and one has just taken place in my own domains. I have made a transfer of my establishment (furniture, etc.) to the

Albuquerques, with whom I shall live *en famille* for the residue of my residence in Madrid, having the intention to send home my resignation, so as to be relieved from my post by the opening of spring, if not before. I retain a small part of the Apartment, and maintain the office of the Legation there. This arrangement suits us all admirably. The Albuquerques have a commodious, well-furnished house, ready provided for them, at a time when they were at their wits' end to find a habitation, and I am saved all the trouble, delay, and sacrifice of breaking up and selling off an establishment by piecemeal. In the mean time, being now relieved from the responsibilities of housekeeping, I have resolved upon making a brief visit to Paris. . . . .

The "brief visit to Paris" which Mr. Irving was meditating, resulted, as we shall see, in a much longer absence from Madrid than was his purpose when he left.

It was on his journey to Bordeaux, at this time, on his way to the capital of France, that he was induced to go out of his route to visit the little town of Tonneins, rendered memorable to him as the scene where, long years before, he had played the part of the English prisoner of war. The reader may recollect this incident of his youthful days, as given in the fourth chapter of the first volume.

From Bordeaux he proceeded by sea to Nantes, then ascended the Loire in steamboat, "through very beautiful and historical scenery," and at Orleans took the railroad to Paris, where, he observes, "I arrived quite the worse for a fortnight of fatiguing travel." On the 1st of November

he was expecting "to be able, in the course of a few days, to return for the last time to Madrid." On the 15th of the same month, he writes to me that he was still lingering in Paris, in hopes of seeing Mr. McLane, the American Minister at London, who talked of making a brief visit to the French capital, and wished to find him there. "He is very anxious," he writes, "about the state of our affairs with England. The Oregon question is becoming more and more difficult of adjustment." . . . . "Much will depend upon the temper and language of the forthcoming Message of Mr. Polk."

On the 29th of December he writes to me, still at Paris: —

I have deferred my return to Madrid, and am in the midst of preparations for a visit to England, where my friends think I may be of more service, during the present crisis, than in Spain. I shall remain in England three or four weeks, part of which I shall pass at Birmingham, and will then set out for Madrid, there to await the arrival of my successor. I send my resignation by this steamer.

The President's Message, though firm and unflinching on the subject of the Oregon question, has not been of a tone to create any *flare-up* in England. I think he is justifiable in the view he takes of that question, and believe that the present Cabinet of Great Britain would be well disposed to entertain the proposition which was so haughtily rejected by Mr. Packenham. I still hope the matter may be settled by negotiation; but, should England provoke a war upon the question as it stands, I am clearly of opinion that we have the right on our side, and that the world will ultimately think so.

Immediately after the date of the foregoing letter, Mr. Irving proceeded to England, and, on the 3d of February, writes me as follows, from London: —

I have now been about a month in England, part of the time at Birmingham, and part in London. I came here under an invitation from McLane, and in the idea that I might be of more public service here, at this particular juncture, than I would be at Mad rid. I think I have been of service through old habits of intimacy with people connected with the government, and through the confidence they have in me, in inspiring more correct notions of the disposition and intentions of our Government, and in facilitating the diplomatic intercourse of Mr. McLane.

I have been closely occupied, during the greater part of my sojourn in England, in studying the Oregon question, and in preparing an article for publication, in the hope of placing our rights and our conduct in a proper light before the British public. I have not finished the article to my satisfaction, and circumstances have concurred to make it very doubtful whether I shall give it to the press.

A close and conscientious study of the case has convinced me of the superiority of our title to the whole of the territory, and of the fairness of the offers we have made for the sake of peace, and in consideration of the interests which have grown up in the country during the long period of the joint occupancy. British diplomatists have greatly erred in not closing with our proposition of the 49th parallel, with some additional items of accommodation. They should never have pushed so pertinaciously for the three additional degrees on the Pacific and the north bank of the Columbia. This was merely to

protect the interests of the Hudson's Bay Company; but they might have been protected by some other arrangement involving no point of pride. The full possession of the Columbia River is a matter of importance in our eyes, as being one of the great outlets of our empire. By neglecting to close with our offer, and to negotiate upon the basis of the 49th parallel, the British diplomatists have left the question at the mercy of after influences, through the malignancy of the British press and the blustering of our candidates for popularity, to get up prejudice and passion on both sides, and to make diplomatic negotiation almost hopeless.

As I doubt whether I can do any further good here at present, I propose setting off for Paris in the course of a few days, thence to continue on to Madrid, where I shall await the arrival of my successor. I long to throw off diplomacy, and to return to my independent literary pursuits. My health is now excellent.

From London, Mr. Irving proceeded to Paris, to take leave of his niece, Mrs. Storrow, who was soon to set off on a visit to the United States, and, on his departure, made a rapid journey day and night to Madrid, to await the arrival of his successor, who had not yet been nominated.

From Madrid he writes to Mrs. Paris, March 29th, after a long absence from the Court: —

There have been several changes in the Cabinet here, which have caused great agitation in the political circles. Narvaez, who had been in eclipse for a short time, is restored to power, and is again at the head of the Government, with a Cabinet completely under his dictation. The sessions of the *Cortes* are

suspended; a royal decree has completely gagged the press, and there is every appearance of absolute rule. . . . . The question of the marriage of the young Queen becomes more and more embarrassing. Until it is settled, the affairs of Spain will always be in a precarious state, and the kingdom liable to convulsions.

I had letters from home, a few days since — one from the cottage, from my dear Kate, dated in February last. She had just heard of my having sent my resignation to Government, and now felt persuaded that I would soon return. She gives me until the month of June I had hoped to be home before that time, but now I see no likelihood of it. My successor was not appointed at the middle of February. When appointed, it will take him some time to prepare for embarkation; then he will probably come by the way of England and France, and loiter by the way — especially at Paris, which is a kind of fitting-out place, to buy furniture, etc., etc. I watch the American papers anxiously for some notice on the subject. To-morrow I shall have news by the steamer of the 1st March, and I hope it will bring me something definite on the subject. Now that I am in a manner half dismounted from my post, I am anxious to have done entirely with diplomatic business, and to be on my way home.

April 25th, he writes to Mrs. Paris, shortly after the precipitate banishment of Narvaez: —

You will have heard of the late events in the Spanish Court — the downfall and banishment of Narvaez. It was considered a harsh and ungrateful act on the part of the sovereigns, and has added to the unpopularity of the Queen Mother. The changes

and sudden transitions in the Spanish Court are something like those in the courts of the East. It only wants the bowstring to make the resemblance complete. I am getting tired of courts, however, altogether, and shall be right glad to throw off my diplomatic coat for the last time.

In one of his diplomatic dispatches to Mr. Webster, before his retirement from the administration of President Tyler, in the spring of 1843, referring to the unparalleled number of changes that had taken place in the Spanish Cabinet within the preceding eight years, which, in the Department of State, in which the lowest number occurred, amounted "to two and a half ministers per annum," Mr. Irving remarks: —

It gives a startling idea of the interruptions to which an extended negotiation with this government must be subject. . . . . This consumption of ministers is appalling. . . . . To carry on a negotiation with such transient functionaries, is like bargaining at the window of a railroad car: before you can get a reply to a proposition, the other party is out of sight.

CHAPTER IX.

Historical Extract from a Diplomatic Dispatch. — Hears of the Appointment of a Successor. — His Feeling in Regard to the War with Mexico. — Allusion to the Settlement of the Oregon Question. — Arrival of General Saunders. — Audience of Leave. — Return to Sunnyside. — The Addition. — Preparing a Complete Edition of his Works. — Letter to Gouverneur Kemble.

CLOSE the Minister's narrative of the caprices of Spanish politics with the following extract from an official dispatch to James Buchanan, Secretary of State, in which there had been allusion to a crisis of many days' continuance in completing the new Cabinet under Isturiz, as head of the State Department. The dispatch is dated April 18th, 1846: —

While dissension has been prevalent at headquarters, an insurrection has broken out in Gallicia. Symptoms of this appeared during the last period of Narvaez's administration, and apprehensions were entertained that the Prince Don Enrique, who was at Corunna, would be induced to head it. Narvaez proceeded in the matter with his usual promptness. Military measures were taken to suppress the insurrection, and a royal command was issued to the Prince to leave the kingdom instantly, and choose some place in France for his residence, there to await royal orders, with the understanding that,

should he absent himself from the place chosen, he would be stripped of all the honors and consideration of a royal prince of Spain; and, should he return to Spain contrary to the royal command, he would subject himself to prosecution before any tribunal in the kingdom. The Prince obeyed the royal command implicitly, and chose Bayonne as his place of exile. Scarce had he been there a few days, when Narvaez himself arrived there — a banished man! The public papers state that Narvaez, soon after his arrival, paid the Prince a visit of respect, arrayed in full uniform. The interview must have been a curious one. As has been well observed, there is so much of the comic in these sudden and violent changes and transitions in Spanish politics, that we should be disposed to laugh at them, only that they occur so rapidly we have not time to laugh. Accustomed as I have become to all kinds of contradictory moves, I should not be surprised to see Narvaez back here again before long, at the head of affairs. The Government, in its perplexed condition, with differences of opinion in the Cabinet, with an active and confident opposition gaining strength in the capital, and rumors of conspiracies in the provinces, begins to feel the want of Narvaez's energy, activity, and spirit of control. This is especially the case since it is found that, in Gallicia, some of the army have joined the insurgents. Every one of the leading personages in power attempts to shift off the odium of his precipitate banishment, and to hint a wish for his return. In the mean time, the arbitrary measures instituted under his ministry continue in force; and an attempt has been made to imitate his military rigor, by issuing a circular to the *Gefes Politicos*, or heads of municipalities throughout the kingdom, authorizing them to declare martial law in their respective jurisdictions on any

appearance of popular disturbance. These rigorous measures, however, are considered as proofs of distrust and alarm on the part of Government, rather than of confidence and decision. A general uneasiness prevails throughout the community, and fearful forebodings of an approaching convulsion.

Soon after the date of the foregoing extract, Mr. Irving was informed, through the public papers, that Romulus M. Saunders, of North Carolina, had been appointed to the Spanish mission. His resignation had been transmitted in December, and he had been looking impatiently for tidings of the appointment of a successor.

At this time came the news of the breaking out of the war with Mexico — a result of the scheme of the annexation of Texas, which had been brought to a successful issue at the close of Mr. Tyler's administration, while John C. Calhoun was Secretary of State.

On the 24th of June, he writes me from Madrid, where he was still awaiting the uncertain arrival of his successor: —

I regret exceedingly that we have got engaged in a war with Mexico. That power has been badly advised; she should have received Mr. Slidell, and the matters between us might have been amicably arranged. She has been induced to believe that certain foreign powers would back her, very probably; if so, she will find that, after all their tampering, they will leave her in the lurch. The situation in which our little army under General Taylor was placed, apparently cut off from his supplies, and surrounded by a superior force, gave me great uneasi-

ness. I feared some humiliating blow, and saw that the English press was preparing to trumpet it forth to Europe with the customary insults and exaggerations. I feared, also, that a blow of the kind would tend to prolong the war, as we could not think of peace until we had completely obliterated the disgrace. When I read, therefore, the account of the gallant manner in which Taylor and his little army had acquitted themselves, and the generous manner in which they had treated their vanquished enemies, the tears absolutely started into my eyes, and a load was taken from my heart. I sincerely hope this brilliant victory will be followed up by magnanimous feeling on the part of our Government, and that the war may be brought to a speedy close on fair and honorable terms.

With kind recollections of England and the home feeling he had once enjoyed there, Mr. Irving had been much disturbed of late by noticing, in the Madrid "Gazette," articles from English journals in which all our acts and intentions in regard to the Oregon question and the disputes with Mexico were grossly misrepresented, and we were reviled as a people without principle or faith. As the "Gazette" was exclusively a Court paper, edited by persons about the Government, he took occasion to inquire of Mr. Isturiz, the Minister of State, whether these British calumnies were believed and countenanced by the Cabinet. Mr. Isturiz assured him that he had not noticed the offensive articles, and that he would take care to have them excluded for the future.

In another letter, showing how much he deprecated the effect of these persevering attempts

to debase the national name, he remarks: "A rancorous prejudice against us has been diligently inculcated of late years by the British press, and it is daily producing its fruits of bitterness."

"Bulwer," he once exclaimed to the British Minister at Madrid, in strong excitement on the same subject, "I should deplore exceedingly a war with England, for depend upon it, if we must come to blows, it will be serious work for both. You might break our head at first, but by Heaven! we would break your back in the end."

Late in July, in a letter to me, he has this allusion to the final adjustment of the Oregon embroilment: —

> The settlement of the Oregon question is a vast event for our national credit and national prosperity. The war with Mexico will in all probability be wound up before long, and then our commercial affairs will have no external dangers to apprehend for a long series of years.
>
> I have reason to congratulate myself that, in a quiet way, I was enabled, while in England, to facilitate the frank and confiding intercourse of Mr. McLane and Lord Aberdeen, which has proved so beneficial to the settlement of this question; so that, though I did not publish the pamphlet I had prepared, my visit to England was not without its utility.

On the 25th of July, Mr. Irving informs me that General Saunders had arrived about three days before. "I, of course," he adds, "am busy preparing to pass the legation into his hands as soon as he has been accredited, which will probably be two or three days hence. I shall then

take my departure almost immediately, having made all my travelling preparations." Soon after, he closes his diplomatic letters to Mrs. Paris with this account of his audience of leave: —

A few evenings since, I had my audience of the Queen, to deliver the letter of the President announcing my recall. Ten o'clock was the hour appointed. Though sated with court ceremonies, I could not but feel a little sensitive on visiting the royal palace for the last time, and passing through its vast apartments but partially lighted up. I found the Queen in an inner cabinet, attended by the Minister of State and several ladies and gentlemen in waiting. I had prepared my speech in Spanish, which was to the following effect: —

"MADAM: —

"I have the honor to deliver into the hands of your Majesty a letter from the President of the United States, announcing my recall from the post of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in this Court.

"I am charged by the President to express, on delivering this letter to your Majesty, his constant and earnest desire to maintain the amicable relations which so happily exist between the two countries.

"For my own part, I can assure your Majesty that I shall carry with me into private life the same ardent desire for the welfare of Spain, and the same deep interest in the fortunes and happiness of its youthful sovereign, which have actuated me during my official career; and I now take leave of your Majesty, wishing you, from the bottom of my heart, a long and happy life, and a reign which may form a glorious epoch in the history of this country."

The following is as close a translation as I can make of the Queen's reply: —

"It is with much regret that I receive the announcement of your recall from the post of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States near my person.

"Very gratifying to me are the wishes you express for the happiness of Spain. On that, I found the happiness which you desire for me personally, and the glory of my reign.

"You may take with you into private life the intimate conviction that your frank and loyal conduct has contributed to draw closer the amicable relations which exist between North America and the Spanish nation, and that your distinguished personal merits have gained in my heart the appreciation which you merit by more than one title."

This little speech reads stiff in translation, but it is very graceful and gracious in the original, and I have been congratulated repeatedly on receiving one so much out of the cold, commonplace style of diplomacy. In fact, my farewell interview with the whole of the royal family was extremely satisfactory. . . . .

The Minister of State (Mr. Isturiz) has likewise been uncommonly cordial in his expressions of regret at my departure. In a word, from the different members of the Cabinet, and from my colleagues of the diplomatic corps, I have met with nothing but the most gratifying testimonials of esteem and good will in my parting interviews.

Thus closes my public career. At six o'clock this evening I set off from Madrid, in company with Mr. Weismuller, a connection of the Rothschilds, stationed at this capital, to post for France in a private

carriage. My saddest parting will be with the Albuquerques, who seem to me more like relatives than friends. . . . .

My intention is to push for England almost without stopping, so as to be ready to embark in one of the August steamers, should certain public business with which I may be intrusted by the Spanish Government render it necessary.

I regret that the late arrival of General Saunders at Madrid, and various concurring circumstances, should oblige me to give up all the farewell visits I had promised to pay to certain of my European friends, and should render my stay with our dear sister so brief as it must now be. I have promised them and myself, however, a supplementary visit to Europe after I have been home some time, and have got all my American affairs in order; when I will pass a few months in revisiting persons and places endeared to me by past pleasures and kindnesses.

This last purpose was never fulfilled. Mr. Irving had reached London by the middle of August, and early in September he bade adieu forever to European scenes, embarking in the steamer Cambria for Boston, where he arrived on the 18th of that month, after an absence from his native country of nearly four years and a half. The following afternoon he took steamboat at New York for Tarrytown, two miles north of Sunnyside.

"I long to be once more back at dear little Sunnyside, while I have yet strength and good spirits to enjoy the simple pleasures of the country, and to rally a happy family group once more about me. I grudge every year of absence that

rolls by. To-morrow is my birthday. I shall then be sixty-two years old. The evening of life is fast drawing over me; still I hope to get back among my friends while there is yet a little sunshine left." So wrote the Minister from the midst of his court life at Madrid, April 2d, 1845. It was the 19th of September, 1846, when the impatient longing of his heart was gratified, and he found himself restored to his home for the thirteen years of happy life still remaining to him.

A month or two before his official mission closed at Madrid, he had dismissed a correspondent's suggestion that he should rent the cottage, in the following terms: —

> I have some Scotch blood in my veins, and a little of the feeling, with respect to my cottage, that a poor devil of a laird has for the stronghold that has sheltered his family. Nay, I believe it is the having such an object to work for, which spurs me on to combat and conquer difficulties; and if I succeed in weathering a series of hard times without striking my flag, I shall be largely indebted to my darling little Sunnyside for furnishing me the necessary stimulus. So no more talk of abandoning the cottage. In the words of Thomas the Rhymer —
>
> "Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
> Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside."

So far, indeed, from renting the cottage, his first concern was to build an addition to it, and enlarge its accommodations, which were quite too cramped for the number of its inmates. To Mrs. Storrow, who had now returned to Paris from a

visit of some months to her native country, he writes, October 18th: "I am making preparations to commence, in the course of a day or two, the addition to the cottage. . . . . I have a plan from Mr. Harvey which harmonizes with the rest of the building, and will not be expensive enough to ruin me."

While occupied with his new building, Mr. Irving was engaged, whenever he could find mood and leisure, in preparing a complete edition of his works, with corrections, alterations, and additions, with a view to make an arrangement for the whole, either by disposing of the copyrights, or by farming them out collectively for a term of years at a yearly consideration. It was important to him to get his literary property in train to yield an income, which had been unproductive ever since he embarked on his foreign mission. In the exigency of his official engagements, he was obliged to depart without having been able to make any arrangement with his Philadelphia publishers, Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, for a renewal of the old agreement for the exclusive publication of his works, or receiving from them any proposal by which he might continue to derive profit from them during his absence. They had probably grown timid during the long depression of the literary market, and did not feel confident that his works were capable of a renewed and active circulation. Their former contract comprised Knickerbocker's "History of New York," the "Sketch Book," "Bracebridge Hall," "Tales of a Traveller," the "Life and Voyages of Columbus,"

(excepting the Abridgment), the "Companions of Columbus," the "Conquest of Granada," and the "Alhambra." Before he left, he sought to make a new arrangement with them, including his subsequent writings, at the rate of three thousand dollars a year. "You see," he writes to me from Sunnyside, on the 31st of December, 1846, in mentioning this particular, "I asked higher than the sum you proposed to ask; indeed, much higher than they could have afforded to give with advantage. I think, however, a similar arrangement for my works would be much more profitable at present than it would have been at that time." If Lea & Blanchard held back, other publishers, who believed his works might be made a source of emolument to him as well as to them, were pressing forward with liberal overtures. It was difficult for him, however, to bring himself resolutely to the task of preparing his works for a republication, while engaged in superintending the building of the new part of his house. "I was greatly disappointed at not seeing you at Christmas," he writes to me from Sunnyside, at the close of the year. "I wished much to talk to you about my literary affairs. I am growing a sad laggard in literature, and need some one to bolster me up occasionally. I am too ready to do anything else rather than write."

On the 6th of January, I wrote to Mr. Irving that the Screw Dock Company, in which he had an interest, had declared a *quarterly* dividend of five per cent., equivalent to twenty per cent. per annum, which it gave for a series of years: adding,

that I had been called upon to pay out so much of late for him, it was quite cheering to have something coming in. I give his reply: —

SUNNYSIDE, January 6, 1847.

MY DEAR PIERRE: —

. . . . I am glad to hear you are receiving such a snug little bag of money from the Screw Dock. In faith, the Dock deserves its name. I fancy there must be a set of Jews at the windlasses to screw the ships so handsomely. Tell them to screw on, and spare not! These are building times, when all the world wants money.

Since I was so "flush of money on his account," he then proceeds to specify three outstanding debts which I could pay, and adds: —

You now know the full extent of all my "indebtedness," excepting what relates to my new building, and to domestic expenses.

I know I am "burning the candle at both ends" this year, but it must be so until I get my house in order, after which expenses will return to their ordinary channel, and I trust my income will expand, as I hope to get my literary property in a productive train.

I give one or two further extracts, which afford glimpses of the tenor of his life and feelings for a few months after his return. At the date of the first, his old malady had seized again upon one of his ankles, and had become aggravated by his standing too much out of doors in cold and wet weather, superintending the new building.

[*To Mrs. Pierre M. Irving.*]

SUNNYSIDE, February 14.

MY DEAR HELEN: —

Your letter was like manna in the wilderness to me, finding me mewed up in this little warm oven of a house, where, if I remain much longer without getting out of doors occasionally, I shall grow quite rusty and crusty. Fortunately, I was troubled for two or three days with an inflammation in my eyes, which made me fear I was about to be blind; that has passed away, and you cannot think what a cause of self-gratulation it is to me to find that I am only lame. We have all abundant reason to be thankful for the dispensations of Providence, if we only knew when and why.

Still it is some little annoyance to me that I cannot get about and find some means of spending that sum of money which you tell me Pierre has been making for me. I think he takes advantage of my crippled condition, which prevents my going on with my improvements; and I fear, if I do not get in a disbursing condition soon, he will get the weather gage of me, and make me rich in spite of myself.

He was still cut off from recreations out of doors, and confined to the house by his unlucky ankle when he wrote the following, to the same correspondent: —

SUNNYSIDE, March 12, 1847.

. . . . We were in hopes, a day or two since, that we had got rid of winter, The frost was out of the ground, and the roads were beginning to settle; but cold weather has suddenly returned upon us, and everything is again frozen up. This keeps me back in the finishing of my new building, for I

was on the point of putting the workmen upon it. I am impatient to complete the job. I want to get my study in order, and my books arranged. I feel rather cramped for room, now that I have resumed literary occupations, and am at the same time an invalid. Besides, the interior of my household wants some different arrangement, as you must be aware. . . . . But the fact is, I am growing a confounded old fellow; I begin to be so studious of my convenience, and to have such a craving desire to be comfortable.

A few days later, he writes to me: —

. . . . I am getting on well with my delinquent ankle, and am able, now the snow is gone, to take a turn occasionally out of doors, and visit the garden and poultry yard, which is very refreshing. I hope, by the time Helen gets through her "spring arrangements," disposes of her bandbox and carpet-bag, and comes up here, she will find me —

> "once more able
> To stump about my farm and stable."

I expect the carpenters this morning, to resume operations on the new building, and I shall keep all hands at work until the job is finished.

The following is in reply to a letter in which I had informed him of two small remittances from the West, the offer at cost of an English saddle and bridle, and another *quarterly* dividend of five per cent. from the Screw Dock: —

SUNNYSIDE, April 13, 1847.

MY DEAR PIERRE: —

I was just setting off for town, this morning, to meet Mr. Prescott at dinner at Mr. Cary's, when a

few drops of rain and the prognostications of the weatherwise made me draw back. I regret it now, as I hardly know when I shall be able to get away from superintending the arrangement of my grounds, house, etc.; and I long to have a "crack" with you. . . . .

I cannot afford a new saddle to my new horse. I am getting my old saddle furbished up, which must serve until I can recover from the ruin brought upon me by the improvement of my house. You see, I am growing economical, and saving my candle now that I have burnt it down to an end. . . . .

I am surprised and delighted at the windfall from Milwaukie, and shall now not despair of the sky's falling and our catching larks. Toledo, too, begins to crawl. There's life in a muscle! The screw, however, is the boy for my money. The dividends there are like the skimmings of the pots at Camacho's wedding.

For some weeks past he had been engaged in close literary application. "That you may not be frightened at my extravagance, and cut off supplies," says a letter to me, "I must tell you that I have lately been working up some old stuff which had lain for years lumbering like rubbish in one of my trunks, and which, I trust, will more than pay the expense of my new building."

I close this chapter with the following allusion to the new addition, of which he speaks in a letter as forming one of the most striking and picturesque features of his little edifice. It is in reply to Gouverneur Kemble, who had banteringly asked him the meaning of the *pagoda*, which he had noticed in passing up the river in the boat: —

My dear Kemble : —

I have long been looking out for your promised visit, but now your letter throws it quite into uncertainty. I should have come to you before this, for I long to take you once more by the hand ; but I have been detained at home by building and repairing, and the necessity of fighting off, by baths and prescriptions, the return of a malady which beset me in Spain, and which endeavors to keep possession of one of my ankles. However, I trust to finish all my buildings and improvements before long, and then I shall endeavor to look in upon you at Cold Spring.

. . . . As to the *pagoda* about which you speak, it is one of the most useful additions that ever was made to a house, besides being so ornamental. It gives me laundry, store-rooms, pantries, servants' rooms, coal cellar, etc., etc., etc., converting what was once rather a make-shift little mansion into one of the most complete snuggeries in the country, as you will confess when you come to see and inspect it. The only part of it that is not adapted to some valuable purpose is the cupola, which has no bell in it, and is about as serviceable as the feather in one's cap ; though, by the way, it has its purpose, for it supports a weathercock brought from Holland by Gill Davis (the King of Coney Island), who says he got it from a windmill which they were demolishing at the gate of Rotterdam, which windmill has been mentioned in Knickerbocker. I hope, therefore, I may be permitted to wear my feather unmolested.

Ever, my dear Kemble, affectionately yours,

Washington Irving.

CHAPTER X.

A Literary Freak. — The Old Moorish Chronicles. — The Saddle-horse. — Completion of his Improvements. — New York as it was and is. — His Last Job. — Hard at Work on the "Life of Washington." — Letter to Miss Catherine Irving.

MR. IRVING had for some time had it in contemplation to publish a revised and uniform edition of his works, to which he had been strongly urged. He was apt to be dilatory, however, in the execution of his literary purposes; and the intimation thrown out to me in his late letter, quoted in the last chapter, of the "rubbish" he had been working up to pay for his new building, had awakened some concern lest he should be losing sight of this object. I replied to it therefore, that, though glad to learn he had been at work with his pen in any way, I was chiefly anxious at present to have him commence with the uniform edition of his works, for which there was an expectation and demand. "You lost the 'Conquest of Mexico,'" I remark in the letter now before me, "by not acting upon the motto of *Carpe diem;* and I am a little afraid you may let slip the present opportunity for a favorable sale of a uniform edition of your works, by suffering your pen to be diverted in a new

direction. A literary harvest is before you from this source, on which you could reckon with confidence *now*, but which might turn to barrenness under a future pressure in the money market, of which many are not without misgivings at this moment. Therefore —

'Now's the day and now's the hour.'"

He writes, in reply, April 14th: —

Don't snub me about my late literary freak. I am not letting my pen be diverted in a new direction. I am, by a little agreeable exertion, turning to account a mass of matter that has been lying like lumber in my trunks for years. When I was in Madrid, in 1826-'27, just after I had finished "Columbus," I commenced a series of Chronicles illustrative of the wars between the Spaniards and the Moors; to be given as the productions of a monk, Fray Antonio Agapida. The "Conquest of Granada" was the only one I finished, though I roughly sketched out parts of some others. Your uncle Peter was always anxious for me to carry out my plan, but, somehow or other, I let it grow cool. The "Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada" was not so immediately successful as I had anticipated, though it has held its way better than many other of my works which were more taking at first. I am apt to get out of conceit of anything I do; and I suffered the manuscript of these Chronicles to lie in my trunks like waste paper. About four or five weeks since, I was tired, one day, of muddling over my printed works, and yet wanted occupation. I don't know how the idea of one of these Chronicles came into my head. It was the "Chronicle of Count Fernan Gonzalez," one of the early Counts of Castile. It makes about

sixty or eighty pages of my writing. I took it up, was amused with it, and found I had hit the right vein in my management of it. I went to work and rewrote it, and got so in the spirit of the thing, that I went to work, *con amore*, at two or three fragmentary Chronicles, filling up the chasms, rewriting parts. In a word, I have now complete, though not thoroughly finished off, "The Chronicle of Pelayo;" "The Chronicle of Count Fernan Gonzalez;" "The Chronicle of the Dynasty of the Ommiades in Spain," giving the succession of those brilliant sovereigns, from the time that the Moslem empire in Spain was united under the first, and fell to pieces at the death of the last of them; also the "Chronicle of Fernando the Saint," with the reconquest of Seville. I may add others to the series; but if I do not, these, with additions, illustrations, etc., will make a couple of volumes; and I feel confident that I can make the work a taking one — giving a picture of Spain at various periods of the Moorish domination, and giving illustrations of the places of noted events, from what I myself have seen in my rambles about Spain. Some parts of these Chronicles run into a quiet, drolling vein, especially in treating of miracles and miraculous events; on which occasion Fray Antonio Agapida comes to my assistance, with his zeal for the faith, and his pious hatred of the infidels. You see, all this has cost me but a very few weeks of amusing occupation, and has put me quite in heart again, as well as in literary vein. The poring over my published works was rather muddling me, and making me feel as if the true literary vein was extinct. I think, therefore, you will agree with me that my time for the last five weeks has been well employed. I have secured the frame and part of the finish of an entire new work, and can now put it by to be dressed off at leisure.

Before I received this letter, having heard from a relative who was staying with him that he had been busy with some of his old Moorish Chronicles, I wrote him that I had a very agreeable though indistinct recollection of the manuscripts, and had no doubt of his working them up with effect, but still suggested a suspension of the publication, adding that the reading world might not be content with these literary "skimmings," while waiting with impatience the appearance of a uniform edition of his works now out of print. I added: "Make all dispatch with the preparation of your uniform edition, and then to work to complete your 'Life of Washington,' and take your ease forever after."

In reading the reply which I give below, the reader will bear in mind that my ill-starred epistle was dispatched in *advance* of the receipt of the author's interesting letter of the 14th, giving me an insight into the character of his new labors, dwelling with such evident satisfaction on his "literary freak," and showing the attraction he felt in the theme.

SUNNYSIDE, April 15, 1847.

MY DEAR PIERRE: —

I am glad I did not receive your note of this morning before my new work was beyond the danger of being chilled by a damper. You can know nothing of the work, excepting what you may recollect of an extract of one of the Chronicles which I once published in the "Knickerbocker.[1]" The whole may be mere "skimmings," but they pleased me in the preparation; they were written when I was in the

[1] *Pelayo and the Merchant's Daughter.*

vein, and that is the only guide I go by in my writings, or which has led me to success. Besides, I write for pleasure as well as profit; and the pleasure I have recently enjoyed in the recurrence, after so long an interval, of my old literary vein, has been so great, that I am content to forego any loss of profit it may occasion me by a slight postponement of the republication of my old works.

These old Morisco Spanish subjects have a charm that makes me content to write about them at half price. They have so much that is high-minded and chivalrous and quaint and picturesque and adventurous, and at times half comic about them.

However, I'll say no more on the subject, but another time will ride my hobby privately, without saying a word about it to anybody. I have generally found that the best way. I am too easily dismounted, if any one jostles against me.

The letter of the 14th, which, had it been received earlier, would have prevented my second unlucky epistle, like a thing "born out of due time," came straggling in on the 17th, two days *after* the letter just cited had been received by me. I was sufficiently annoyed at the consequences of the untimely potion I had so unwittingly administered, especially with the insight now afforded of the character of the work; and I wrote him immediately, explaining and recanting as far as I could, but in vain. He had been disconcerted, and would not resume the theme.

In the following letter, however, written a fortnight later, he returns to the subject in his characteristically playful vein, his annoyance having passed off almost with the letter that gave expression to it.

[*To Mrs. Pierre M. Irving.*]

SUNNYSIDE, April 30, 1847.

. . . . The girls say you can come up to Sunnyside as soon as you please. . . . . To-day my "women kind" of the kitchen remove bag and baggage into the new *tower*, which is getting its outside coat of white; so that, when you come up, you will find it, like the trees, in full blossom. The country is beginning to look lovely; the buds and blossoms are just putting forth; the birds are in full song; so that, unless you come up soon, you will miss the overture of the season — the first sweet notes of the year.

You tell me Pierre was quite distressed lest any "thoughtless word of his should have marred my happy literary mood." Tell him not to be uneasy. Authors are not so easily put out of conceit of their offspring. Like the good Archbishop of Granada, that model and mirror of authorship, I knew "the homily in question to be the very best I had ever composed;" so, like my great prototype, I remained fixed in my self-complacency, wishing Pierre "toda felicidad con un poco de mas gusto."

When I once get you up to Sunnyside, I shall feel sure of an occasional Sunday visit from Pierre. I long extremely to have a sight of him; and as there seems to be no likelihood of my getting to New York much before next autumn, I do not know how a meeting is to be brought about unless he comes up here. I shall see him with the more ease and confidence now, as, my improvements being pretty nigh completed, he cannot check me, nor cut off the supplies.

Tell him I promise not to bore him about literary matters when he comes up. I have as great a con-

tempt for these things as anybody, though I have to stoop to them occasionally for the sake of a livelihood; but I want to have a little talk with him about stocks, and railroads, and some mode of screwing and jewing the world out of more interest than one's money is entitled to.

God bless you and him, prays your affectionate uncle, WASHINGTON IRVING.

Late in the winter Mr. Irving had commissioned his brother-in-law, Mr. Henry Van Wart, then on a visit to this country, to purchase a saddle-horse for him. He had not mounted a horse since he went to Spain, but began to feel the necessity of this sort of exercise. March 5th, Mr. Van Wart writes him: "I have at last succeeded in finding a horse which I think will suit you, and purchased him for $110. He is handsome, and the best-tempered, gentle creature I ever saw; and I think you will take much pleasure in riding him." The horse, after being kept in a stable in New York for several weeks, and used and trained by Mr. Van Wart and his son Irving, was brought to Sunnyside toward the close of April. Here is the first report to me of his qualifications by the long-dismounted equestrian, dated April 26th: —

. . . . The horse purchased by Mr. Van Wart is a very fine animal, and very gentle, but he does not suit me. I have ridden him once, and find him, as I apprehended, awkward and uncomfortable on the trot, which is the gait I most like. He is rather skittish also, and has laid my coachman in the dust by one of his pirouettes. This, however,

might be the effect of being shut up in the stable of late, and without sufficient exercise; but he is quite a different horse from the easy, steady, quiet "parson's" nag that I wanted. I shall give him one more good trial, but rather apprehend I shall have to send him to town, to be sold for what he will fetch.

April 28th, he writes me: —

In my letter, the other day, I spoke rather disparagingly of my new horse. Justice to an injured animal induces me to leave the inclosed letter open for your perusal, after which you will hand it to I. V. W.

Here follows the letter inclosed: —

SUNNYSIDE, April 28, 1847.

MY DEAR IRVING: —

In a letter to Pierre M. Irving, the other day, I gave an unfavorable opinion of the horse, as it regarded my peculiar notions and wishes. That opinion was founded on a slight trial. I yesterday took a long ride on him among the hills, and put him through all his paces, and found him fully answering the accounts given of him by your father and yourself. His trot is not what I could wish; but that will improve, or will be less disagreeable as we become accustomed to each other, and get into each other's ways. He shies a little now and then, but that is probably the result of having him kept in the stable of late, without use. Daily exercise will in a great measure cure him of it. He canters well, and walks splendidly. His temper appears to be perfect. He is lively and cheerful, without the least heat or fidgetiness, and is as docile as a lamb. I tried him also in harness in a light wagon, and found him just as gentle and tractable as under the saddle. He

looks well and moves well in single harness, and a child might drive him. However, I mean to keep him entirely for the saddle. To conclude: when you write to your father, tell him I consider the horse a prize; and if he only continues to behave as well as he did yesterday, I hardly know the sum of money would tempt me to part with him.

I now look forward to a great deal of pleasant and healthy exercise on horseback — a recreation I have not enjoyed for years for want of a good saddle horse. It is like having a new sense.

And he did enjoy his first rides wonderfully. "Instead," he says, "of being pinned down to one place, or forced to be trundled about on wheels, I went lounging and cantering about the country, in all holes and corners, and over the roughest roads."

In less than a month, however, the same horse was conducted to the city by the nephew to whom the preceding letter was addressed, and sold at Tattersall's; and here is the closing chapter of his equestrian experience with the animal whom he had hoped to find such a prize: —

You are pleased to hear (he writes to his niece in Paris, Mrs. Storrow, June 6) that I have a saddle horse. Unfortunately, I have him no longer. Your uncle Van Wart purchased one for me, which appeared to be all that I could wish — handsome, young, gentle, and of excellent movement. I rode him two or three times, and was delighted with him, when, one day, the lurking fault came out. As I was taking a sauntering ride over the Sawmill River, and had gone a couple of miles, he all at once stopped,

and declined to go any farther. I tried all manner of means, but in vain; he would do nothing but return home. On my way homeward, I tried him by different roads, but all to no purpose; home he would go. He was not restive, but calmly stubborn, and, when I endeavored to force him round, would quietly back against the fence, or get on two legs. So, as I did not care to waste time or temper on a sullen beast, home I did go — got off his back, and never mounted him again. He balked twice in like manner, but not so bad, with my coachman; so I gave him over to I. V. W., to be sold at auction, and was glad to get rid of him with the loss of twenty or thirty dollars. I shall not indulge in another saddle-horse at present.

The new building being finished and inhabited, and the alterations and additions having turned out beyond his hopes, both as to appearance and convenience, Mr. Irving, in felicitating himself upon his internal improvements, writes to the same correspondent, June 6th: —

The north end of my study has been shelved like the other parts; the books, which so long were exiled to the garret, have been brought down and arranged, and my library now makes a very respectable appearance.

Then passing from the internal to the external improvements: —

As to my grounds, I have cut down and transplanted enough trees to furnish two ordinary places, and still there are, if anything, too many; but I have opened beautiful views, and have given room for the air to circulate. The season is now in all its

beauty; the trees in full leaf, but the leaves fresh and tender; the honeysuckles are in flower, and I think I never saw the place look so well.

August 13th, 1847, he writes to a niece recently severed from his household by marriage, in her new home on Cayuga Lake: —

. . . . For a month past I have been busy and bothered in an unexampled manner, in the improvement of my farm-yard, building of outhouses, etc., which has been altogether the most fatiguing and irksome job I have had in the whole course of my additions and improvements. I have now nearly got through, but it has almost made me fit to lie by again on the sofa. However, this job finished, I shall have my place in tolerable order, and will have little more to do than to see that my men keep it so.

Some days later, he writes, after alluding to the improved beauty of the country in that neighborhood: —

My own place has never been so beautiful as at present. I have made more openings by pruning and cutting down trees, so that from the piazza I have several charming views of the Tappan Zee and the hills beyond, all set, as it were, in verdant frames; and I am never tired of sitting there in my old Voltaire chair, of a long summer morning, with a book in my hand, sometimes reading, sometimes musing, and sometimes dozing, and mixing all up in a pleasant dream.

To his sister, at Birmingham, Mrs. Van Wart, who had not seen her native city in forty years, he writes, August 29th, 1847: —

I often think what a strange world you would find yourself in, if you could revisit your native place, and mingle among your relatives. New York, as you knew it, was a mere corner of the present huge city; and that corner is all changed, pulled to pieces, burnt down and rebuilt — all but our little native nest in William Street, which still retains some of its old features, though those are daily altering.[1] I can hardly realize that, within my term of life, this great crowded metropolis, so full of life, bustle, noise, show, and splendor, was a quiet little city of some fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants. It is really now one of the most racketing cities in the world, and reminds me of one of the great European cities (Frankfort, for instance) in the time of an annual fair. Here it is a fair almost all the year round. For my part, I dread the noise and turmoil of it, and visit it but now and then, preferring the quiet of my country retreat; which shows that the bustling time of life is over with me, and that I am settling down into a sober, quiet, good-for-nothing old gentleman. . . . .

I am scribbling this letter while the family are all at church. I hear the carriage at a distance, and shall soon have all hands at home. O my dear sister, what would I give if you and yours could this day be with us, and join the family gathering round my board. Every day I regret more and more this severance of the different branches of the family which casts us so widely asunder, with an ocean between us.

[1] This dwelling, — No. 128 William Street, — the first home of which Washington, or the sister to whom he was writing, had any recollection, was pulled down in May, 1849, and a large edifice built on its site.

Eleven days later (September 9th), he writes to Mrs. Paris: —

I have just finished my last job, making a new ice pond in a colder and deeper place, in the glen just opposite our entrance gate; and now I would not undertake another job, even so much as to build a wren-coop, for the slightest job seems to swell into a toilsome and expensive operation.

Meanwhile, overtures were multiplying from the booksellers for a republication of his works, but he still delayed to make any definite arrangement. Transmitting to me some proposals he had received from different publishers toward the close of September, he writes: "I am so much occupied, mind and pen, just now, on the 'History of Washington,' that I have not time to turn these matters over in my mind."

He was now, and for several months hereafter, hard at work on this biography, making it a daily task.

At the date of the following letter, he is on a visit to the city, to be within reach of the libraries, but intending, as will be seen, to be at home to hold his Christmas gathering: —

[*To Miss Catherine Irving.*]

NEW YORK, December 20, 1847.

MY DEAR KATE: —

I had expected to return home before this, but am so entangled in engagements, that I shall not be able before Christmas Eve (Friday next). I trust you will have the rooms decorated with greens, as usual.

I have been very busy and very dissipated during

my sojourn in town — at work all the mornings in the libraries, and frolicking in the evenings. I have attended every opera. The house is beautiful, the troupe very fair, and the audience very fashionable. Such beautiful young ladies! — but the town is full of them; almost as beautiful as the young lady I saw in my dream at the cottage.

CHAPTER XI.

Dinner at John Jacob Astor's. — Conversation about Ghosts. — The Opera-house, one of the Great Charms of New York. — The Projected Railroad along the Banks of the Hudson. — Impending Desecration of Sunnyside. — Letter to Hackett. — Arrangement with Mr. Putnam for the Republication of his Works. — "Knickerbocker." — Author's Remarks about the Revised Edition. — Notice of Henry T. Tuckerman. — A German Commentator citing "Knickerbocker." — Scheffer's "Christus Consolator." — Notices of the Republication of the "Sketch Book." — Liberal Reception of the Revised Series.

THE opening of this year finds Mr. Irving on a prolonged visit to New York. The following letter is addressed to Mrs. Storrow from the residence of his nephew, John T. Irving, where he was fixed for the present: —

NEW YORK, February 27, 1848.

. . . . After eleven months' seclusion in the country, during which I made but three or four visits of business to town, going down and returning the same day in the boat, I came down on a visit early in the winter, having recovered sufficiently from my old malady to go again into society. The cordial, and I may say affectionate reception I met with everywhere, and the delight I felt on mingling once more among old friends, had such an enlivening effect upon me, that I soon repeated my visit, and have ended by passing almost the whole of the win-

ter in town. I think it had a good effect upon me in every way. It has rejuvenated me, and given such a healthful tone to my mind and spirits, that I have worked with greater alacrity and success. I have my books and papers with me, and generally confine myself to the house and to my pen all the long morning, and then give up the evening to society and amusement.

One great charm of New York, at present, is a beautiful opera-house, and a very good troupe. We have a *prima donna*, named Truffi, who delights me as much as Grisi did, and in the same line of characters, though I will not say she is equal to her, excepting in occasional scenes. She is an admirable actress and an excellent singer. We have an excellent tenor also — a young man who, when he gets more cultivation and training, will be worthy of the Paris stage. The theatre is well arranged, and so fashionable in every part that there is no jealousy about places, as in the old opera-house here. Ladies are seated everywhere, and, with their gay dresses, make what is the parquette in other theatres look like a bed of flowers. It is filled every night. Everybody is well dressed, and it is altogether one of the gayest, prettiest, and most polite-looking theatres I have ever seen. . . . . I have not missed a single performance since I have been in town. . . . .

One meets all one's acquaintances at the opera, and there is much visiting from box to box, and pleasant conversation, between the acts. The opera-house is, in fact, the great feature in polite society in New York, and I believe is the great attraction that keeps me in town. Music is to me the great sweetener of existence, and I never enjoyed it more abundantly than at present.

March 8, Mr. Irving refers to "a fancy ball recently given at the opera-house, of which," he says, "I, sorely against my will, was made one of the managers." It was a distasteful position, but he had not the faculty of resisting well-intended importunity in trifles.

A portion of this period of his lengthened sojourn in New York, he was the guest of John Jacob Astor, then eighty-four years of age, whom he had often urged, he tells us, to commence his noble enterprise of the Astor Library, and enjoy the reputation of it while living. It was left, however, to be carried out under the provisions of his will.

Calling on Mr. Irving one morning before breakfast at Mr. Astor's, I found him engaged on his "Life of Washington," but somewhat out of patience at the want of feature in parts of the war. It was so barren of interest — such a cursed sand flat; the two enemies, like two drunken men, impotently striking at each other without hurting. Sometimes, he said, he dragged along; at other times got a little breeze, and went forward briskly; then adverting to the changes of mood in his task, sometimes felt as if he could remove mountains; at other times, the molehill was a mountain.

I was dining with him, at another time, at Mr. Astor's, during this period, when, the conversation turning upon ghosts, I mentioned the story of Wesley, and the sanction given to it by Southey in his life of that eminent divine. ———, who was also dining there, instanced the story of Major

Blomberg, and expressed his surprise that neither Scott in his "Demonology," nor Dendie in his "Philosophy of Mystery," had included this most remarkable ghost story. Two officers were sitting up with a corpse in the West Indies; one was in the room with the body, the other in an adjoining room which communicated. The corpse rose; came to the person in same room; told him he had a secret to communicate, to prevent a great wrong; had been permitted to return to life to reveal it; bade him summon (which he did) his companion in the adjoining room, to hear his disclosure; told of a secret marriage to a girl in Ireland now with child; stated the name of the clergyman who married them, and how they could get the evidence. ——— had seen the depositions. Mr. Irving suggested the solution that the man was not dead, and that this secret lay so heavily on his mind as to rouse him from his state of apparent death. He then proceeded to say that he had been hardly treated by the ghosts; that he had invoked the presence of the dead more than once, but in vain; and brought up especially the singular compact with Hall, and its barren result, narrated in a previous volume.

Mr. Irving had been much disturbed by a project which had been started of running a railroad along the eastern bank of the Hudson. Besides the utter desecration which he considered it of that beautiful shore, it threatened to make his little cottage almost untenable, inasmuch as its situation on the immediate margin of the river

would bring the nuisance, with all its noise and unsightliness, to his very door, and mar forever, as he feared, the peculiar charms for which he had chosen the spot — its quiet and retirement. For a time he hoped the plan would not be carried out, and, when it was actually decided, was quite in despair. It was hopeless, however, to rebel; and, once settled, he began, in his accustomed way, to try to make the best of it. As it was carried a short distance out in the river, he was spared the trial of having it cross his very grounds; and the trees along the bank formed a screen that he hoped, with a little care, would soon shut it out from view. Though in the first paroxysm of annoyance, therefore, he wished "he had been born when the world was finished," and declared he believed, "if the garden of Eden were now on earth, they would not hesitate to run a railroad through it," yet, when the committee came whose duty it was to call on the owners of property, and arrange for the terms of compensation, Mr. Irving submitted at once, giving them permission to commence the work when they chose; and, as the damage to him was such as could not be paid by money, left it entirely with themselves to determine the amount of their award.

"The liberal and courteous spirit," says the committee, in a letter of April 4, 1848, from which I quote, "in which you, last summer, gave permission to enter on your lands to commence the construction of the road, and in which the committee have uniformly been met by you in

the discharge of their unpleasant duties, has been quite a solace to them amidst the many cases of a contrary character which have occurred. It is the more worthy of remark, as, in their view, you are more seriously invaded by this necessary work, in respect to derangement of rural taste and retirement, than is any other proprietor on the whole line of the road below the Highlands."

In adjustment of these land damages, the railroad company paid him thirty-five hundred dollars. On the receipt of the first payment, he remarked wittily: "Why, I am harder on them than the wagoner was on Giles Gingerbread; for he let him walk all the way to London alongside of his wagon without charging him anything, while I make them pay for only passing my door."

The Mr. Putnam mentioned in this further extract from the same letter of April 10, is the well-known publisher, George P. Putnam, who had dissolved with his partner, John Wiley, at the close of the preceding year. John Jacob Astor, to whose vast estate Mr. Irving was named in his will as one of the executors, had died on the 29th of March.

I am now negotiating an arrangement with Mr. Putnam for the republication of my works, which promises to be a very satisfactory one; and I am attending préliminary meetings of the board of executors of Mr. Astor's estate. All these things detain me in town, and may oblige me hereafter to visit town frequently. . . . .

I trust the men are widening and cleaning out the sidewalks. I shall send or bring up some seed or young plants of running vines for the porch by the front of the house — yearly plants, to serve while the roses are growing.

The following letter, addressed to James H. Hackett, the popular comedian, and one of the best Falstaffs known to the stage, was written on returning to him a portion of his manuscript "Notes and Criticisms on Shakespeare and Actors of Shakespeare," published entire many years afterwards: —

NEW YORK, April 17, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR: —

I have detained your manuscript notes an unconscionable time, but I could not help it. I wished to read them attentively, for they are remarkably suggestive, and not to be read in a hurry; but for the last two or three months, spent among my friends and relatives in my native city after an absence of several years, I have been kept in such a round of engagements, and such constant excitement, that I have only now and then been able to command a little leisure and quiet for reading and reflection. At such moments I have perused your manuscripts by piecemeal, and now return you my many thanks for the great pleasure they have afforded me. I will not pretend to enter at present into any discussion of the topics they embrace, for I have not sufficient faith in my critical acumen to commit my thoughts to paper; but when I have the pleasure of meeting with you personally, we will talk over these matters as largely as you please. I have seen all the leading characters of Shakespeare played by the best ac-

tors in America and England during the present century; some of them, too, admirably performed in Germany. I have heard some of them chanted in the Italian opera, and I have seen the ballet of "Hamlet" gravely danced at Vienna. Yet, with all this experience, I feel that I am an amateur rather than a connoisseur; prone to receive great pleasure without nicely analyzing the source, and sometimes apt to clap my hands when grave critics shake their heads.

Excuse this scrawl, written in a hurried moment, and believe me, with great respect and regard, your obliged friend and servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The agreement with Mr. George P. Putnam, by which Mr. Irving was to prepare revised copies of all his works for publication, bears date July 26, 1848. By this arrangement, which was to continue for five years, Mr. Putnam was to have the exclusive right of publishing his already published works and writings in uniform duodecimo volumes, until the whole series was completed, at such intervals as the publisher might find most for the mutual interest of the parties. He had the right also to publish one or more of the works in a larger size and illustrated. Mr. Putnam was to be at the whole charge of publication, "including all the expenses thereto incident," and was to pay Mr. Irving twelve and a half per cent. on the retail price of all the copies sold. The accounts of sales were to be balanced at the end of the year, commencing with July, 1849; and the author was to receive, in notes at

four months, the amount accruing to him at the above rate; but, in anticipation of such general adjustment, Mr. Putnam agreed to pay him, in quarterly payments, one thousand dollars for the first year, fifteen hundred for the second, and two thousand for the third, fourth, and fifth years; all of which payments were to be made on account of the percentage above specified, in the confident expectation of the publisher that the year's receipts would overrun the amount advanced, and that the author would have a surplus to receive at the stated period of settlement. In case of a disappointment in this particular, and that the percentage within the year should not amount to the sum or sums advanced, the author was not to be called upon to refund any part of the advance. In other words, by this agreement, Mr. Putnam was answerable for the payment of eight thousand five hundred dollars, — the sum provided for in the several annual advances, — whatever be the amount of the percentage; but whenever this guarantee of eight thousand five hundred dollars should be covered by the gross amount of profits received by Mr. Irving, the advances were to cease; or, if continued at the stipulated rate, and at the annual settlement it should appear that they had overrun the percentage, the author was to refund the difference.

The arrangement redounded to the advantage of both.

On the 18th of August, during a holiday visit I was making at Sunnyside, Mr. Irving brought

to the cottage, from the city, a copy of the revised edition of "Knickerbocker's History of New York," printed, and to be published on the 1st of September. I turned over the pages, and observed to him that there appeared to be considerable additions besides the Author's Apology, which he had written expressly for this new edition. He replied that he had made some changes, and, he hoped, improvements; thought that he had mellowed and softened a good deal that was overcharged; had chastened the exaggerated humor of some portions — the effect of age and improved taste combined; and tempered the rawness of other parts without losing any of the raciness. If he had the work to write anew, he thought he could have brought out many things in a finer and higher vein of humor; but some of the jokes had got so implanted, he was afraid to disturb them.

The undertaking of Mr. Putnam was greeted with a cordial welcome by many of our literary luminaries. "A new edition of Washington Irving's works," writes the polished essayist, H. T. Tuckerman, on the first putting forth of "Knickerbocker, "has long been in contemplation; but perhaps it is not so generally known, that the writings of this elegant pioneer of American literature have long been out of print in his own country. A stray volume or two of the cheap Philadelphia edition, wholly unfit to grace a library shelf, or the bulky octavo published in Paris, may occasionally be encountered; but, strange as it may seem, a complete, readable, and authorized edi-

tion of 'Geoffrey Crayon' has long been a desideratum. Since the dawn of his popularity, thousands of a new generation have sprung up in the far West, and along the Atlantic, who know this ornament to their country's genius only by fragments, and from the voice of renown. Accordingly, the enterprise of Mr. Putnam was not only required as a convenience, but almost as a necessity. . . . The series is very appropriately commenced with 'Knickerbocker's New York' — one of the most original and elaborate pieces of humor to which our language has given birth.'

Another unknown but evidently practiced pen, after descanting on the beauty of the volume in its type and finish, remarks: —

> If any works of our language are worthy of such choice embalming, and such an honored place in all libraries as these volumes are destined to fill, it is those of Washington Irving. Their quaint and exhaustless humor, rich, graceful, and exuberant fancy, and the pure and natural vein of feeling, deepening into pathos, which runs through them, make them, in an eminent sense, household works — works to be read by the winter fireside, or in the calm of summer twilight, always cheering and soothing in their influence, and conveying strengthening and instructive lessons in a form which the mind is always ready to receive. To the writings of Diedrich Knickerbocker, especially, may be applied the words of Sir Philip Sidney: "He cometh to you with a tale that holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner."
>
> The volume before us has been thoroughly revised, and now wears the final form in which pos-

terity will receive it. Its interest is increased by a curious history of the manner in which the work was first published. The adroitness with which the public was prepared for the appearance of the book, is very amusing; and we wonder not that foreigners should have been puzzled in what manner to understand it.

It is an amusing fact in connection with this allusion to the difficulty of foreigners in what manner to understand Knickerbocker, that a learned German commentator, in some notes to a German edition of Thucydides, has a grave reference to Knickerbocker's history of the old factions of the Long Pipes and Short Pipes, as an illustration of the profound remarks of Thucydides on the evils arising from the prevalence of factions throughout Greece. "Laughable as this undoubtedly is," writes Tuckerman, in noticing the fact, "it is probable that a more flattering testimony was never borne to the inimitable skill displayed in every page of "Knickerbocker's History of New York." It is highly amusing, however, to think of the utter mystification and bewilderment in which Goeller must have been, while laboriously perusing the *soi-disant* history, and endeavoring to treasure up in his memory the well-authenticated and instructive facts with which it abounds." [1]

On the same day that Mr. Irving brought to the cottage this first volume of the revised edition

[1] The instance occurs in Goeller's *Thucydides*, in a note on the 82d chapter of the 3d book, and the reference is to Washington Irving's *History of New York*, lib. vii. cap. 5.

of his works, his most humorous composition, he brought home also a picture which had strongly touched his religious sensibilities. This was Dupont's engraving of Ary Schaeffer's "Christus Consolator," which he had recently bought, and left to be mounted and framed. The engraving first caught his eye, as he told me, in the window of a German shop in Broadway, and he then gazed at it until the tears gathered in his eyes, without knowing whose it was. Finding it was from Schaeffer, he went in at once and bought it, and ordered it to be framed. After tea he took mallet and chisel, and proceeded to unbox it. It was indeed an exquisite thing, full of the deepest sentiment; and as Mr. Irving continued to look at it, the tears started again to his eyes. He thought he had never seen anything so affecting — "there was nothing superior to it in the world of art;" then he burst out into an expression of regret at not having seen more of Schaeffer. He had met him at Paris on his last visit to Europe, at a house where he used to meet Lamennais and others, and had been urged to go to his studio, but never went. "It was one of the negligences of my life."

It was in the autumn of this year that he united himself to the Episcopal church, and he was no doubt particularly susceptible at this period to the emotions such an engraving was calculated to excite. He first partook of the communion in Grace Church, New York, after an earnest conversation with his friend, its distinguished Rector, Dr. Taylor. He had long contemplated doing

this, and afterwards, in alluding to the occasion to me, spoke of it as "a moment of overwhelming emotion." — It has been suggested by some, that in the record of Mr. Irving's life, too little prominence has been given to the religious aspect of his character. It would have ill suited his feelings to have been held up conspicuously as a Christian. He was truly and sincerely a religious man, but, as in everything else, he was a very modest one. He had chosen the Episcopal church, and was an unfailing attendant upon its worship, delighting in its beautiful service. But he was no sectarian, and never inclined to speculate about dogmas and creeds. He gave to all the different denominations in his neighborhood, and his faith was of a truly catholic kind, embracing all. To quote the language of the Rev. Mr. Spencer[1] in a sermon delivered on the occasion of his death, "'Glory be to God on high, and on earth, peace, good-will to men,' was his summary of the Gospel." Alluding to that grand anthem in the church service, of which the above are the opening words, he once said to his pastor, the Rev. Dr. Creighton, "I never hear the 'Gloria in Excelsis' without feeling better and without my heart being lifted up."

I give a few specimens from the literary notices of the day, to show the unbroken charm of the "Sketch Book," and the cordial welcome it received. It was the second volume of the new series, and was published about the 1st of Oc-

[1] Assistant Minister of Christ Church, Tarrytown, where Mr. Irving worshipped.

tober. I should add, that the interest of the volume was enhanced by a preface, which contained a narrative of the circumstances of the first publication of the work.

The second volume of Putnam's elegant edition of Irving is before us. The "Sketch Book," purely classic and beautiful as is its language, seems to read even more refreshingly in the present choice getting up. It is needless to refer to the work itself; for who that reads at all has failed to make acquaintance with its pages? The exquisite sketches of "The Wife," the "Broken Heart," and "Rural Funerals," have been an *utterance* and a consolation to many a heart, and they will not soon cease their mission. "Rip Van Winkle" and the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" have taken root in the soil which produced them; and the graphic papers on the "Christmas Festivities of England" have been adopted as part of the records of her homes. Few single works have attained a wider reach of influence, or a more enduring fame.

I find in Bryant's "Evening Post" of October 13th, the following notice of its republication: —

Washington Irving's name is uppermost in our thoughts when speaking the claims or recounting the successes of American authorship. He has had the homage of critics on both sides of the Atlantic; the cordial praise of men of letters, his contemporaries and colaborers; some share of those executive favors which are rarely accorded as tributes to literary eminence; and he enjoys a reputation dignified by the union of high personal character, and unmarred by any of those personal jealousies that so often discredit established reputations, or that latter-day me-

diocrity that threatens them with final bankruptcy. We are glad to find him devoting part of the leisure of Sunnyside to the revision of his works for their uniform publication. . . . . The first purchasers of this volume will be, if we mistake not, those who have read it oftenest. Its familiar papers come to most readers with the charm of long acquaintance ; they are amongst the old wine in their stores of pleasant book recollections. Rip Van Winkle and Ichabod Crane are universal heroes ; the Widow and her Son have made their appeal to everybody's sympathies ; and every American traveller in England divides the enjoyment and the reminiscences of his pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon between Shakespeare and Irving. . . . .

Late in October I called on Mr. Irving, then in New York, and found him engaged on his "Life of Mahomet," evidently somewhat fagged. I told him I saw Putnam had advertised its appearance for the 1st of January. Yes, he said; he was afraid it would hurry him to get ready ; he gave him a negligent answer, and he fixed a day. Was a good deal bothered in his anxiety to finish this and the "Life of Washington." Hoped he would not drop in harness. I told him the uniform edition was doing so well, he could afford to take his ease, and not to drudge. "Yes," said he ; "but I know my nature. I must get through with the work I have cut out for myself. I must weave my web, and then die."

A few days afterward, the third of the series of the new edition of his works, being the first volume of "The Life and Voyages of Columbus," made its appearance; and in the preface the author

took occasion to notice the accusation that he had not given sufficient credit to Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete for the aid he had derived from his collection of documents; quoting, in refutation, a letter of Navarrete himself, and that author's own words also, in the third volume of his "Collection of Spanish Voyages."

The next volume of the revised series — "Bracebridge Hall" — was published on the 1st of December. "When we consider," says the "Evening Post," in a notice of its appearance, "that in 'Bracebridge Hall' are to be found 'Ready-Money Jack' and the 'Stout Gentleman,' as examples of Irving's comic power, and 'Annette Delarbre' as an instance of his command over the gentler emotions, we are tempted to ask whether he has done anything better than his 'Bracebridge Hall.'"

Four volumes of the revised series were now published, and the sale, for books that were not new, was unprecedented. By many the enterprise had been pronounced a rash one; but the reception given to these volumes by the public, proved, in the language of another, "the solidity of the author's reputation, and seemed like a recognition of his works as an abiding part of his 'land's language.'"

Forty years had gone by since "Knickerbocker" was first introduced to the public; and thirty years had well-nigh passed away since, in his original preface to the first number of the "Sketch Book," he wrote: —

The following writings are published on experiment. Should they please, they may be followed by others. . . . . Should his exertions be well received, the author cannot conceal that it would be a source of the purest gratification; for, though he does not aspire to those high honors which are the rewards of loftier intellects, yet it is the dearest wish of his heart to have a secure and cherished, though humble corner, in the good opinions and kind feeling of his countrymen.

"Little did he then anticipate," says an anonymous contemporary, in quoting this passage, "that the Gospel annunciation, 'He that humbleth himself shall be exalted,' would be so fully verified in his case; that the 'high honors' to which he did not aspire, would be accorded to him of right; and that the 'humble corner' he coveted in the affections of his countrymen, should prove to be the most favored spot."

CHAPTER XII.

Unprecedented Sale of Revised Edition of the "Sketch Book." — Engaged upon a "Life of Goldsmith." — Its Publication. — Ripley's Notice. — Critique of George W. Greene. — Appearance of "Mahomet and his Successors." — The Revised "Alhambra" and "Conquest of Granada." — Anxiety to begin anew on "Life of Washington."

THIS year opened most encouragingly. The issue of the seventh thousand of the "Sketch Book" was advertised on or about the 1st of February, less than four months after its republication; and Putnam gave the most flattering reports of the manner in which the illustrated edition had gone off during the holidays. The profits of this last named edition were mainly the publisher's, Mr. Irving being at no expense for the embellishments, receiving merely the twelve and a half per cent. on the retail price of so many ordinary copies. All the illustrated editions of his works were got up exclusively by his publisher.

"Bracebridge Hall," the author's last monthly publication, was followed in January by the second volume of the "Life and Voyages of Columbus," and in February by volume third, including the "Companions of Columbus." The "Tales of a Traveller" were brought out in March, "Asto-

ria" in April, and the "Crayon Miscellany" in May.

In noticing the appearance of this last, which comprised the "Tour on the Prairies," "Abbotsford," and "Newstead Abbey," the editor of the "Literary World" remarks: —

The author's "Astoria," the last monthly publication of the series, has, from its timely issue, when men's eyes are directed to the "California Trail," met with the most distinguished success. It is appropriately followed by the "Tour on the Prairies," included in the present volume. The next, we understand, will be a republication of "Captain Bonneville's Adventures," which will complete the volumes through which Irving has so happily connected his name with the history of the Great West. The charm of the "Tour on the Prairies" is its unique, finished character. It is a little episode of the author's life, in which he has condensed the sentiment and fresh spirit of adventure consequent on his return to American life, after long familiarity with the overcultivation of Europe. It will probably be read as long as any of his writings. The sketch of "Abbotsford and its Master" is one of the most graceful and truthful of the many reminiscences of Scott. How admirably the character of Sir Walter's conversation is conveyed in a line — "The conversation of Scott was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic." The anecdotes and traits of the great master, charmingly told in this narrative, are all to the point. The paper which concludes this volume of the miscellany, on "Newstead Abbey," reminds us of the best of the "Sketch Book" or "Bracebridge Hall."

Of "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville,"

the next in the series of Mr. Irving's collected works, a cotemporary remarks: —

> This book loses none of its freshness or interest with the lapse of years. The contrast between the polished, luxuriant style of its composition, and the wild, daring adventures of forest life which it describes, gives it a peculiar charm, and leads many to prefer it to the more universally admired productions of its popular author.

On the 5th of July, soon after a return from a short visit to his niece on Cayuga Lake, Mr. Irving writes to Mrs. Storrow as follows: —

> For upward of a year past I have been very much from home, obliged to be for the most of the time in the city, superintending the publication of a new and revised edition of my works, making researches for other works on which I am employed, and attending to the settlement of Mr. Astor's estate, and the organization of the Astor Library. Altogether I have had more toil of head and fagging of the pen for the last eighteen months than in any other period of my life, and have been once or twice fearful my health might become deranged, but it has held out marvelously; and now I hope to be able to ease off in my toils, and to pass my time at home as usual.

In the succeeding month, he received from the Astor estate, here mentioned, his share of the commissions devolving upon the executors, amounting to ten thousand five hundred and ninety-two dollars and sixty-six cents. It was shortly before this that he called at my office, and, speaking of his fagging at the "Life of Gold-

smith," two or three chapters of which he had still to write, said it had taken more time than he could afford — had plucked the heart out of his summer; and after all he could only play with the subject. He had no time to finish it off as he wished.

He had now published all but two of the revised edition of his works — "The Chronicles of 'Granada" and "The Alhambra" — and had intermitted the continuation of the series and his "Life of Washington" to take up the "Life of Goldsmith." It was a sudden literary freak, similar to that which had induced him, when first in Spain, to break off from "Columbus" to begin the "Chronicles of Granada," and had subsequently drawn him aside to his "Moorish Chronicles."

His publisher, Mr. Putnam, in his "Recollections of Irving," communicated to the "Atlantic Magazine" in November, 1860, has the following glimpse at its origin: —

> Sitting at my desk, one day, he was looking at Forster's clever work, which I proposed to reprint. He remarked that it was a favorite theme of his, and he had half a mind to pursue it, and extend into a volume a sketch he had once made for an edition of Goldsmith's Works. I expressed a hope that he would do so; and within sixty days the first sheets of Irving's "Goldsmith" were in the printer's hands. The press (as he says) was "dogging at his heels," for in two or three weeks the volume was published.

I was on a visit to the cottage when it came out, and, reading it at once, expressed to him my satisfaction with the work. He replied that he

had been afraid to look at it since it was brought up, for he had never written anything in such a hurry. He wanted more time for it, and did not know but that his talents might be flagging. "Are you sure it does not smell of the apoplexy?" he inquired, in playful allusion to Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Granada.

A few days after, Mr. Irving received a note from Mr. George Ripley, at the head of the literary department of the New York "Tribune," and more widely known of late years as one of the editors of the "New American Cyclopædia," inclosing the following cordial and animated notice: —

Everything combines to make this one of the most fascinating pieces of biography in the English language. Enough is known of the personal history and character of Goldsmith to tempt us to recur to the subject with fresh interest; but he has not been so bandied about by life-writers and reviewers as to satiate curiosity. The simplicity and even the weaknesses of his nature call forth a feeling of affection; and the charm of his writings, so unaffected, so naïve, so transparent in their crystal purity of expression, attracts us to a more intimate acquaintance with the author. Mr. Irving was in possession of abundant materials to do justice to the subject. He has only to insert his exquisite magnetic needle into the mass, to give a choice and shapely form to all that was valuable in the labors of previous biographers. He has done this in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired. With a genial admiration of Goldsmith, with a cordial appreciation of the spirit of his writings, and with many similar

intellectual tendencies, he has portrayed the varied picture of his life with a grace and elegance that make his narrative as charming a piece of composition as can be found in the whole range of his former works. He has added a new enchantment to the potent spell with which he always binds the hearts of his readers. . . . . He has performed his task with a facile excellence peculiar to himself; and henceforth the two names of Irving and Goldsmith will be united in the recollection of the delightful hours which each has given to such a host of "happy human beings." There could not be a more admirable description of the influence of his own writings than Mr. Irving has given in his opening paragraph on Goldsmith. We will not forego the pleasure of quoting it entire. "There are few writers for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for Oliver Goldsmith, for few have so eminently possessed the magic gift of identifying themselves with their writings. We read his character in every page, and grow into familiar intimacy with him as we read. The artless benevolence that beams throughout his works; the whimsical, yet amiable views of human life and human nature; the unforced humor, blending so happily with good feeling and good sense, and singularly dashed, at times, with a pleasing melancholy; even the very nature of his mellow, and flowing, and softly-tinted style, — all seem to bespeak his moral as well as his intellectual qualities, and make us love the man at the same time that we admire the author. While the productions of writers of loftier pretension and more sounding names are suffered to moulder on our shelves, those of Goldsmith are cherished, and laid in our bosoms. We do not quote them with ostentation, but they mingle with our minds, sweeten our

tempers, and harmonize our thoughts; they put us in good humor with ourselves and with the world, and, in so doing, they make us happier and better men."

In an elaborate critique of some of Mr. Irving's works, contributed to the "Christian Review" in April, 1850, a skillful writer and ripe scholar, Prof. George W. Greene, holds this language about the "Life of Goldsmith:" —

If there is anybody of whom it could be said that it was his duty to write a life of Goldsmith, it is Washington Irving; and, often as we have had occasion to thank him for happy hours, we do not know that we ever felt so grateful to him for anything as for this. We have always loved Goldsmith, his poetry and his prose, and everything about him. There is not a poem in the language that we can go back to with the same zest with which we open the "Traveller" or the "Deserted Village" for the five hundredth time; and we can never get through a ten minutes' speech without quoting the "Vicar of Wakefield." And yet we must say frankly, that we never understood Goldsmith's character until now. We have been vexed at his weakness, and have blushed at his blunders. We had always wished he could have thrown off his brogue, and had never put on his bloom-colored coat. That he should not have known how to keep his money, was not very wonderful — it is a professional weakness; but he might at any rate have thrown it away in better company. We have been more than once sorely troubled, too, by sundry little slips that savored somewhat of moral obliquity, and never been able to reconcile the elevation of his intellect with acts that

far less rigorous judges than we have characterized as mean and degrading. In short, with all our contempt for Boswell, we have been fairly Boswellized, and, much as we loved Goldsmith, loved him somewhat in despite of what we thought our better judgment.

Thanks to Mr. Irving, our doubts have all been solved, and we can love the kind, simple-hearted, genial man with as much confidence as we admire his writings. This overflowing of the heart, this true philosophy, so interwoven with his whole nature, that, whether he acts or speaks, you find it as strongly marked in his actions as in his language; that quick sensibility, which makes him so keenly alive to all the petty annoyances of his dependent position, and that buoyancy of spirit which raises him above them, and bears him up on the wave while many a stouter heart is sinking around him; those ready sympathies, that self-forgetfulness, that innate, unprompted, spontaneous philanthropy, which, in the days of his prosperity as well as in his days of trial, was never belied by word or by deed — all these we understand as we never understood them before, and feel how rare and beautiful they are. He was not wise in his own concerns, and yet what treasures of wisdom has he not bequeathed to the world! Artless as an infant, yet how deeply read in human nature! with all his feelings upon the surface, ruffled by every breeze and glowing in every sunbeam, and yet how skilled in all the secret windings of the heart! None but a man of genial nature should ever attempt to write the life of Goldsmith: one who knows how much wisdom can be extracted from folly; how much better for the heart it is to trust than to doubt; how much nobler is a generous impulse than a cautious reserve; how much truer a wisdom there is in be-

nevolence than in all the shrewd devices of worldly craft.

Now Mr. Irving is just the man to feel all this, and to make you feel it too. He sees how weak Goldsmith is in many things, how wise in others, and he sees how closely his wisdom and his weakness are allied. There is no condescension in his pity, none of that parade which often makes pity tenfold more bitter than the sufferings which call it forth. He tells you the story of his hero's errors as freely as he does that of his virtues, and in a way to make you feel that a man may have many a human weakness lie heavy at his door, and yet be worthy of our love and admiration still. He has no desire to conceal, makes no attempt to palliate. He understands his hero's character thoroughly, and feels that if he can only make you understand it, you will love him as much as he does. Therefore he draws him just as he is, lights and shadows, virtues and foibles — vices you cannot call them, be you never so unkind. At his blunders he laughs, just as Goldsmith himself used to laugh in recounting them; and he feels the secret of his virtues too justly to attempt to gild them over with useless embellishment.

Speaking to Mr. Irving of this biography of Goldsmith, soon after its appearance, I asked him if he had introduced any anecdotes not in Prior's or Forster's Life of him. "No," playfully; "I could not invent any new ones; but I have altered the setting, and have introduced — not in their biography — Madame Darblay's anecdote about Boswell and Johnson, which is capital. I have also made more of the Jessamy Bride, by adverting to the dates in the tailor's bill, and fixing thereby the dates of certain visits to her."

Mr. Irving, it will be remembered, before either Prior or Forster entered the field, had sketched a Life of Goldsmith, to accompany a Paris edition of that author's works. This sketch was subsequently amplified from the materials brought to light by Prior, and prefixed to some American selections of Goldsmith for Harpers' Family Library. It was now expanded into its present form from the additions of Forster. Of this biography, while giving full credit to the previous labors of Prior and Forster, the "Literary World" remarks: "You may have read the story a hundred times, but you will read it again as a new thing in this biography of Irving."

On the 19th of September, I stopped in at Putnam's, who told me he had already disposed of the first edition of "Goldsmith" of 2,500, and was now busy on a second of 2,000. I wrote to Mr. Irving to that effect, and added that it had increased his publisher's impatience for the appearance of "Mahomet." In his reply of the 21st, he says: —

> I am getting on very well, but am not yet in a mood to take up my pen; so Mr. Putnam must stay his stomach with "Goldsmith" a little longer. I suppose, because I knocked off that work in such an off-hand manner, he thinks it a very easy matter with me "to blow up a dog."

If the reader should not see the point of this quotation, he is referred to the preface of the second part of "Don Quixote."

It was some months after this that I men-

tioned to him an article I had been reading in a weekly periodical, in which the writer, evidently alluding to his preface in his biography of Goldsmith, styles him, in an invidious spirit, "a self-acknowledged imitator of that author." At the close of that preface, the reader may remember he addresses Goldsmith in the language of Dante's apostrophe to Virgil: —

> "Tu se' lo mio maestro, e'l mio autore;
> Tu se' solo colui da cui io tolsi
> Lo bello stile che m'a fatto onore."

Translated, —

> "Thou art my master, and my teacher thou;
> It was from thee and thee alone, I took
> That noble style for which men honor me.

He smiled; said he meant only to express his affectionate admiration of Goldsmith, but it would never do for an author to acknowledge anything. Was never conscious of an attempt to write after any model. No man of genius ever did. From his earliest attempts, everything fell naturally from him. His style, he believed, was as much his own as though Goldsmith had never written — as much his own as his voice.

This was not the language of self-eulogy, but of quiet self-vindication. He had never meant to warrant such perversion of his quotation, any more than Dante meant to confess himself an imitator of Virgil. There were undoubtedly qualities of style as well as mental and moral characteristics in which he resembled both Goldsmith and Addison, the two with whom he is

most frequently compared, while in others it would be impossible to confound them.

The first volume of "Mahomet and his Successors," which had been prematurely advertised for the beginning of the year, appeared at its close, December 15, with the following preface, which gives a succinct history of the origin and scope of the work, and its gradual and intermitted composition: —

Some apology may seem necessary for presenting a Life of Mahomet at the present day, when no new fact can be added to those already known concerning him. Many years since, during a residence in Madrid, the author projected a series of writings illustrative of the domination of the Arabs in Spain. These were to be introduced by a sketch of the life of the founder of the Islam faith, and the first mover of Arabian conquest. Most of the particulars for this were drawn from Spanish sources, and from Gagnier's translation of the Arabian historian Abulfelda, a copy of which the author found in the Jesuits' Library of the Convent of St. Isidro, at Madrid.

Not having followed out, in its extent, the literary plan devised, the manuscript Life lay neglected among the author's papers until the year 1831, when he revised and enlarged it for the Family Library of Mr. John Murray. Circumstances prevented its publication at the time, and it again was thrown aside for years.

During his last residence in Spain, the author beguiled the tediousness of a lingering indisposition by again revising the manuscript, profiting in so doing, by recent lights thrown on the subject by different writers, and particularly Dr. Gustav Weil,

the very intelligent and learned librarian of the University of Heidelberg, to whose industrious researches and able disquisitions he acknowledges himself greatly indebted.[1]

Such is the origin of the work now given to the public; in which the author lays no claim to novelty of fact, nor profundity of research. It still bears the type of a work intended for a family library; in constructing which, the whole aim of the writer has been to digest into an easy, perspicuous, and flowing narrative, the admitted facts concerning Mahomet, together with such legends and traditions as have been wrought into the whole system of Oriental literature; and at the same time to give such a summary of his faith as might be sufficient for the more general reader.

In April, 1850, Mr. Irving gave to the world the second volume of "Mahomet and his Successors," which was greeted with the following notice from the same pen which heralded the appearance of his "Life of Goldsmith": —

The progress of the Moslem dominion, from the death of Mahomet in the year 622 to the invasion of Spain in 710, forms the subject of the present elegant volume. During this period of less than a century, the Moslems extended their dominion over the wide regions of Asia and Africa, carried their conquests in one direction to the walls of Constantinople, and in another to the farthest limits of Mauritania, and trampled down the dynasties which once held universal sway in the East. "The whole," says Mr. Irving, "presents a striking instance of the triumph

[1] *Mohammed der Prophet, seine Leben und seine Lehre. Stuttgart*, 1843.

of fanatic enthusiasm over disciplined valor, at a period when the invention of firearms had not reduced war to a matter of almost arithmetical calculation. There is also an air of wild romance about many of the events recorded in this narrative, owing to the character of the Arabs, and their fondness for stratagems, daring exploits, and individual achievements of an extravagant nature." Mr. Irving has not felt himself bound to follow the example of the most cautious historians in suppressing or softening down these romantic adventures, but has interwoven them with consummate skill into his narrative, and has thus given it a fresh and vigorous vitality, in unison with the exciting and triumphant career of the people whom he describes.

In deciding on the plan of his work, Mr. Irving disclaims all pretensions to being consulted as an authority, and has attempted only to present a digest of current knowledge adapted to popular use. He has accordingly adopted a form between biography and chronicle, admitting of personal anecdotes and a more familiar style of narrative than is compatible with the severe dignity of historical composition. We scarcely need say, that, in a department of literary effort so congenial to the studies and tastes of the admirable author, we find the same flowing beauty of expression and felicitous grouping of individuals and events, which give such a magic charm to every production of his honey-dropping pen. The only sentence which we regret in the volume, is the concluding one, which expresses a doubt of the continuation of the fascinating narrative to its natural and legitimate close. "Whether it will ever be our lot to resume this theme, to cross with the Moslem hosts the Straits of Hercules, and narrate their memorable conquest of Gothic Spain, is one of

those uncertainties of mortal life and aspirations of literary zeal which beguile us with agreeable dreams, but too often end in disappointment."

The biography of Goldsmith, and the two volumes of "Mahomet and his Successors," were added to the list of Mr. Irving's collected works while the publication of the revised edition was yet incomplete. The "Alhambra" followed the last volume of "Mahomet and his Successors" in May; and the "Conquest of Granada," which closed the series, and of which he had written some new chapters from new lights, appeared in the succeeding summer. The publication of this work in a revised form, seemed to revive his anxiety to complete the two manuscript volumes of "Moorish Chronicles," mentioned in a previous chapter; while at the same time he expressed the most earnest desire to begin anew upon his "Life of Washington," which had been made to give place to the "Life of Goldsmith," and the preparation of the two volumes of "Mahomet and his Successors." "All I fear," was once his language to me, "is to fail in health, and fail in completing this work at the same time. If I can only live to finish it, I would be willing to die the next moment. I think I can make it a most interesting book — can give interest and strength to many points, without any prostration of historic dignity. If I had only ten years more of life!" he exclaimed. "I never felt more able to write. I might not conceive as I did in earlier days, when I had more romance of feeling, but I could execute with more rapidity and freedom."

CHAPTER XIII.

Letters to Gouverneur Kemble. — Durand's Picture.— The Horrors of the Steam Whistle. — Letter to George Ticknor. — The "Embozado." — Letter to Mrs. Storrow. — Death of President Taylor. — Visit to James K. Paulding. — Jenny Lind. — Letter to Miss Hamilton. — The Author's Hegira.

THE following is a reply of Mr. Irving to his friend Kemble, who had requested him, when in town, to call at Durand's, the artist, and tell him what he thought of a landscape he had some idea of purchasing when it was finished : —

NEW YORK, April 7, 1850.

MY DEAR KEMBLE : —

I have called with —— to see Durand's picture, and we were both delighted with it. It is beautiful — beautiful. Such truth of detail with such breadth ; such atmosphere, such harmony, such repose, such coloring ! The group of trees in the foreground is admirable ; the characters of the trees so diversified and accurate ; the texture and coloring of their barks ; the peculiarities of their foliage. The whole picture had the effect upon me of a delightful piece of music. I think it would be a charming addition to the *Kemble gallery*. . . . .

I shall avail myself of the railroad, one of these days, to pay you the visit you suggest ; but I must first get out of the clutches of the printers.

His friend had informed him that he could now at any time take the railroad at New York at four P. M., and dine with him at Cold Spring at six; from which it would appear that the cars were passing his door. We hear no complaint from him, however, until he became for the first subjected to the annoyance of the steam whistle, during a severe fit of illness from which he was just recovering, when he breaks forth as follows, in a letter to Gouverneur Kemble, one of the directors of the company:

SUNNYSIDE, August 7, 1850.

MY DEAR KEMBLE: —

Excuse my not answering sooner your kind letter. It found me in a terrible state of shattered nerves; having been startled out of my first sleep at midnight, on Saturday night last, by the infernal alarum of your railroad steam trumpet. It left me in a deplorable state of nervous agitation for upward of an hour. I remained sleepless until daybreak, and miserable all the following day. It seemed to me almost as if done on purpose, for the trains had ceased for several days to make their diabolical blasts opposite my house. They have not molested me in this way since, and have clearly shown, by the cautious and tempered management of their whistle, that these unearthly yells, and howls, and screams, indulged in for a mile on a stretch, and destructive to the quiet of whole neighborhoods, are carried to an unnecessary and unwarrantable excess. They form one of the greatest nuisances attending railroads, and I am surprised that, in the present state of mechanical art, some signal less coarse and brutal could not be devised.

You will laugh at all this; but to have one's family disturbed all day, and startled from sleep at night, by such horrific sounds, amounts to a constant calamity. I feel obliged to the company for the attention that has been paid to the complaints made in this instance, and I trust to their continuing to protect my homestead from the recurrence of such an evil.

It would give me great pleasure, my dear Kemble, to come at once to you; but I am advised, as soon as I have sufficient strength to leave home, to go where I may have the benefit of a complete change of air. I intend, therefore, to pay a visit to my niece, Mrs. Gabriel Irving, at her place at Oyster Bay, where I shall have the benefit of salt air and sea breezes. My visit to you I shall defer until I feel in more companionable trim.

Ever, my dear Kemble, yours, affectionately,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The following letter is addressed to the eminent scholar, George Ticknor, who had sent him, a considerable time previous to its date, his "History of Spanish Literature," a work in three octavo volumes, which he had early meditated, and upon which he had been long engaged. Mr. Ticknor, in the autumn of 1818, had come, from a residence of some months in Spain, to London, and here he formed the acquaintance of Mr. Irving, Leslie, and Newton, all of whom made the excursion together from London to Windsor, "which resulted," says Mr. Ticknor, in a letter to myself, "in the beautiful paper in the 'Sketch Book.'" "He read to me," he continues in the same letter, "some of the other papers, and I brought out for

him the first number for publication, and delivered it to Mr. Brevoort."

[*To George Ticknor.*]

SUNNYSIDE, February 15, 1850.

MY DEAR TICKNOR: —

I ought long since to have thanked you for the copy of your work which you had the kindness to send me, but I thought it best to read it first. This the pressure of various affairs has permitted me to do only at intervals, so that I have not yet got farther than the threshold of the third volume; but I will delay an acknowledgment no longer. I have read enough to enable me to praise it heartily and honestly. It is capital — capital! It takes me back into dear old Spain; into its libraries, its theatres; among its chronicles, its plays; among all those scenes, and characters, and customs that for years were my study and delight. No one that has not been in Spain can feel half the merit of your work; but to those who have, it is a perpetual banquet. I am glad you have brought it out during my lifetime, for it will be a *vade mecum* for the rest of my days. When I have once read it through, I shall keep it by me, like a Stilton cheese, to give a dig into whenever I want a relishing morsel. I began to fear it would never see the light in my day, or that it might fare with you as with that good lady who went thirteen years with child, and then brought forth a little old man, who died in the course of a month of extreme old age. But you have produced three strapping volumes, full of life, and freshness, and vigor, and that will live forever. You have laid the foundations of your work so deep that nothing can shake it; you have built it up with a care that renders it reliable in all its parts; and you have finished it off with a grace and

beauty that leave nothing to be desired. It is well worth a lifetime to achieve such a work.

By the way, as you appear to have an extensive collection of the old Spanish plays, there is one which Captain Medwin mentioned to me, the story of which had made a great impression on Lord Byron. It was called "El Embozado de Cordova" (or perhaps "Encapotado)." I have sought for it in vain in all the libraries and collections in Spain. If you should have a copy of it, let me know; though I apprehend Captain Medwin has given me a wrong name, as I could find none of the dramatic antiquaries that knew anything about it.

I regret that you did not fall into the hands of my worthy publisher, Mr. Putnam, who is altogether the most satisfactory man in his line that I have ever had dealings with. But I trust you have made a good arrangement with the Harpers, who command a vast circulation.

When you see Prescott, give him my cordial remembrances. You two are shelved together for immortality.

Ever, my dear Ticknor, yours very faithfully,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The "old Spanish play" here alluded to as having been mentioned to him by Captain Medwin, and which had eluded his researches in Spain, is spoken of in his diary as a play by *Calderon*. In the following extract of a letter to his brother Peter, written from Paris in March, 1825, I furnish a glimpse of the curious plot, and all the light I can throw upon the subject of this mysterious drama, here, too, spoken of as a production of Calderon: —

Medwin is in Paris, but returns almost immediately to his nest. . . . . I find he is well acquainted with Calderon in the original, and has talked to me of a play of Calderon's which is rarely to be found in the edition of his works, but of which he once obtained a copy. It is called sometimes "El Embozado," and sometimes "El Capitado" (*i. e.*, The man muffled or disguised). The story is of a young man who has been dogged through life by a mysterious masked man; who thwarts all his plans, and continually crosses his path, and blasts his hopes at the moment of fruition. At length he is in love with a lady, and on the point of entering her house to be made happy. The "Embozado" issues out of it. They fight. The mask of the unknown falls off, and he discovers the very counterpart of himself! He dies with horror at the sight. Such is Medwin's mere recollection of the plot. Lord Byron was so much struck with it, that he intended to make something of it, and repeatedly mentioned the way he thought of treating it. Medwin wrote a sketch of the subject and Lord Byron's ideas about it, which he had intended to append to a new edition of his Memoirs, but he has promised to hand it to me. It is certainly very striking, and something fine might be struck out from the mere idea. The "Embozado" is supposed to be a personification of the young man's passions. I mean to search for the play.

On the 4th of April, 1825, he writes again to Peter: —

I have just purchased an edition of Calderon, the same with that in the King's Library. It is in seventeen volumes. I had to give one hundred and eighty francs for it. I do not find the "Embozado"

in it. I mean to get my Spanish master to write to Spain for that and any other plays of Calderon that may not be in this edition.

In less than a year after this, Mr. Irving went to Spain, where, it seems by his letter to Mr. Ticknor, he sought in vain for "The Embozado" in all the libraries and collections of the country. It is singular that a play of Calderon, of which *Medwin had once obtained a copy*, the story of which came near engaging the pen of Byron, should have eluded research. It could hardly have been a production of Calderon, and Medwin probably erred in characterizing it as such.

The niece to whom the following is addressed, had returned to Paris in May, 1850, from a visit of some months in New York: —

[*To Mrs. Storrow.*]

SUNNYSIDE, July 18, 1850.

MY DEAR SARAH: —

Your letter could not have arrived at a more welcome moment; for it has found me in a state of languor and debility, and somewhat depressed in spirits, the effects of an intermittent fever, from which I am but imperfectly recovered. I find I do not rally from any attack of the kind so speedily as I used to do; and this one has pulled me down so much, that I think I shall make an excursion for change of air. . . . .

Just as I had got out of the clutches of my fever, we had a visit from Mr. James, the novelist, and his family. He had arrived in New York several days previous, but I had been too unwell to go down to visit him. As soon as I could crawl out, I went

to New York, and called upon him. I found he had intended seeking me out the next day. I kept him to his intention. . . . . The next morning, by one of the early trains, he came up with his wife, his daughter, a very pretty and intelligent girl about sixteen years of age, and his two sons, one of seventeen, the other of fourteen years of age. They passed the day with us. The weather was delightful, and the visit went off charmingly. James is a worthy, amiable fellow, full of conversation, and most liberal in his feelings. . . . .

We have all been shocked and distressed by the death of our good old President, General Taylor, after a very brief illness. It is a great loss to the country, especially in our present perplexed state of affairs. He has left a name behind him that will remain one of the most popular ones in American history. He was really a good and an honest man, uniting the bravery of the soldier with the simplicity and benevolence of the quiet citizen. He had not been long enough in political life to have straightforward honesty and frankness falsified, nor his quick sense of right and wrong rendered obtuse. I deeply regret not to have seen him. I had always looked forward with confidence to taking him by the hand either in New York or Washington. Report speaks well of his successor, Mr. Fillmore; but I am entirely unacquainted with him, and of course feel nothing of the personal interest that I felt for the good old General.

Two days after the date of this letter, he was seized with chills, which proved the advance of a serious indisposition. Alarmed at the progress of the fever, Dr. Delafield, an eminent physician from New York, who chanced to be on the op-

posite side of the river, was called in; and the same day Mr. Irving made his will, to be prepared for the worst. The skillful treatment of his physician, however, soon produced a favorable change; and in a few days he dismissed his patient as out of danger, though still feeble.

It was during this period of languid convalescence that he lifted up his protest against the diabolic blasts of the steam trumpet.

In the following extract we have a passing allusion to the home of his early literary associate, James K. Paulding, at Hyde Park on the Hudson, and also to some of the compensating advantages of the railroad. The visit to Kemble was made early in September.

During my visit to Kemble (he writes to Mrs. Storrow), I set off with him, one day, by railroad, for James Paulding's country residence, where I had never been. We went by railroad to Poughkeepsie, and then took a carriage to Paulding's. He has a lovely situation, commanding one of the most beautiful prospects of Hudson scenery, with the Kaatskill Mountains in the distance. . . . . We had a very pleasant dinner there, and got back to Cold Spring in the evening. This railroad makes every place accessible on the easiest terms.

The letter, which is dated October 31, continues: —

You will see, by the papers, that the world has all been music-mad here at the arrival of Jenny Lind. With all my love of music, I have not yet heard nor seen her, but expect to do so next week. I do not like

any more to cope with crowds, and have become a little distrustful of these public paroxysms. Besides, I am not over-fond of concerts, and would prefer somewhat inferior talent, when aided by the action and scenic effect of the theatre. I anticipate more pleasure, therefore, from Parodi as *prima donna* of the opera, than from the passionless performances of Jenny Lind as a singer at a concert.

In the following letter we have a further allusion to the renowned songstress: —

[*To Miss Mary M. Hamilton.*]

SUNNYSIDE, November 12, 1850.

MY DEAR MISS HAMILTON: —

. . . . You wish to know what I think of the "Priestess of Nature." I have seen and heard her but once, but have at once enrolled myself among her admirers. I cannot say, however, how much of my admiration goes to her singing, how much to herself. As a singer, she appears to me of the very first order; as a specimen of womankind, a little more. She is enough of herself to counterbalance all the evil that the world is threatened with by the great convention of women. So God save Jenny Lind!

Parodi's Norma is the best I have seen, except Grisi's; but Grisi's in some respects is much superior. Parodi has much dramatic talent, a good voice, a commanding person, and a countenance very expressive, *in spite of her teeth*, which are a little on the "Carker" order. I doubt, however, with all her tragic fire, I shall like her as much in "Lucretia Borgia" as the fair Truffi, for whom I still cherish a certain degree of *tendresse*. But I do not pretend to be critical, having had all conceit of that kind killed

by Ford, the Gatherer in Spain, who, in one of his papers in the "Quarterly Review," denominated me "the easily pleased Washington Irving."

I presume our social rides are all over for the season, and that you and A—— will abandon the rocks, and woodlands, and other scrambles on horseback, for Broadway and the opera. I took a ride on Dick this morning, but he seemed to miss his companions, Ned and Dandy, and to have lost all spirit.

As we have a kind of intermittent Indian summer, which incessantly returns after very brief intervals, I still hope to have some more rides among the hills before winter sets in, and should be rejoiced to take them with the female chivalry of Tillietudlem.

Yours very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The day after the date of this letter, Mr. Irving came to town to attend Jenny Lind's morning concert of that day, expecting seats to have been taken. Finding that none had been procured, he returned home to make the attempt another day. Meanwhile, a party was arranged for Friday evening, to include Mr. Irving and all his household, who were to come down for the occasion. On arriving in the city, however, finding that another lady had been added to the party, which would make up the number without him, and being withal a little out of mood, he suddenly decamped for home, to the great surprise and regret of his nieces, who had locked up the silver preparatory to leaving, and were fearful that he would not be able to make himself comfortable. The next morning one of the party wrote, ex-

pressing her regret and uneasiness at his sudden and unexpected departure, informing him of "a nice arrangement" she had made for lodging him for the night, and "fancying him sitting alone and desolate, and, worse than all, without teaspoon or fork." This is his characteristic reply: —

SUNNYSIDE, November 17, 1850.

MY DEAR HELEN: —

I am sorry to find my hegira from town caused you so much regret and uneasiness. It was a sudden move, on finding that the party for the concert would be complete without me, and that, if I stayed, I should have to look about for quarters, and put others to inconvenience. Besides, I find myself growing more and more indisposed to cope with the bustle and confusion of the town, and more and more in love with the quiet of the country. While tossing about, therefore, on the troubled sea of the city, without a port at hand, I bethought myself of the snug, quiet little port I had left, and determined to "'bout ship," and run back to it.

You seem to have pictured my move as a desperate one, and my evening as solitary and forlorn; but you are mistaken. I took a snug dinner at Frederick's, where I met A——— H——— He was bound to Staatsburg, to rejoin his wife. We went up in the four o'clock train together. I endeavored to persuade him to stop and pass the night at the cottage, when we would break open the storeroom and cellar, rummage out everything that the girls had locked up, and have "high jinks" together. He was strongly inclined to yield to my temptation, but the thought of his wife overawed him. He is evidently under petticoat government, like other married men, and dare not indulge in a spree, like we free and independent bachelors.

When I arrived at the cottage, all was dark. Toby barked at me as if I were a housebreaker. I rang at the front door. There was a stir and commotion within. A light gleamed through the fanlight. The door was cautiously opened by Bernard; behind him was Sophia, and behind her Hannah, while Peter and the cook stood ready as a *corps de reserve* in the kitchen passage. I believe, for a moment, they doubted whether it was myself or my ghost.

My arrival caused no little perplexity, everything being locked up. However, by furbishing up the kitchen plate and china, the tea table was set out after a fashion by Sophia, and I made a very cozy though somewhat queer repast.

My evening passed very serenely, dozing over a book, and dreaming that the girls, as usual, were all silently sewing around me I passed a comfortable night; had a cozy bachelor breakfast the next morning, took a ride on gentleman Dick, and, in fact, led a life of single blessedness, until my womankind returned, about two o'clock, to put an end to my dream of sovereignty.

CHAPTER XIV.

Application for an Original Thought. — Boring Letters. — Letter to Jesse Merwin, the Original of Ichabod Crane. — His Last Portrait. — Letter to Mrs. Storrow. — The "Reveries of a Bachelor." — The "Scarlet Letter." — Letter to M. H. Grinnell. — Bohn's Infringement of Copyright. — Letter to Bentley. — Letter of John Murray. — Letter to John Barney. — Letter to H. T. Tuckerman, alluding to Rogers, and to Article in "Homes of American Authors." — Letter to William C. Bryant on the Subject of the Different Portraits of Columbus.

THE following letter was written to a young lady, who proposed to come to him and ask his counsel about the publication of some poems of a brother who had graduated with distinction, and been cut off in the bloom of his youth: —

SUNNYSIDE, February 18, 1851.

DEAR MADAM: —

While I sincerely sympathize with you in the affliction caused by your great bereavement, and have no doubt your brother was worthy of the praise bestowed on his memory, I must most respectfully excuse myself from the very delicate and responsible task of giving an opinion of his poems. I have no confidence in the coolness and correctness of my own judgment in matters of the kind, and have repeatedly found the exercise of it, in compliance with solicitations like the present, so productive of dis-

satisfaction to others, and poignant regret to myself, that I have long since been driven to the necessity of declining it altogether.

Trusting you will receive this apology in the frank and friendly spirit in which it is made, I remain, with great respect, your obedient servant.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Here is a reply to a modest application from an unknown admirer to "pen (him) just *one* original *thought*": —

DEAR SIR: —

I would be happy to furnish you with the "original thought" you require; but it is a coinage of the brain not always at my command, and certainly not at present. So I hope you will be content with my sincere thanks in return for the kind and complimentary expressions of your letter.

No man could be more bored than Mr. Irving, by, as he once expressed it, "all sorts of letters from all sorts of persons." I remember his once showing me a letter asking him to subscribe to some particular book. "Now," he said, turning to me, "this must be answered. Every lettter to be answered is a trifle; but your life in this way is exhausted in trifles. You are entangled in a network of cobwebs. Each letter is a cobweb across your nose. The bores of this world are endless."

The following letter is addressed to Jesse Merwin, a schoolmaster whom he had met long years before at Judge Van Ness's, at Kinderhook. Merwin had called on him at New York, but, not

finding him, had afterward written to him, and, among various allusions to the olden time, had mentioned the death of Dominie Van Nest, a clergyman whom they had both known at that period. To Mr. Irving's surprise, the letter appeared in print a few days after. Jesse Merwin's letter is indorsed in Mr. Irving's own handwriting: "From Jesse Merwin, the original of Ichabod Crane."

SUNNYSIDE, February 12, 1851.

You must excuse me, my good friend Merwin, for suffering your letter to remain so long unanswered. You can have no idea how many letters I have to answer, besides fagging with my pen at my own literary tasks, so that it is impossible for me to avoid being behind hand in my correspondence. Your letter was indeed most welcome — calling up, as it did, the recollection of pleasant scenes and pleasant days passed together in times long since at Judge Van Ness's, in Kinderhook. Your mention of the death of good old Dominie Van Nest recalls the apostolic zeal with which he took our little sinful community in hand, when he put up for a day or two at the Judge's; and the wholesome castigation he gave us all, one Sunday, beginning with the two country belles who came fluttering into the school-house during the sermon, decked out in their city finery, and ending with the Judge himself, in the stronghold of his own mansion. How soundly he gave it to us! How he peeled off every rag of self-righteousness with which we tried to cover ourselves, and laid the rod on the bare backs of our consciences! The good, plain-spoken, honest old man! How I honored him for his simple, straightforward earnestness, his homely sincerity! He certainly handled us without mittens; but I trust we are

all the better for it. How different he was from the brisk, dapper, self-sufficient little apostle who cantered up to the Judge's door a day or two after; who was so full of himself that he had no thought to bestow on our religious delinquencies; who did nothing but boast of his public trials of skill in argument with rival preachers of other denominations, and how he had driven them off the field, and crowed over them! You must remember the bustling, self-confident little man, with a tin trumpet in the handle of his riding whip, with which I presume he blew the trumpet in Zion!

Do you remember our fishing expedition, in company with Congressman Van Alen, to the little lake a few miles from Kinderhook; and John Moore, the vagabond admiral of the lake, who sat crouched in a heap in the middle of his canoe in the centre of the lake, with fishing-rods stretching out in every direction like the long legs of a spider? And do you remember our piratical prank, when we made up for our bad luck in fishing, by plundering his canoe of its fish when we found it adrift? And do you remember how John Moore came splashing along the marsh on the opposite border of the lake, roaring at us; and how we finished our frolic by driving off and leaving the Congressman to John Moore's mercy, tickling ourselves with the idea of his being scalped at least? Ah, well-a-day, friend Merwin, those were the days of our youth and folly. I trust we have grown wiser and better since then; we certainly have grown older. I don't think we could rob John Moore's fishing canoe now. By the way, that same John Moore, and the anecdotes you told of him, gave me the idea of a vagabond character, Dirck Schuyler, in my "Knickerbocker History of New York," which I was then writing.

You tell me the old schoolhouse is torn down, and

a new one built in its place. I am sorry for it. I should have liked to see the old school-house once more, where, after my morning's literary task was over, I used to come and wait for you occasionally until school was dismissed, and you used to promise to keep back the punishment of some little, tough, broad-bottomed Dutch boy until I should come, for my amusement — but never kept your promise. I don't think I should look with a friendly eye on the new school-house, however nice it might be.

Since I saw you in New York, I have had severe attacks of bilious intermittent fever, which shook me terribly; but they cleared out my system, and I have ever since been in my usual excellent health, able to mount my horse and gallop about the country almost as briskly as when I was a youngster. Wishing you the enjoyment of the same inestimable blessing, and begging you to remember me to your daughter, who penned your letter, and to your son, whom, out of old kindness and companionship, you have named after me,

I remain ever, my old friend, yours very truly and cordially, WASHINGTON IRVING.

About this time, Mr. Irving was induced to sit to Martin, an English artist, for the last portrait ever taken of him. Though somewhat idealized, and too youthful for his age at that time, it had much of his character and expression about it and received the following notice from the pen of the poet, N. P. Willis, in the "Home Journal":—

We spoke, the other day, of Geoffrey Crayon's having once more consented to sit for his picture. Mr. Martin has just finished it, and we fancy there

has seldom been a more felicitous piece of work. It is not only like Irving, but like his books; and, though he looks as his books read (which is true of few authors), and looks like the name of his cottage, — Sunnyside, — and looks like what the world thinks of him, yet a painter might have missed this look, and still have made what many would consider a likeness. He sits leaning his head on his hand, with the genial, unconscious, courtly composure of expression that he habitually wears; and still there is visible the couchant humor and philosophic inevitableness of perception, which form the strong undercurrent of his genius. The happy temper and the strong intellect of Irving, the joyously indolent man and the arousably brilliant author, are both there. As a picture, it is a fine specimen of art. The flesh is most skillfully crayoned, the pose excellent, the drawing apparently effortless and yet nicely true, and the air altogether Irving-y and gentleman-like. If well engraved, we have him — delightful and famous Geoffrey — as he lives, as he is thought to live, as he writes, as he talks, and as he ought to be remembered.

The letter which follows, was written soon after his return from a visit to Mr. William Swain, at New Bedford: —

[*To Mrs. Storrow.*]

SUNNYSIDE, May 6, 1851.

MY DEAR SARAH: —

Your most delightful letter of March 5th has remained too long unanswered; but it found me crowded with occupation, getting out a revised edition of the "Alhambra," in which I was making many alterations and additions, with the press close at my heels. . . . .

I have been very little in town this winter. Indeed, I may say that I have lived almost exclusively in the country since your departure. My time has been very much occupied with my pen, preparing and printing my revised editions, etc., and it will continue to be so occupied until I finish the "Life of Washington," on which I am now busy. I am always happiest when I have a considerable part of my time thus employed, and feel reason to be thankful that my intellectual powers continue capable of being so tasked. I shall endeavor, however, not to overtask myself; shall mount my horse often, and break off occasionally to make an excursion like that to New Bedford. . . . .

You speak, in one of your letters to the family, of the pleasure you have had in reading the "Reveries of a Bachelor." It is indeed a very beautiful work. The author was kind enough to send me a copy, and to call on me. I am much pleased with him. He is quiet and gentleman-like in manners and appearance, and I shall be very glad to cultivate his acquaintance. I understand he is engaged to be married; I hope to one worthy of being the subject of one of his reveries.

There are two very clever works which have made their appearance within a year or so, one quite recently — the "Scarlet Letter" and the "House with the Seven Gables." They are by Hawthorne, and two of the best works of fiction that have issued from the American press.

Remember me affectionately to your husband, and kiss the dear little women for me.

Ever, my dear Sarah, your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Of one of the works here mentioned — "The

Scarlet Letter "— I inquired his opinion just after he had finished reading it, and the impression was fresh. "Masterly! masterly!! masterly!!!" was his emphatic reply.

The following amusing letter is addressed to M. H. Grinnell, the husband of his niece, who had invited him to dine with him in the city, and who had just completed a house in the neighborhood of Sunnyside, which he expected soon to occupy: —

SUNNYSIDE, May 20, 1851.

MY DEAR GRINNELL: —

I must beg you to excuse me from dining with you to-morrow. Sunnyside is possessed by seven devils, and I have to be continually on the watch to keep all from going to ruin. First, we have a legion of womenkind, cleaning and scouring the house from top to bottom; so that we are all reduced to eat, and drink and have our being in my little library. In the midst of this, our water is cut off. An Irishman from your establishment undertook to shut up my spring, as he had yours, within brick walls; the spring showed proper spirit, and broke bounds, and all the water-pipes ran dry in consequence. In the dearth of painters, I have employed a couple of country carpenters to paint my roofs, and it requires all my vigilance to keep them from painting them like Joseph's coat of divers colors. Your little man Westerfield is to plaster my chimneys to-morrow, and your plumbers and bell-hangers to attack the vitals of the house. I have a new coachman, to be inducted into all the mysteries of the stable and coach house; so all that part of the establishment is in what is called a halla baloo. In a word, I never knew of such a tempest in a teapot as is just now

going on in little Sunnyside. I trust, therefore, you will excuse me for staying at home to sink or swim with the concern.

Yours affectionately,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

P. S. — Lee has not yet commenced the long-promised filling up, which was certainly to be begun yesterday. I begin more fully to understand what is meant by *Lee-way*.

This was the filling up of a space between the bank and the railroad, in which the water was apt to rest, and generate, as he believed, unwholesome miasma. Lee was an agent of the railroad, and Mr. G. a director.

The following is in reply to an application of Mr. Richard Bentley, the London publisher, who was meditating a suit against Mr. Bohn for an infringement of the copyrights of three of the author's works purchased by him. Murray had already gone to great expense to defend his copyrights, the sale, on the republication of the works, being greater than ever in both countries. For fifteen years some of the volumes had not been reprinted by him or his father.

[*To Richard Bentley.*]

SUNNYSIDE, July 7, 1851.

DEAR SIR: —

I have received your two letters, dated June 3d and 4th, informing me of your intention to proceed against certain book-sellers for an infringement of the copyrights of the "Alhambra," "Astoria," and "Bonneville;" and, inasmuch as you have no formal deed

of assignment from me, requesting me to authorize your solicitor, Frederick Nicholls Devey, Esq., to institute proceedings in my name.

As the whole proceeding is for your account and benefit, and at your expense, I cannot refuse to delegate this authority to the gentleman named; but I confess I give my consent most reluctantly to a measure by which I am made to appear as a litigant, and, though only nominally so, yet at the great hazard of misconception.

If your solicitor could prepare an assignment, or other instrument which might have a retroactive operation, and enable you to sue in your own name, I would greatly prefer it. If this be impracticable, then you may take this letter as a warrant to your solicitor to appear for me, with full power and authority to represent me in any suit you may deem necessary in regard to the before-mentioned works, and before any court. I wish it to be publicly understood, however, in this contingency, that you have recourse to my name on your own behalf, and only from a technical necessity, and that I have no personal interest in the event of the proceeding.

Yours very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

I presume no proceedings were ever instituted by Mr. Bentley, as it will be seen, by the following letter of Mr. Murray to Mr. Irving, that *he* had compromised his suit with Bohn in September, only two months after the date of the preceding letter: —

ALBEMARLE STREET, September 19, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR: —

Having troubled you so often, and, I fear, seriously, on the subject of my lawsuit with Bohn, it is with

peculiar satisfaction that I now write to tell you that it is at an end. Mr. Bohn has offered me terms which are satisfactory to me, and not humiliating to him. He has destroyed for me all value in your works, and I make over to him the copyright.

I regret to part with them, but it seemed to me the only way to get out of the squabble, which was becoming very serious, *my* law expenses alone having run up to £850.

One good, at least, has been elicited out of the contest — it has settled the right of foreigners to hold copyright in this country; for I am assured by my counsel, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, one of the soundest heads at our bar, that the recent decision of our judges on that head is not likely to be reversed by the House of Lords, or any other tribunal. Sir F. K. has studied the subject minutely, and made an admirable speech in the Queen's Bench on my side. I hope, therefore, that the "Life of Washington," and other works *to come* from your pen, may yet bring advantage to their author from this country; but *priority of publication* in *England* is an indispensable condition, and must in all cases be guaranteed and carefully attested at the time of appearance.

No one can desire more than I do an international copyright arrangement with the Americans. In my desire I am not surpassed by Mr. Bohn, nor Sir E. L. Bulwer; but I differ from them in the strong conviction which I feel that it is not by pirating American books that the object is to be attained.

I remain, my dear sir, yours very sincerely,

JOHN MURRAY.

The following letter is addressed to John Barney, better known to the world as "Beau Barney," one of the patriarchs of the fashionable

circles of Washington City for many years, and is in reply to one from him recalling their first meeting at Burr's trial at Richmond, forty-three years before, and mentioning the kind recollections of his sister, whom he met at that time: —

SUNNYSIDE, October 30, 1851.

MY DEAR MR. BARNEY: —

Your letter of the 25th has acted upon me like a charm, calling up such pleasant scenes in times long past, when we were both gay young fellows, that I cannot go to bed before answering it. What you mention of kind recollections of me that were cherished by your sister, flatters my old bachelor heart even now; for she was one of my early admirations, and her image dwells in my memory as she appeared to me at the time, so amiable, graceful, and lady-like. I well remember seeing her also at Baltimore, after her marriage, with her first child, a fine boy, and, though a mere infant, remarkably sensible to music, being easily moved by it either to tears or transports. I believe I have since met him a man grown.

You talk of children and grandchildren. I have nothing but literary bantlings to boast of. I trust your progency will outlive mine, and increase and multiply, and continue your name from generation to generation; which is more than can be expected from the progency of the Muse, however prolific she may be.

Wishing you many pleasant and prosperous days, I will now bid you "good night," and will endeavor to continue in my sleep the agreeable dreams you have awakened.

Yours ever, very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The letter which follows, from Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman, and Mr. Irving's reply, I introduce with the single remark, that the former had lately contributed to a publication of Mr. Putnam, entitled "Homes of American Authors," a graceful notice of Sunnyside and its proprietor: —

[*To Washington Irving.*]

NEW YORK, December 6, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR: —

I expect to sail for England in the Baltic on Saturday next; and, although my stay will probably be quite brief, I am desirous of seeing Mr. Rogers. Will you give me a line to him, and any other friend in England whom it would be pleasant for me to see? and oblige

Yours ever, truly and respectfully,
HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

[*To Mr. H. T. Tuckerman.*]

SUNNYSIDE, December 8, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR: —

I send you three letters of introduction, which I hope may be of service to you. My poor friend Rogers, I fear, is growing too infirm to render those attentions he was formerly so prompt to show to Americans of worth. Sir Robert Harry Inglis is a man of the most genial character, full of intelligence, and in communion with the most intellectual society of England. He is a man *I love and honor.*

John Murray has succeeded his father in the literary realm of Albemarle Street, which I used to find a favorite haunt of notorieties.

Permit me to make my acknowledgments for the very kind and flattering notice you have taken of

me and my little rural nest, in Putnam's late publication. I wish I could feel myself worthy of half that you have said of me.

Yours ever, very truly,
WASHINGTON IRVING.

The following letter to Mr. Bryant, respecting the different portraits of Columbus, embraces the result of Mr. Irving's researches on that subject, and will be found to contain many particulars of interest. Joseph E. Bloomfield, the gentleman alluded to in the first paragraph, had been for some years a resident of the south of Spain, and, having become familiar with the portraits purporting to be the likenesses of the great discoverer, a correspondence on the subject had taken place between him and Mr. Irving. In the letter to Mr. Bryant, who had applied to Mr. Irving for leave to publish his hasty notes to Mr. Bloomfield, he has recast his replies to that gentleman, with some additions. I transfer the letter from the columns of the "Evening Post," the journal edited by Mr. Bryant, in which it first appeared: —

[*To William C. Bryant, Esq.*]

MY DEAR SIR: —

In consequence of the interest expressed by you as to a recent correspondence with Mr. Joseph E. Bloomfield, of Mexico, New York, on some points relative to Columbus, I have thrown the purport of my replies to that gentleman into something of a connected form. Mr. Bloomfield was desirous of my opinion of a portrait of Columbus existing in the

Lonja, or Royal Exchange, at Seville, and which he says was the only one acknowledged in Spain as a true likeness. In reply, I have stated that I know of no portrait extant which is positively known to be authentic. The one in question, according to his account of it, is full length, and that of a person from thirty to thirty-five years of age, armed in mail, and wearing a full white ruff. Now Columbus, by the time his discoveries had made him a subject for such a painting, was quite advanced in years. The ruff, too, was not an article of dress in Spain until after his death. It was a Flemish fashion, brought, I believe, from Flanders to Spain in the time of Charles V., who did not arrive in the Peninsula until 1516, ten years after the death of Columbus. The portrait may have been one of Diego Columbus, the heir and successor of the discoverer, and who, like him, was denominated "the Admiral."

Various portraits of Columbus have appeared from time to time in Italy, not one resembling the others, and all differing essentially from the description given by Fernando of his father. Theodore de Bry, in his "America," published in the sixteenth century, gave an engraving of one in his possession, which he pretended had been stolen from a saloon of the Council of the Indias, and sold in the Netherlands, where it fell into his hands. The same has been copied, in an eulogium of Columbus by the Marquis of Durazzo, printed by Bodoni, and in a life of the discoverer published in Milan by the Chevalier Bossi. This pretended portrait also differs entirely from the graphic description given by Fernando Columbus of his father. According to this, his visage was long, and neither full nor meagre; the cheek-bones rather high, his nose aquiline, his eyes light-gray, his complexion fair and high-colored (*acceso di vivo colore*).

In his youth, his hair was blonde; but by the time he was thirty years of age it was *quite white.* This minute description I consider the touchstone by which all the pretended portraits of him should be tried. It agrees with accounts given of him by Las Casas and other contemporaries.

Peschiera, a sculptor, employed in Genoa to make a bust of him for a monument erected to his memory in that city in 1821, discarded all existing portraits as either spurious or doubtful, and guided himself by the descriptions I have cited.

While I was in Madrid, in 1826, Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, President of the Royal Academy of History, published a lithographed copy of an engraved portrait of Columbus, which he found in an old Italian work containing likenesses of distinguished persons. He and the Duke of Veraguas (the descendant of Columbus) placed confidence in it, because other portraits in the same work were known to be correct. I doubted its authenticity. It did not agree sufficiently with the description before mentioned; and the hair especially, in the notice which accompanied it in the Italian work, was said to be *black.* Still, I published a copy of the engraving, some years since, in an abridged edition of my Life of the discoverer.

While I was in Paris, in 1845, Mons. Jomard, the learned principal of the Royal (now National) Library, had the kindness to send me a lithographic copy of a portrait in oil, recently discovered. The original bore, in one corner of the canvas, the inscription, CHRISTOFORUS COLUMBUS. The countenance was venerable and dignified, and agreed, more than any I had seen, with the description given by Fernando Columbus. Around the neck, however, was the Flemish ruff, which I pointed out as an

anachronism. M. Jomard endeavored to account for it by supposing the portrait to have been made up toward the year 1580 by some scholar of Titian, from some design or sketch taken during the lifetime of Columbus, and that the artist may have decked it out in the costume in vogue at the time he painted it. This is very possible. Such a custom of vamping up new portraits from old ones seems to have been adopted in the time of Charles V., when there were painters of merit about the court.

In 1519, Juan de Borgoña, a Spanish artist, executed a whole series of portraits of the primates of Spain for the chapter room of the Cathedral of Toledo; some of them from the life, some from rude originals, and some purely imaginary. Some degree of license of the kind may have been indulged in producing this alleged portrait of Columbus. As it is evidently a work of merit, and bears the stamp of his character, I have published an engraving of it in one of the editions of his biography.

Painting had not attained much eminence in Spain during the lifetime of Columbus, though it was improving under the auspices of Ferdinand and Isabella. There were, as yet, no Italian painters in the Peninsula; and the only Spanish painter of note was Antonio Rincon, who is said to have been the first who "left the stiff Gothic style, and attempted to give to his figures something of the graces and proportions of nature." He executed portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella, who made him their painter-in-ordinary.

The originals have disappeared in the war of the French intrusion; but copies of two of his full-length portraits of the sovereigns exist in one of the lower corridors of the Royal Gallery of Madrid. It is very probable that he painted a portrait of Columbus

at the time when he was at the court, the object of universal attention on account of his discoveries; but if so, it likewise has disappeared, or may exist anonymously in some corner of Spain, or in the collection of some picture-hunter.

So much for the portraits of Columbus. Another subject of inquiry with Mr. Bloomfield was the name of the discoverer. He asks why he should not call him by the name he signed to all his letters now in the Royal Exchange of Seville, *Christoval Colon;* and he wishes to know 'how did or could *Colon* be changed to *Columbus?*"

In regard to the name there is some petty mystery. That of the family in Genoa was *Colombo*, and his original Italian designation was Cristoforo Colombo. When he first came into Spain from Portugal, he seems to have retained his Italian family name, with a slight variation; for, in the records of Francisco Gonzalez, of Seville, the royal treasurer, there are still extant three several entries of money paid, in 1487 and 1488, by order of the Catholic sovereigns, to him, by the name of *Cristóbal Colomo.*

So also, in a royal cedula of May 12th, 1480, signed by the sovereigns, the public functionaries throughout the kingdom are ordered to furnish accommodations and facilities to Cristóval *Colomo.*

And the Duke of Medina Celi, his first patron in Spain, in a letter to the Grand Cardinal, dated 19th March, 1493, says: "I do not know whether your lordship knows that I had for much time in my house Cristóbal *Colomo*, who came from Portugal," etc.

In the capitulations entered into between him and the sovereigns, 17th April, 1492, by which he was constituted admiral, viceroy, and governor of any lands he might discover, we find him for the

first time recorded as Don Cristóbal *Colon.* In adopting this appellation, he may have recurred to what his son Fernando intimates was the original patrician name of the family in old times, at Rome — *Colonus* — and may have abbreviated it to Colón, to adapt it to the Spanish tongue.

Columbus was a later version of his family name, adopted occasionally by himself and his brother Bartholomew, according to the pedantic usage of the day. His son Fernando says (chap. xi.), that his father, before he was declared admiral, used to sign himself "Columbus de Terrarubra;" that is to say, Columbus of Terrarossa, a village or hamlet near Genoa. So also his brother Bartholomew, on a map of the world, which he presented to Henry VII., dated London, 13th February, 1488, inscribed on it some Latin verses, of which the following gave the name and country of the author: —

> "Janua cui patria est; nomen cui Bartolomæus
> Columbus de Terrarubra opus adidit istud."

By this Latin version of his family name, he has always been known in English literature. If we change it, we ought to go back to the original Italian, Cristoforo Colombo. Long usage, however, like long occupancy, constitutes a kind of right, that cannot be disturbed without great inconvenience.

Yours, my dear sir, very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER XV.

Letter to Mrs. Storrow. — Coup d'État of Louis Napoleon.— Kossuth. — Letter to Gouverneur Kemble. — The Cooper Commemoration. —Bryant's Allusion to the Coolness between Cooper and Irving. — What the latter said about it. — A Prospectus for a Course of Lectures sent to him. — Letter thereupon. — Letters from Saratoga. — Anecdotes of Charles Augustus Davis. — The Irving Literary Union. — A Breakfast with Sontag. — Letter to Miss Hamilton. — Letter to George P. Putnam.

THE following letter is addressed to Mrs. Storrow, at Paris, just after the world had been astounded by the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon. New York, in addition, had been filled with excitement by the arrival of the graceful and eloquent Hungarian patriot, Kossuth.

SUNNYSIDE, January 13, 1852.

MY DEAR SARAH: —

We have all been quite electrified by the *coup d'état* of our friend Louis Napoleon. It is one of the most complete things of the kind I have ever heard or read of, and quite Napoleonic. His uncle could not have done the thing better in his most vigorous day. Who would have thought, "when his gracious Majesty took his *disjeune* with us at Tillietudlem," he had so much in him? You are in a

fair way of becoming experienced in warfare, and seasoned to alarms, by your residence in a capital where every political change is a military convulsion. At present you are likely to have a great deal of the pomp and parade of arms, without any more of the ragamuffin warfare of the barricades; for no doubt Louis Napoleon will keep up such a military force in the capital as to render insurrection hopeless. I should not be surprised if there were a long spell of tranquillity in Paris under his absolute sway. Had his *coup d'état* been imperfectly effected, or his election been but moderately successful, France might been thrown into a terrible turmoil; but now he will hold her down with a strong hand, until she has kicked out the last spasm and convulsion of French liberty, and is quiet. You will then most probably have all the splendors of the imperial court, with the spectacles and public improvements by which Napoleon used to dazzle the capital, and keep the Parisians in good humor. All this, I presume, will be more to the taste of temporary residents like yourself than the stern simplicity of republicanism; and a long interval of quiet would be a prosperous interval for the commercial world; so both you and Storrow may find yourselves comfortable under the absolute sway of Napoleon the Second.

It is a pity Van Wart had returned to England before this event took place. He lost an opportunity of seeing that grand spectacle, Paris in a tumult and under arms; though perhaps he might have had a propensity to go about and see everything, as I should have done in like case, and have paid for the spectacle by being shot down at a barricade. I never could keep at home when Madrid was in a state of siege and under arms, and the troops bivouacking in every street and square; and I had always a

strong hankering to get near the gates when the fighting was going on.

We have had a great turmoil and excitement, though of a peaceful kind, here, on the arrival of Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot. New York, you know, is always ready for a paroxysm of enthusiasm on the advent of any great novelty, whether a great singer, a great dancer, a great novelist, or a great patriot; and it is not often it has so worthy an object to run mad about. I have heard and seen Kossuth both in public and private, and he is really a noble fellow, quite the beau ideal of a poetic hero. There seems to be no base alloy in his nature. All is elevated, generous, intellectual, and refined, and with his manly and daring spirit there is mingled a tenderness and sensibility of the gentlest kind. He is a kind of man that you would idolize. Yet, poor fellow! he has come here under a great mistake, and is doomed to be disappointed in the high wrought expectations he had formed of coöperation on the part of our government in the affairs of his unhappy country. Admiration and sympathy he has in abundance from individuals; but there is no romance in councils of state or deliberative assemblies. There, cool judgment and cautious policy must restrain and regulate the warm impulses of feeling. I trust we are never to be carried away, by the fascinating eloquence of this second Peter the Hermit, into schemes of foreign interference, that would rival the wild enterprises of the Crusades. . . . .

I can give you but little of New York news. Indeed, I have not been much there since you were last here. I draw more and more into the little world of my country home as the silver cord which binds me to life is gradually loosening; and, indeed, I am so surrounded here by kind and affectionate hearts, and

have such frequent visits from one or other of the family, that I feel no need and but little inclination to look beyond for enjoyment. Even the opera does not draw me to town so often as formerly, although we have had a very excellent one, and New York in fact is inundated with musical talent. . . . .

It is now half-past twelve at night, and I am sitting here scribbling in my study, long after all the family are abed and asleep — a habit I have fallen much into of late. Indeed, I never fagged more steadily with my pen than I do at present. I have a long task in hand, which I am anxious to finish, that I may have a little leisure in the brief remnant of life that is left to me. However, I have a strong presentiment that I shall die in harness; and I am content to do so, provided I have the cheerful exercise of intellect to the last. . . . .

The first paragraph of the letter which follows refers to a fortunate investment in Western lands, in which he had embarked with his friend Kemble years before, and from which the returns were steadily coming in: —

[*To Gouverneur Kemble.*]

SUNNYSIDE, February 5, 1852.

MY DEAR KEMBLE: —

I have received with much satisfaction the intelligence of a further remittance from the enchanted purse of Godfrey, and have drawn upon William for my share.

You talk of having made a jovial tour among the gastronomes of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. So it is. Some men may steal a horse with impunity, while others are hanged for only looking over a hedge. I did but venture to town, about

two weeks since, to eat a dinner or two, when I returned home with an attack of bile, and have been confined to the house ever since. I, this afternoon, for the first time, ventured out in my sleigh to breathe a little fresh air.

Any time that you will stop, on your way to or from town, I shall be happy to see you, and to give you the best my humble house affords; not pretending to rival the luxurious aristocrats with whom you have been jollifying.

Yours ever, my dear Kemble,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

February 17th, he had a visit from Clark, of the "Knickerbocker," and Leutze, the painter, who came by appointment and dined with him. "We had a very pleasant dinner. I was much pleased with Leutze," he writes to me. In the same letter, which was written on Thursday, February 19th, though it is without date, he says: "I shall come to town in the beginning of next week — on Monday, if Webster's address to the Historical Society is on that night, though I rather think it is on Tuesday. The Cooper celebration is advertised for Wednesday."

James Fenimore Cooper, the distinguished novlist, had died on the 14th of the previous September. This meeting to honor his memory took place at Metropolitan Hall, February 25th, 1852, Mr. Webster presiding, supported by Bryant and Irving. In the fine address delivered by Mr. Bryant on the occasion, he quotes Irving's compliment to the "Pathfinder," and alludes incidentally to "an unhappy coolness that had existed

between them." Adverting afterwards to this passage to me, Mr. Irving remarked that the coolness was all on Cooper's side; that he had never been conscious of any cause of difference between them.

It was not long after this meeting that the steamer brought the tidings of the death of the poet Moore, which had occurred on the day following the commemoration. It was mournful news to Mr. Irving, whose attachment to the Irish bard had been warm and sincere. The circumstance, too, that his mind, like Scott's, had suffered eclipse during his life, he dwelt on with much feeling. It had always been to him, in contemplation, the saddest possible fate. After a time he went back to many reminiscences of his pleasant intercourse with Moore in Paris and London. Among other anecdotes, he mentioned that Moore once told him of his hearing an eager exclamation from a carriage as he was passing: "There 's Moore! there 's Moore!" and, looking round, saw a lady with upraised hands and an expression of sad disappointment, as much as to say, "Good heaven! *can* that be Moore?"

Moore once introduced him to a friend of his who had the misfortune afterward to be thrown into King's Bench for debt. Subsequent to his release, he offered to show Mr. Irving the mysteries of the prison-house, and he accompanied him to spend the day there. They took dinner within, and Mr. Irving was introduced to several who seemed to be enjoying themselves very much. In the evening, two or three women

were introduced, who were confined for debt. They were rung out at nine o'clock. Before they were rung out, one of them accosted Mr. Irving: "If you think of coming here, let me give you a word of advice. Don't come empty-handed. With fifty pounds or so in the pocket, one can make one's self very comfortable." "From here," said Mr. Irving, "I went to Holland House. What a contrast!"

To Mrs. Storrow he writes, May 29th: —

. . . My "Life of Washington" lags and drags latterly. I have repeatedly been interrupted by turns of ill health — bilious attacks — which have dogged me for the last two or three years, and obliged me occasionally to throw by the pen and take to horseback. This spring I have been almost entirely idle, from my mind's absolutely refusing to be put in harness. I no longer dare task it as I used to do. When a man is in his seventieth year, it is time to be cautious. I thought I should have been through this special undertaking by this time; but an unexpected turn of bilious fever in midwinter put me all aback, and now I have renounced all further pressing myself in the matter. . . . .

I am glad to find the Prince President is getting on so quietly, and that the 10th of May has passed off without explosions. I hope Paris may be spared, for a time, all further paroxysms, either imperial or republican, and that the schemes set on foot for its improvement and embellishment may be carried out before everything is again thrown into chaos. Not that I expect ever to enjoy the result of them; but it is a city associated with too many happy scenes of my life not to be endeared to me; and, though I may

never see it again, I carry so familiar a picture in my mind of all its localities, that I can fancy to myself every new modification that I read of. If Louis Napoleon continues in power, he will make Paris the centre of everything splendid and delightful, and will treat its *fête*-loving inhabitants to continual spectacle and pageant. He seems to understand the tastes and humors of the Parisians.

July 15th, he writes to the same correspondent: —

I write a hasty line, in the midst of preparations for an excursion. To-morrow, Mr. G——, Julia, the young folks, with S—— G——, P—— M——, and H——, set off on a tour to Canada, and some of them to the White Mountains. I shall accompany them to Saratoga, Lake George, and Lake Champlain, but think it probable I shall then return to the Springs and take the Saratoga waters. It is a hot time of the season for such an excursion, and therefore I am dubious of following it out; but Mr. G—— could not conveniently time it better. I do not feel the same disposition to travel as I did in younger days. The quiet of home is becoming more and more delightful to me, and I find it difficult to tear myself away from it, even for a short absence. But I am sensible even too much quietude is to be resisted. A man, as he grows old, must take care not to grow rusty, or fusty, or crusty — an old bachelor especially; and for that reason it is good for him now and then to dislodge himself from the chimney corner. In this hot summer weather, however, how delicious it is to loll in the shade of the trees I have planted, and feel the sweet southern breeze stealing up the green banks, and look out with half-dreaming eye on the beautiful scenery of the Hudson, and build

castles in the clouds, as I used to do, *hereabouts*, in my boyhood!

"O, blessed retirement! friend to life's decline." How fortunate has been my lot in being able so completely to enjoy it; so completely to realize what was once the mere picturing of my fancy! I wish you could see little Sunnyside this season. I think it more beautiful than ever. The trees, and shrubs, and clambering vines are uncommonly luxuriant. We never had so many singing birds about the place, and the humming-birds are about the windows continually, after the flowers of the honeysuckles and trumpet creepers which overhang them.

On the same day he writes to a favorite little niece at Paris, the daughter of Mrs. Storrow, a letter, which I give as a specimen of the happy playfulness with which he adapted himself to the minds of children.

SUNNYSIDE, July 15, 1852.

MY DEAR KATE: —

I thank you for your charming little letter. It is very well expressed and very nicely written, and, what pleases me most of all, it is written to me. You must have had a pleasant time at Compeigne with such an agreeable party. I recollect the place well, and the beautiful palace, with the pretty boudoir which you all liked so much because there was a glass there in which you saw yourselves four times. I did not notice that glass, and therefore was not so much struck with the boudoir. I recollect Pierrefond also, and was all over the ruins and the surrounding forest, which put me in mind of what I had read about old castles in fairy tales. If I could only have seen you driving through the forest in your open carriage with four white horses, I should have thought

you one of the enchanted princesses. You should take care how you venture out of your carriage in such a place to gather lilies of the valley and other wild flowers. Don't you know what happened once to a young lady (I think her name was Proserpine), who was carried off by a wicked king in sight of her mamma, as she was gathering flowers in the same way you were? Your mamma will tell you the story, if you have not heard it.

You say you would like to live at Compeigne always, it is so pretty, and you passed your time so pleasantly in the park, "sitting on the grass, making beautiful wreaths of buttercups and daisies." I think one might pass one's life very pleasantly and profitably in that manner. I recollect trying my hand at buttercups and daisies once, and finding it very agreeable, though I have got out of the way of it of late years, excepting that Dick, my horse, now and then cuts daisies with me when I am on his back; but that's to please himself, not me.

To-morrow I am going to set out on a journey with a large party, including your cousins Julia, Fanny, and Irving Grinnell. We shall see no castles, but will voyage on great lakes and rivers, and through wild forests. I wish you were going with us, but I suppose I must wish in vain; that must be for some future day. And now, my dear Kate, give my love to Susie and Julie, and my kind remembrances to Henriette [the nurse].

Your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

In the following letter, addressed to one of the inmates of Sunnyside, we have a glimpse of him on his tour: —

[*To Miss Kate Irving.*]

SARATOGA SPRINGS, July 17, 1852.

MY DEAR KATE: —

We had a glorious hurry-scurry drive along the railroad — left steamboats behind as if they had been at anchor. A flight of wild pigeons tried to keep up with us, but gave up in despair. We arrived here between eleven and twelve. The weather was pleasant, and there was but little dust. . . . .

I have found some old friends here: Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, of Baltimore; Mr. S——, President of the Bank of Commerce, and his family; our neighbor, Mr. B——, but without his pleasant little wife, who remains at home, castle-building. By the by, they do not expect to get into their castle before October, if then.

We were all at a little *hop*, as they call it, last evening, in one of the saloons of the hotel. It was not very brilliant, but gratified the small folks, who, however, could not summon up resolution to dance. . . .

The Springs appear to be quiet and sociable, without any attempt at dashing and flashing, and therefore suit me better than they would at a gayer season. I should like very well to pass some days here, and take the waters; but we have marching orders for eleven o'clock for Lake George. I find it so easy to get here, and in such brief time, that I shall be apt to pay the Springs another visit. I have no idea of remaining mewed up at home until I grow to be an old fogy. . . . .

To another of his nieces at home, he writes from the same place, July 21st: —

MY DEAR MARY: —

Having written to Kate and Sarah (who have my permission to show you my letters, though in great

confidence), I now write a hasty line to you in turn. A letter which I forwarded from H—— to E—— has no doubt given you all an idea of our voyage across Lake George, and our visit to Ticonderoga, in all which we were favored with delightful weather, bright, yet temperate, and enjoyed to perfection the interesting and beautiful scenery. At Ticonderoga I made up my mind to give up the visit to Canada, and return here and take the waters. The party went off in splendid style yesterday morning, at eleven o'clock, in a fine steamer down the lake. At two o'clock I embarked on board of another one for Whitehall, and, after a fine run through lovely scenery, got into the railroad cars at the latter place, and arrived here about six o'clock in the evening.

Here, to my great joy, I found Mr. Gouverneur Kemble, and Mr. Davis (Major Jack Downing), so that I am well provided with cronies. My friend Mr. Kennedy, however, leaves here to-morrow for Washington, being appointed Secretary of the Navy. His wife, however, and her father and sister, remain here; and I have promised Kennedy to pay some small attentions to Mrs. Kennedy during his absence, taking his seat beside her at table. I have, therefore, a little domestic party to attach myself to in place of the G—— party; but I see I shall be at no loss for acquaintances here. I began this morning to take the waters regularly, and mean to give them a fair trial.

This morning, after breakfast, I set off in a carriage, with Mr. Kemble and Mr. Stevens, to visit the scene of the battle of Saratoga, about twelve miles off. We had a fine drive through beautiful scenery, crossing Saratoga Lake in a scow. The day was very warm, but there was a pleasant breeze which tempered it.

After passing an hour or two at the battle-ground, and acquainting ourselves with all its localities, we returned to a hotel on the banks of the lake, where we had an excellent dinner of black bass, lake trout, and game, and enjoyed ourselves in what little Fan would call "tip-top style." A pleasant drive home completed one of the most charming days I have had in the course of my charming tour. . . . .

[*To Miss Kate Irving.*]

SARATOGA, July 24, 1852.

MY DEAR KATE: —

I really don't know when I shall get home; for either the waters or the company agree so well with me in this place, that I find myself in first-rate health and spirits, and very much tempted to prolong my sojourn. It is really delightful to me to have this social outbreak after my long course of quiet life. I have found some old friends, and have made new acquaintances here, all very cordial and agreeable. . . . . We have fine music, sometimes professional, sometimes by amateurs, and all of an excellent quality. This morning we had splendid performances on the piano, in the saloon, by Mr. Bull (or some such name), I believe a Norwegian, and one of the best performers on that instrument I have ever heard. Afterward we had charming singing by Miss L—— S——, who has cultivated her fine voice in a high degree since I heard her, two or three years since. . . . .

Gouverneur Kemble returned yesterday to his old bachelor's nest in the Highlands. I did all I could to keep him here, but in vain. I wonder he should be so anxious to get home, when he has no womankind to welcome him, as I have. Yet even I, you see, can keep away.

There are some very agreeable-talking ladies here, and a great number of very pretty-looking ones; two or three with dark Spanish eyes, that I sit and talk to, and look under their dark eyelashes, and think of dear old Spain.

Mr. Frank Granger is here, and has joined the Kennedy set, with which I am in a manner domesticated. I am strong in the belief that Mr. Granger will have the situation of Postmaster offered to him, and that he will accept of it; though he shakes his head whenever it is mentioned. I regret extremely that A—— is not with him. She is on a visit to a friend at Niagara.

It is dinner time, and I must travel down-stairs from my room, which is near the roof. Give my love to all the household.

Your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

To the same correspondent he writes, the day following: —

. . . . In my letter of yesterday, I told you I was going to a children's party at a gentleman's country seat in the neighborhood. . . . . The house was of stone, spacious, and solid, built in the skirts of what had once been a forest, but which was now thinned out into groves, and clumps, and green lawns, until it had the air of British park scenery. A platform had been laid beneath some spreading trees, and here the little fairy people danced, while the grown-up people sat around in groups. It was one of the most charming little *fêtes* of the kind that I have ever seen. There were beautiful children, very beautifully dressed, from the age of two and three years upward. I felt like a patriarch among

them; for among the spectators was Mrs. J——, an aunt of Mr. Finlay, whom I had danced with in my younger days, when she was a Miss B ——, but who was now a venerable grandmother; and there was a maiden lady, Miss B—— L——, whom I had likewise danced with nearly fifty years ago. I sat by them, and talked of old times, and looked at the dancing group, in which we recognized the descendants (some two or three generations off) of some of our early contemporaries. To strike a balance, however, I paid some small attentions to two or three little belles from six to ten years of age, and was received with smiles that might have made me vain had I been fifty or sixty years younger. . . .

I think it is the excitement of this cheerful society in which I am mingling, even more than the waters, which has had an effect of lifting me into a more elastic buoyancy of frame and spirits than I have experienced for a long time; and I am convinced, that if I had come up here for a few days when I felt so heavy and bilious, several weeks since, I should have swept all the clouds out of my system immediately.

Give my love to your father, and to such of the family as you have with you.

Your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Two days later, he writes again to the same, from Saratoga: —

I expected before this to have seen you face to face. Here, however, I linger, as it were, with one foot in the stirrup; and as I may continue to linger indefinitely, I have thought proper to scrawl you another line. The truth is, I am passing my time so agreeably, and find my sojourn here operating so

admirably on health and spirits, that I am continually tempted to prolong it. I am linking up so many old friendships that had almost run out, and meeting, on the easiest of terms, so many pleasant and interesting people from all parts of the Union, that every day brings some new gratification and excitement. One sees society here without the trouble, formality, late hours, and crowded rooms of New York. This hotel in which I am quartered (the United States) is a little world of itself, with its spacious saloons, long galleries, broad piazzas, and shady walks; where there is a constant succession of polite society circulating, and you may throw yourself in the current, or remain aloof and look on, just as you please. I think I have never seen a watering place on either side of the Atlantic, where things were on a better footing, and better arranged, than in this, especially at the particular hotel in which I reside.

I take the waters every morning, and think they have a great effect on my system. I have entirely got rid of all bilious symptoms, and find my mental faculties refreshed, invigorated, and brightened up. I have no doubt I derive some benefit from gossiping away part of the day in very agreeable female society, in which I experience such favorable treatment as inclines me to think old gentlemen are coming into fashion. They won't allow me for a moment to enroll myself in the respectable order of old fogies. My worthy coexecutor and cotrustee, Mr. Lord, is here with his wife and daughter, and I am to take my afternoon's drive with them. Yesterday I had a beautiful drive among the hills with Mrs. R—— and a party in her carriage, and saw a succession of lovely landscapes, such as I had no idea were to be found in the neighborhood of Saratoga.

Early in August, Mr. Irving left Saratoga for home, accompanied on his journey as far as Troy by Charles Augustus Davis, the "Major Jack Downing" and "old crony" mentioned in one of the preceding letters as sojourning at the Springs with his family. From some reminiscences of Mr. Irving at this period, kindly furnished me by this gentleman, whose grotesque history of "The First Locomotive" the readers of the "Knickerbocker Magazine" will not easily forget, I select the following: —

No one seemed more unconscious of the celebrity to which he had attained. In this there was not a particle of affectation. Nothing he shrank from with greater earnestness and sincerity and (I may add) pertinacity, than any attempt to lionize him. Although he was at once surrounded, at Saratoga, by a very gay and brilliant circle assembled there from near and distant parts of our Union, he was sure to withdraw at once from any circle that attempted to make a lion of him. He much preferred sauntering out alone, or with some familiar friend — trusting to any accidental event that might occur to indulge his own whim or fancy, or crack a joke, as occasion might call.

In one of these rambles, I recollect his attention was arrested by the crying and sobbing of a poor little barefooted and ragged boy, wearing an old "cone-shaped" hat that had lost all its original form. He had just been punished by an elder sister, a thin, slatternly young vixen, who was following him. Mr. Irving at once, reading the whole story, turned aside from our route, and commenced, in a most friendly and affectionate tone, with, "I know what is the

matter with my little boy. It is enough to make anybody cry, to wear a hat that falls down over his eyes so he can't see, and stubbing his little toes. I see the cause of all this trouble;" and, with that, he took off the old hat, and rolling its flabby brim inward, replaced it on the little boy's head. "There," said he; "that is all right now." Both the children, confounded by the event, stood for a time silent, and then moved off, chuckling together at its oddity; while Mr. Irving, resuming his walk, seemed not less gratified at his success in turning a scene of grief into one of gladness.

And in this connection I will venture to relate another simple incident, showing his interest in children. On his return from Saratoga, I accompanied him a portion of his way homeward. We were seated together, and directly in front of us sat an anxious mother with three children — one, an infant, in her arms, and the other two (a little boy and girl of some two and three years of age) giving the mother great trouble, and waking the infant by striving to clamber over her to look out at the window. Mr. Irving at once interposed, and, lifting each alternately over to his lap, and looking at his watch, said: "Now, three minutes for each to look out of my window;" and began lifting them over and replacing them, each in turn, accordingly, till they were tired of it, though much gratified. "Ah, sir," said the relieved mother, "any one can see that you are a kind father of a big family." This amused him greatly, and amply rewarded him for his interposition. He would not spoil a good joke by refutation or controversy.

After his return home, we all missed him so much, I was induced (at the instance, also, of many friends) to renew the invitation, and ask his return; to which I received the following reply: —

SUNNYSIDE, August 10, 1852.

MY DEAR DAVIS : —

Your letter found me lolling under the trees, and ruminating, like one of my own cows, over the past pleasures of Saratoga. It was most welcome, smacking, as it did, of that eminently social resort, and bringing back the flavor of the happy hours passed there. It will take me some time, however, to get over the excitement of gay scenes, gay company, and the continual stimulus of varied and animated conversation, and bring myself down to the meek quiet of country life, and the sober equanimity of Sunnyside. You, who are always enjoying these gay chirpings of society, have no idea of what an effect such a long draught has upon one of my present abstemious habits. I really think, for a part of the time, I was in a state of mental intoxication. I trust, however, it will be beneficial in the end ; as I have heard it said by old-fashioned doctors, in the days of hard drinking, that " it was good for a man's health now and then to get tipsy." Still it will not do for me to repeat the revel very soon ; so I am not to be tempted by your suggestion of another visit to Saratoga during the present season. That must be for next summer's outbreak.

I envy those who have quiet conversations with Alboni about her art. I delight in conversations of the kind with eminent artists, whom I have always found very communicative and interesting when properly drawn out. So I have found Talma, Pasta, Mrs. Siddons, and Cooke, who were the greatest in their respective lines that I ever was acquainted with. I was much pleased with Alboni. She appears to be of a frank, happy, joyous nature, and I think it is her rich, mellow, genial temperament, which pours itself forth in her voice like liquid amber.

I thank you, my dear friend, for saying a kind word for me to such of my acquaintances and intimates at Saratoga as I came away without seeing. I made several delightful acquaintances there, whom it is probable, considering my time of life and my retired habits, I may never see again; yet I shall always retain them in choice recollection. Really, such an easy, social intercourse with the intelligent, the matured, the young, the gay, and the beautiful, rallies one back from the growing apathy of age, and reopens one's heart to the genial sunshine of society.

Farewell, my good friend. Give my kind remembrance to your wife, and that "discreet princess," your daughter; and tell Mrs. R—— I shall ever remember her as one of the most striking and interesting features of my visit to Saratoga.

Yours very faithfully and affectionately,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Two days after his return from Saratoga, he addressed the following letter, in response to an intimation that a club of young men of the city of New York had associated for literary improvement, and denominated themselves the "Irving Literary Union" —

[*To Richard C. McCormick.*]

SUNNYSIDE, August 9, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR: —

Three weeks' absence from home has prevented an earlier reply to your letter of the 21st of July, and to the letter of your society which accompanied it. I now thank you heartily for the kind expressions of your letter, and assure you that I appreciate most deeply the esteem and good-will manifested by

yourself and your associates in adopting my name as a designation for your literary union.

To inspire such sentiments in the bosoms of the young and ingenuous, is one of the purest and dearest rewards that an author can receive; and as my long and desultory career is drawing to a close, I regard such demonstrations on the part of my youthful countrymen as a soothing assurance that, with all my shortcomings, and however imperfectly I may have performed my part, I have not lived entirely in vain.

With great respect, your obliged and humble servant, WASHINGTON IRVING.

"When this club held its anniversary gatherings," says Mr. McCormick, "which were public, and occasions of peculiar interest to its members and their friends, an invitation to Mr. Irving to attend was always sent, and always promptly and courteously accepted; but the modest author never managed to get to the city!"

A breakfast with the delightful *prima donna* Sontag, whose early appearance he had witnessed at Prague some thirty years before, is thus alluded to in the following letter: —

[*To Miss Mary M. Hamilton.*]

SUNNYSIDE, September 20, 1852.

MY DEAR MISS HAMILTON: —

When I engaged to join your party on the 28th, I was not aware that the following day was the last Wednesday in the month, when I have to attend the stated meetings of the executors of the Astor estate, and the trustees of the Astor Library. I

cannot be absent on this occasion, as it is the last meeting of the Library board previous to Mr. Cogswell's departure for Europe. Should you set off on Tuesday, I can join your party at any designated place on Thursday.

I set off this morning for Mr. Kemble's, in the Highlands, to be absent until the last of the week.

How the breakfast went off at Mr. King's, at Highwood; and how the Sontag looked, and moved, and conducted herself; and how I admired, but did not talk with her; and how I returned to town with the S——s, in their carriage; and how I went with Mrs. S—— to Niblo's theatre; and how Mr. S—— was to join us there, and how he did not join us there, but left me to be her cavalier for the whole evening and how I wondered that he should trust such a charming wife with such a gay young fellow: all this, and more also, I will recount unto you when next we meet. Until then, farewell.

Yours truly, WASHINGTON IRVING.

November 10th, 1852, he writes to Mrs. Storrow: —

George Sumner has been twice up here: once on a visit to us, and another time at the H——s. He was, as usual, full of floating history about the men and the events of the day; having mingled in the most striking scenes and among the most striking people of the countries in which he has travelled and sojourned. I really was heartily glad to meet him again, for he is altogether one of the most curiously instructed American travellers that I have ever met with. Mr. Mitchell (Ike Marvel, author of "Reveries of a Bachelor," "Dream Life," etc.) came up from town, and passed a day with us while

Sumner was making his visit. . . . . I have taken a great liking to him, both as an author and a man.

I close the year with the following letter to his publisher, who had sent him, the day before Christmas, a parcel of books for the acceptance of "the young ladies," with the remark that it would require a good many more if he were to *begin* even to suggest the obligations which had been incurred by the honorable and pleasant privilege of being associated with his name even in his "humble capacity."

[*To George P. Putnam, Esq.*]

SUNNYSIDE, December 27, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR: —

Your parcel of books reached me on Christmas morning. Your letter, not being addressed to Dearman, went to Tarrytown, and did not come to hand until to-day.

My nieces join with me in thanking you for the beautiful books you have sent us, and you and Mrs. Putnam for your wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

For my own especial part, let me say how sensibly I appreciate the kind tone and expressions of your letter; but as to your talk of obligations to me, I am conscious of none that have not been fully counterbalanced on your part; and I take pleasure in expressing the great satisfaction I have derived, throughout all our intercourse, from your amiable, obliging, and honorable conduct. Indeed, I never had dealings with any man, whether in the way of business or friendship, more perfectly free from any alloy.

That those dealings have been profitable, is mainly owing to your own sagacity and enterprise. You had confidence in the continued vitality of my writings. . . . . You called them again into active existence, and gave them a circulation that I believe has surprised even yourself. In rejoicing at their success, my satisfaction is doubly enhanced by the idea that you share in the benefits derived from it.

Wishing you that continued prosperity in business which your upright, enterprising, tasteful, and liberal mode of conducting it merits, and is calculated to insure; and again invoking on you and yours a happy New Year,

I remain, very truly and heartily, yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER XVI.

At New York, on his Way to Baltimore. — Letter from Baltimore. — Meets Thackeray in the Cars. — Hospitable Reception at Baltimore. — Departure for Washington. — Letters from Washington. — At Work among the Archives of the State Department. — A Miniature Anchor presented to him. — Its History. — Table-tipping. — Reminiscences of the Family of the Empress of France. — Letter to Mrs. Kennedy, after his Return to Sunnyside.

IN the course of the preceding year, Mr. Irving had promised his friend Kennedy, the Secretary of the Navy, to pay him a visit at Washington; and "having occasion to rummage the public archives for historical information," he sets out on his journey in the beginning of January.

January 13th, he writes from New York on his way: "The day of my arrival in town I tried to get a ticket to hear Sontag, but, finding there was trickery in disposing of seats, I went off in a huff to the other house, and saw Alboni in the 'Somnambula,' which she performed to admiration."

On another evening before his start, "feeling in want of city amusement," he writes, "I went to Wallack's, and saw the old play of the 'Road to Ruin,' played in excellent style." He also went to a ball, where, though after the opera, he found

himself "among the early ones." "I think it," he writes to an unmarried niece, "one of the pleasantest balls I have been at for a long time, inasmuch as I sat all the evening on a sofa beside N——, in the front room up-stairs, where they received their guests, so as to leave the rooms down-stairs free for the dancers. In this way I saw a great part of the company in the course of the evening, without fatigue, and without going into the ball-rooms to be crowded and cramped, and kicked into a corner. Besides," he adds with a touch of fun, "the dances that are the fashion put me out of countenance, and are not such as a gentleman of my years ought to witness."

On the 17th, he had reached Baltimore, as will appear by the following letter: —

[*To Miss Catherine Irving, Sunnyside.*]

Baltimore, January 17, 1853.

My dear Kate: —

In a letter to Sarah, I gave an account of my whereabouts and whatabouts while in New York, last week, where I was detained beyond my intended time by a snow-storm. I was rather in a humdrum mood during my sojourn; and, although I had big dinners, gay balls, Italian operas, and Banvard's Diorama to entertain me, I would willingly have stolen back to "my native plains," and given up the "gay world," and all terrestrial joys. The last evening of my detention, however, the weather and my dull humor cleared up; the latter, doubtless, under the influence of Sontag's charms, who, in the "Daughter of the Regiment," looked, played, and sang divinely.

The next morning proving bright and fair, I broke

up my encampment, and got down to the foot of Cortlandt Street, in time for the ferry-boat which took over passengers for the express train. I looked forward to a dull, wintry journey, and laid in a stock of newspapers to while away time; but, in the gentlemen's cabin of the ferry-boat, whom should I see but Thackeray. We greeted each other cordially. He was on his way to Philadelphia, to deliver a course of lectures. We took seats beside each other in the cars, and the morning passed off delightfully. He seems still to enjoy his visit to the United States exceedingly, and enters into our social life with great relish. He had made a pleasant visit to Boston; seen much of Prescott (whom he speaks highly of), Ticknor, Longfellow, etc. Said the Bostonians had published a *smashing* criticism on him; which, however, does not seem to have ruffled his temper, as I understand he cut it out of the newspaper, and inclosed it in a letter to a female friend in New York. . . . . I arrived, after dark, at Baltimore.

I had to inquire my way to Mr. Kennedy's, or rather Mr. Gray's, as Mr. K. shares the house of his father-in-law, in Baltimore. The door was opened by Mr. Gray's old factotum and *valley-de-sham* Phil, an old negro who formed a great friendship with me at Saratoga last summer, and, I am told, rather values himself on our intimacy. The moment he recognized me, he seized me by the hand with such exclamations of joy, that he brought out old Mr. Gray, and then Miss Gray, into the hall; and then a scene took place worthy of forming a companion piece to the return of the prodigal son. In a moment I felt myself in my paternal home, and have ever since been a favored child of the house. To be sure, there was no fatted calf killed; but there was

a glorious tea-table spread, with broiled oysters and other substantial accessories worthy of a traveller's appetite.

Here, then, I am delightfully fixed, in this most hospitable, spacious, comfortable mansion, with Kennedy's library and study at my command, where I am scribbling this letter, and with my friend Phil ever at hand to take care of me, and attend to all my wants and wishes.

On the morrow he writes: —

This day we have a family gathering at Mr. Gray's, at dinner, and music in the evening, the old gentleman being a great amateur. To-morrow morning I take my departure in the nine-o'clock train for Washington, where the cars take me in less than two hours. I shall leave Baltimore with regret, for they have made me completely at home here, and I have passed my time very much to my taste; having a capital library to retire to when I wish to be alone, or to exercise my pen, and my old friend Phil to hover about me like a guardian spirit — though rather a black one.

Mr. Gray is a capital specimen of the old Irish gentleman —warm-hearted, benevolent, well informed, and, like myself, very fond of music and pretty faces, so that our humors jump together completely. I believe it was our sympathies in these two last matters which linked us together so cordially last summer, and made him exact a promise from me to visit him this winter.

From Washington, he writes to Sarah Irving, at Sunnyside: —

I am most comfortably fixed at Mr. Kennedy's, with a capital room, and everything snug about me

for writing or reading or lounging. Mrs. K. received me in her own frank, kind manner. She could not treat me better *even if she were a niece.* I understand my friend Major Jack Downing is in Washington with his family; also A——— H———, who is here pleading a cause before the Supreme Court. I found my darling little friend, Mrs. S———, on a morning visit to Mrs. K., on my arrival, so that I see I shall meet with lots of agreeable company. I wish, however, to keep out of the whirl as long as I can, that I may get among the archives of the State Department, before I am carried off my feet by engagements. On Friday evening is the President's *levee*, which I shall attend, and then I shall be launched.

And launched he was, if not immersed, as we shall see by the letters which follow: —

[*To Miss Catherine Irving, Sunnyside.*]

WASHINGTON, January 23, 1853.

MY DEAR KATE: —

I am in the midst of terrible dissipation, and in great danger of being carried away by it, in spite of all my efforts at sober life. I have three young belles in the house with me, on a visit to Mrs. K. They are very pretty, very amiable, very ladylike, and one of them very musical; and I could make myself very happy at home with them, if Tom, Dick, and Harry out of doors would leave me alone; but I am assailed with invitations of all kinds, which I find it impossible entirely to fight off.

Yesterday I made a delightful excursion, with some of our household and some of the young folks of the President's family, down the Potomac, in a steamer, to Mount Vernon. We began by a very

pleasant breakfast at the President's, where we met Mr. Augustine Washington, the proprietor of Mount Vernon, who accompanied us on the excursion. The day was superb. It was like one of those Indian summer days we had just before I left home. On board the steamer we were joined by Mrs. D——— and two very agreeable ladies from Boston. Everything conspired to render our visit to Mount Vernon a very interesting and delightful one; and we returned in the steamer by four o'clock in the afternoon.

In the evening I was at the President's *levee*. It was very crowded. I met with many interesting people there, and saw many beauties from all parts of the Union; but I had no chance of enjoying conversation with any of them, for in a little while the same scene began that took place here eleven years ago, on my last visit. I had to shake hands with man, woman, and child, who beset me on all sides, until I felt as if it was becoming rather absurd, and struggled out of the throng. From the *levee* I was whirled away to a ball, where I found my friend Madame Calderon, the Spanish Minister's lady, and was getting a world of chat about Madrid and our acquaintances there, when the system of hand-shaking began again, and I retreated, and came home.

It is certainly very gratifying to meet with such testimonials of esteem and cordial goodwill, but, at the same time, it is extremely embarrassing. . . . .

This morning I have taken my seat as an honorary member at a meeting of the Smithsonian Institute. It is a noble institution, and is beginning to make itself known throughout the world. The edifice is a very imposing one, of brown stone, in the Norman style of architecture, built by Renwick; the interior, excepting part of the wings, yet unfinished. . . . .

I have been much pleased with what I have seen of the President and his family, and have been most kindly received by them. Indeed, I should have a heart like a pebble stone, if I was insensible to the very cordial treatment I experience wherever I go. The only fault I find is, that I am likely to be killed by kindness.

With my best love to all at my dear little home,

Your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

January 27th, he writes to his niece Sarah: —

Yesterday I was rather good for nothing, having passed a somewhat sleepless night. Still I worked all the morning in the archives of state, and had to play my part at a large dinner party at home. . . . I cannot keep my spirits up to these continual claims upon them. . . . . Playing the lion has killed me. I should like to repose for a few days in my den at Sunnyside.

Washington, February 4th, he writes to his nieces at Sunnyside: —

MY DEAR GIRLS: —

I am in debt for several letters from home, so this must do for you all. I have, in fact, been so much taken up by hard work at the State Department, when I can manage to get there, and by the incessant demands of society in all kinds of shapes, that I have neither leisure nor mood to write. I have at times been nearly done up, and would have broken away and hurried home, but for the mine I have to dig at in the archives.

I foresee I shall be detained here some time longer, having such a world of documents to examine, and

being so often interrupted in my labors. You must not think I am staying here for pleasure's sake; for pleasure, just now, I would gladly dispense with if I could. I do manage to keep clear of most of the evening parties; but the long dinners are inevitable, and the necessity of returning visits cuts up my time deplorably.

Had I nothing to do but amuse myself, I should find Washington really delightful, for I meet pleasant and interesting people at every turn; but I have no time to follow up new acquaintances, and am only tantalized by proffered friendships which I cannot cultivate.

Mrs. Kennedy had one of her *soirées* a few evenings since, when all Washington poured in upon us. . . . . On this occasion, an officer of the navy delivered to me a small paper box containing a miniature anchor. It was made from the bolt to which Columbus was chained in the prison at St. Domingo. A purser of the navy [1] had gouged the bolt out of the wall, and sent part of it to the National Institute of this city; the other part he designed for me. The poor fellow was taken ill, and died of the yellow fever; but his sister had executed his wishes, in having a little anchor wrought out of the relic, and had forwarded it, with a letter, to me. Both the letter and the anchor have been between six and seven years in reaching me, having lain in the hands of a naval officer at Washington. I shall treasure them up in the archives of Sunnyside. . . . .

In a letter to myself, dated February 6th, 1853, he says: —

I am making a longer sojourn in Washington than I had intended, but it takes time to make the neces-

[1] Robert S. Moore, of Newbern, N. C

sary researches in the archives of state. . . . . I cannot say that I find much that is new among the manuscripts of Washington, Sparks having published the most interesting; but it is important to get facts from the fountain-head, not at second hand through his publications.

The following is in answer to a letter which contained an allusion to a party in New York, where the amusement of the evening was moving tables — a novel and mysterious experimenting, of which the whole city was just then full: —

WASHINGTON, February 10, 1853.

MY DEAR HELEN: —

. . . . I had hoped Lent, which put a stop to the balls, would likewise put a stop to the dinner parties; but the latter continue, and I stand committed for several. The last one for which I am engaged is at the President's, on Saturday week. It is to be a small social party, his huge dinners being rather unwieldy, and somewhat promiscuous. I shall accept no invitations after that, hoping then to turn my face homeward, tarrying a day or two at Baltimore on the way. . . . .

Thackeray has delivered one of his lectures here, and delivers another to-morrow evening. I attended the first, and shall attend the next. He is well received here, both in public and private, and is going the round of dinner parties, etc. I find him a very pleasant companion.

I see you are in the midst of hocus pocus with moving tables, etc. I was at a party, last evening, where the grand experiment was made on a large table, round which were seated upward of a dozen young folks of both sexes. The table was for a long

time obdurate. At length a very pretty, bright-eyed girl, who in England would have passed for a Lancashire witch, gave the word, "Tip, table!" whereupon the table gradually raised on two legs, until the surface was at an angle of forty-five degrees, and was not easily to be put down again, until she gave the word, "Down, table!" It afterward rose and sank to a tune, performed gyrations about the room, etc.; all which appeared very mysterious and diabolic. Unfortunately, two or three of us tried an after experiment, and found that we could tip table, and make it move about the room without any very apparent exertion of our hands; so we remain among the unconverted — quite behind the age.

From the close of the following letter, it would seem there had been some table-waltzing at Sunnyside: —

WASHINGTON, February 25, 1853.

MY DEAR SARAH: —

I have just received your letter, dated 24th, by which I am happy to find all is going on well at home.

I went down, yesterday, in the steamer *Vixen*, with a large party, to visit the caloric ship *Ericsson*. In our party were the two Presidents (Fillmore and Pierce), all the cabinet, and many other official characters. The *Ericsson* appeared to justify all that has been said in her praise, and promises to produce a great change in navigation.

After inspecting the machinery, and visiting all parts of the ship, which is a noble vessel, and beautifully fitted up, we partook of a plentiful collation, and returned, well pleased, to the capital.

This morning I went down to Mount Vernon, in company with Miss Mary K——. We were joined

at the steamboat by Mr. B—— and Sarah, and found Mr. Augustine Washington on board. Our visit to Mount Vernon was but for two or three hours, returning in the afternoon. I went merely for the purpose of taking one more view of the place and its vicinity, though pressed by Mr. Washington to make a longer visit.

This evening I have been at the last reception of President Fillmore. It was an immense crowd, for the public seemed eager to give him a demonstration, at parting, of their hearty good-will.

I see you are all conjuring, and setting the tables waltzing. It is really high time for me to come home. I beg you won't set the table in my study capering. If that gets bewitched, I am undone.

Three days after, he writes to Mrs. P. M. I.: —

I have been thinking of setting off homeward for the last week, yet here am I still lingering, and I begin to question whether I shall not make good your surmise, that I would stay until after the inauguration. I really am yearning for home; but my friends, the Kennedys, will not hear of my going off until they break up their camp, which will probably be at the end of the week.

I have become acquainted with the President elect. He is a quiet, gentlemanlike man in appearance and manner, and I have conceived a good-will for him, from finding, in the course of our conversation, that he has it at heart to take care of Hawthorne, who was his early fellow-student.

Hawthorne afterward received the appointment of Consul at Liverpool — a lucrative post. Mr. Irving had never met the gifted author, but was a great admirer of his powers, and considered his

novels and essays among the best productions of our literature. His letter continues: —

I have a letter from Sarah S——, giving an account of the grand spectacle of the Emperor and Empress going to Notre Dame, with all their wedding retinue. It must have been a magnificent pageant.

I believe I have told you that I knew the grandfather of the Empress — old Mr. Kirkpatrick, who had been American Consul at Malaga. I passed an evening at his house, in 1827, near Adra, on the coast of the Mediterranean. A week or two after, I was at the house of his son-in-law, the Count Téba, at Granada — a gallant, intelligent gentleman, much cut up in the wars, having lost an eye, and been maimed in a leg and hand. His wife, the daughter of Mr. Kirkpatrick, was absent, but he had a family of little girls, mere children, about him. The youngest of these must have been the present Empress. Several years afterward, when I had recently taken up my abode in Madrid, I was invited to a grand ball at the house of the Countess Montijo, one of the leaders of the *ton*. On making my bow to her, I was surprised at being received by her with the warmth and eagerness of an old friend. She claimed me as the friend of her late husband, the Count Téba (subsequently Marquis Montijo), who, she said, had often spoken of me with the greatest regard. She took me into another room, and showed me a miniature of the Count, such as I had known him, with a black patch over one eye. She subsequently introduced me to the little girls I had known at Granada — now fashionable belles at Madrid.

After this, I was frequently at her house, which was one of the gayest in the capital. The Countess and her daughters all spoke English. The eldest

daughter was married, while I was in Madrid, to the Duke of Alva and Berwick, the lineal successor to the pretender to the British crown. The other now sits on the throne of France.

Mr. Irving remained in Washington until after the inauguration of President Pierce, when he returned to Sunnyside.

The following letter to Mrs. Kennedy, at whose house he had been domesticated for nearly two months, was addressed to her a few days after his return. The "gentle Horseshoe" was a name Mr. Irving was fond of giving the late Secretary of the Navy, from the title of one of his novels, "Horseshoe Robinson."

SUNNYSIDE, March 11, 1853.

MY DEAR MRS. KENNEDY: —

I was really sad at heart at parting with you and Mary Kennedy at Washington. Indeed, had not your establishment fallen to pieces around me, I hardly know when I should have gotten away. I could almost have clung to the wreck so long as there was a three-legged stool and a horn spoon to make shift with. You see what danger there is in domesticating me. I am sadly prone to take root where I find myself happy. It was some consolation to me, in parting, that I had Mrs. H——— and the gentle Horseshoe for fellow-travellers. Without their company, I should have been completely downhearted. The former was bright, intelligent, and amiable as usual; and as to "John," you know he is a sympathizing soul. He saw I needed soothing, so he cracked some of his best jokes, and I was comforted.

I was rejoiced to find your father down-stairs, and seemingly almost, if not quite, as well as when I left

him. My reception by him and your sister made me feel that I was in another home — or rather in another part of the family circle, in which for some time past I had been flourishing so happily. . . . .

I arrived in New York too late for the Hudson River Railroad cars, so I had to remain in the city until morning. Yesterday I alighted at the station, within ten minutes' walk of home. The walk was along the railroad, in full sight of the house. I saw female forms in the porch, and I knew the spy-glass was in hand. In a moment there was a waving of handkerchiefs, and a hurrying hither and thither. Never did old bachelor come to such a loving home, so gladdened by blessed womankind. In fact, I doubt whether many married men receive such a heartfelt welcome. My friend Horseshoe, and one or two others of my acquaintance, may; but there are not many as well off in domestic life as I. However, let me be humbly thankful, and repress all vainglory.

. . . . I sallied forth to inspect my domains, welcomed home by my prime minister, Robert, and my master of the horse, Thomas, and my keeper of the poultry-yard, William. Everything was in good order; all had been faithful in the discharge of their duties. My fields had been manured, my trees trimmed, the fences repaired and painted. I really believe more had been done in my absence than would have been done had I been home. My horses were in good condition. Dandy and Billy, the coach-horses, were as sleek as seals. Gentleman Dick, my saddle-horse, showed manifest pleasure at seeing me; put his cheek against mine, laid his head on my shoulder, and would have nibbled at my ear had I permitted it. One of my Chinese geese was sitting on eggs; the rest were sailing like frigates in the

pond. with a whole fleet of white topknot ducks. The hens were vying with each other which could bring out the earliest brood of chickens. Taffy and Tony, two pet dogs of a dandy race, kept more for show than use, received me with well-bred though rather cool civility; while my little terrier slut Ginger bounded about me almost crazy with delight, having five little Gingers toddling at her heels, with which she had enriched me during my absence.

I forbear to say anything about my cows, my Durham heifer, or my pigeons, having gone as far with these rural matters as may be agreeable. Suffice it to say, everything was just as heart could wish; so, having visited every part of my empire, I settled down for the evening, in my elbow-chair, and entertained the family circle with all the wonders I had seen at Washington.

To-day I have dropped back into all my old habits. . . . . I have resumed my seat at the table in the study, where I am scribbling this letter, while an unseasonable snow-storm is prevailing out of doors.

This letter will no doubt find you once more at your happy home in Baltimore, all fussing and bustling at an end, with time to nurse yourself, and get rid of that cold which has been hanging about you for so many days.

And now let me express how much I feel obliged to you and Kennedy for drawing me forth out of my little country nest, and setting me once more in circulation. This has grown out of our fortunate meeting and sojourn together at Saratoga last summer, and I count these occurrences as among the most pleasant events of my life. They have brought me into domestic communion with yourselves, your family connections and dearest intimacies, and have

opened to me a little world of friendship and kindness, in which I have enjoyed myself with a full heart.

God bless you all, and make you as happy as you delight to make others.

Ever yours, most truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER XVII.

Letter to Mrs. Storrow. — Louis Napoleon and Eugenie Montijo. — Seventieth Birthday. — Letter to Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. — Wilkie's Sketch. — Letter to Mr. Gray. — To Mrs. Kennedy. — Second Letter to Mr. Winthrop. — Letter to Miss Mary E. Kennedy. — Leaves Sunnyside on an Excursion. — Letters during his Absence. — Letter on his Return.

THE following letter is addressed to Mrs. Storrow, at Paris: —

SUNNYSIDE, March 28, 1853.

MY DEAR SARAH: —

A letter received from you while I was at Washington, gave an account of the marriage procession of Louis Napoleon and his bride to the Church of Notre Dame, which you saw from a window near the Hôtel de Ville. One of your recent letters, I am told, speaks of your having been presented to the Empress. I shall see it when I go to town. Louis Napoleon and Eugenie Montijo, Emperor and Empress of France! — one of whom I have had a guest at my cottage on the Hudson; the other, whom, when a child, I have had on my knee at Granada! It seems to cap the climax of the strange dramas of which Paris has been the theatre during my life-time.

I have repeatedly thought that each grand *coup de theatre* would be the last that would occur in my time; but each has been succeeded by another

equally striking, and what will be the next, who can conjecture?

The last I saw of Eugenie Montijo, she was one of the reigning belles of Madrid; and she and her giddy circle had swept away my charming young friend, the beautiful and accomplished —— ——, into their career of fashionable dissipation. Now Eugenie is upon a throne, and —— a voluntary recluse in a convent of one of the most rigorous orders! Poor ——! Perhaps, however, her fate may ultimately be the happiest of the two. "The storm," with her, "is o'er, and she's at rest;" but the other is launched upon a returnless shore on a dangerous sea, infamous for its tremendous shipwrecks.

Am I to live to see the catastrophe of her career, and the end of this suddenly conjured-up empire, which seems to be of "such stuff as dreams are made of?"

I confess my personal acquaintance with the individuals who figure in this historical romance gives me uncommon interest in it; but I consider it stamped with danger and instability, and as liable to extravagant vicissitudes as one of Dumas's novels. You do right to witness the grand features of this passing pageant. You are probably reading one of the most peculiar and eventful pages of history, and may live to look back upon it as a romantic tale.

I have passed part of the winter at Washington, delightfully situated in the house of my friend Kennedy, who was Secretary of the Navy. . . . .

I was present at the going out of one Administration and the coming in of another; was acquainted with both Presidents and most of the members of both Cabinets, and witnessed the inauguration of General Pierce. It was admirable to see the quiet and courtesy with which this great transition of

power and rule from one party to another took place. I was at festive meetings where the members of the opposite parties mingled socially together, and have seen the two Presidents arm in arm, as if the sway of an immense empire was not passing from one to the other. . . . .

At the last of this week I expect some of the family up here to my birthday, the 3d of April, when I come of age — of full age — seventy years! I never could have hoped, at such an advanced period of life, to be in such full health, such activity of mind and body, and such capacity for enjoyment as I find myself at present. But I have reached the allotted limit of existence; all beyond is especial indulgence. So long as I can retain my present health and spirits, I am happy to live, for I think my life is important to the happiness of others; but as soon as my life becomes useless to others, and joyless to myself, I hope I may be relieved from the burden; and I shall lay it down with heartfelt thanks to that Almighty Power which has guided my incautious steps through so many uncertain and dangerous ways, and enabled me to close my career in serenity and peace, surrounded by my family and friends, in the little home I have formed for myself, among the scenes of my boyhood.

With affectionate remembrances to Mr. Storrow, and love to the dear little folks,

Your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The following letter also touches upon his threescore and ten. It is addressed to the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston, who had just sent him a volume of his writings, and with whom he had recently become acquainted under

Mr. Kennedy's roof, at Washington, where they sojourned togther for a week. It has allusion also to a sketch of him by Wilkie. Of this last Mr. Winthrop writes: "Do you remember my telling you that I had a sketch of you, by Wilkie, in one of his published volumes? I have found it, since my return, in a volume which I purchased in London, and which was just out when I was there, in 1847. The sketch is entitled, "Washington Irving consulting the Archives of Cordova," and is dated 25th April, 1828. It forms the frontispiece to a large volume dedicated to Lord Lansdowne. The original of the sketch of you is said to be in the possession of Sir William Knighton, Bart."

SUNNYSIDE, April 4, 1853.

MY DEAR MR. WINTHROP: —

I have deferred replying to your very kind and acceptable letter until I could acknowledge the receipt of the volume it announced. It has now come to hand, and I shall prize it, not only for its own merit, but as a memorial of the very pleasant time we passed together under the hospitable roof of Kennedy, at Washington; and I assure you I esteem it one of the most gratifying circumstances attending my delightful sojourn there, that it brought me into domestic companionship with you.

I regret to learn that you, like Kennedy, have been a sufferer in health since we parted, though I trust you are both fully recovered. You have no doubt been shocked, like myself, at the sad bereavement which has afflicted the worthy Fillmore family. I almost think poor Mrs. Fillmore must have received her death-warrant while standing by my side

on the marble terrace of the Capitol, exposed to chilly wind and snow, listening to the inaugural speech of her husband's successor. This sad event, as you perceive, has put an end to the Southern tour, which did not seem to meet your approbation, and has left Kennedy to the quiet of his home and his library, which I should think he would relish after the turmoil of Washington.

As to myself, to echo your own words, I am "safely at Sunnyside, and in the best of health." The shadows of departed years, however, are gathering over me, for yesterday I celebrated my seventieth birthday. Seventy years of age! I can scarcely realize that I have indeed arrived at the allotted verge of existence, beyond which all is special grace and indulgence. I used to think that a man, at seventy, must have survived everything worth living for; that with him the silver cord must be loosed, the wheel broken at the cistern; that all desire must fail, and the grasshopper become a burden. Yet here I find myself, unconscious of the withering influences of age, still strong and active, my sensibilities alive, and my social affections in full vigor.

> "Strange that a harp of thousand strings
> Should keep in tune so long!"

While it does keep in tune: while I have still a little music in my soul to be called out by any touch of sympathy; while I can enjoy the society of those dear to me, and contribute, as they tell me, to their enjoyment, I am content and happy to live on. But I have it ever present to my mind that the measure of my days is full and running over; and I feel ready at any moment to lay down this remnant of existence, with a thankful heart that my erratic and

precarious career has been brought to so serene a close, among the scenes of my youth, and surrounded by those I love.

The sketch of me by Wilkie, which you tell me you have in one of his published volumes, cannot be an attempt at a likeness. I recollect the composition; the scene, I think, was at Seville. I was seated in a dusky chamber at a table, looking over a folio volume which a monk who was standing by my side had just handed down to me. Wilkie thought the whole had a Rembrandt effect, which he aimed at producing; but, if I recollect right, my face could not be seen distinctly.

Farewell, my dear Mr. Winthrop, and believe me, with no common regard,

Your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*To Mr. Edward Gray.*]

SUNNYSIDE, April 24, 1853.

MY DEAR MR. GRAY; —

The hams which you have had the kindness to send me, came safe to hand. One of them was served up to-day, at dinner. All my family partook of it with uncommon relish. Never did a ham achieve such sudden popularity. In a word, it covered itself with glory! I must get your receipt for curing hams; but there must be much in the breed of the animal, as well as in the treatment and feeding. I never attempt anything but a few green hams, in which I succeed very well; but hams so rich, high-flavored, and thoroughly cured as those you have sent me, are quite beyond my art. I thank you most heartily for this specimen of what Maryland can furnish in this line. If I had the ordering of things, I should have all our pigs sent to Maryland

to be *cured*, as they send patients to southern climates.

I am happy to learn from Mrs. Kennedy that your health is restored to its usual state, and anticipate the pleasure of again meeting you in the ensuing summer. Since we parted, I have celebrated my seventieth birthday, and passed that boundary beyond which a man lives by special privilege. Your example shows me, however, that a man may live on beyond that term, and retain his sensibilities alive to everything noble, and good, and pleasurable, and beautiful, and enjoy the society of his friends, and spread happiness around him. On such conditions, old age is lovable. I shall endeavor to follow your example.

Ever affectionately, your friend,
WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*To Mrs. Kennedy.*]

SUNNYSIDE, April 24, 1853.

MY DEAR MRS. KENNEDY: —

I am truly concerned to hear that Kennedy still continues unwell. He has overtasked himself, and has led a life of too much excitement for some months past, and is now in a state of collapse. He must give his mind perfect repose for a time — do as they do with the horses, when they take off their shoes and turn them out to grass. His study is no place for him just now. I think the idea a good one to make an excursion — try change of scene and a course of agreeable society. I think Mrs. S—— a capital prescription for his present case; and the sooner you pay her your proposed visit, the better.

I should indeed like to be of your party, for I am bewitched with the South, and Virginia has always been a poetical region with me. But I begin to

doubt whether those high-seasoned regales of society that I have had of late, at Saratoga and Washington, do not unsettle me a little, and make it hard for me to content myself with the sober, every-day fare of Sunnyside. I have now to work hard to make up for past dissipation, and to earn any future holiday. . . . .

I have just been writing to your father, to thank him for the hams, which have arrived in prime order, and to give him an account of the brilliant manner in which one of them acquitted itself at dinner today. I strike my flag to him completely, and confess that, for hams, we cannot pretend to cope with old Maryland (always saving and excepting certain *green* hams peculiar to Sunnyside). It gives me sincere pleasure to learn that your father continues in his usual health. I trust that he has his musical evenings, and his pet minstrels to play and sing for him. There will never be any wrinkles in his mind as long as he can enjoy sweet music, and have youth and beauty to administer it to him.

I am writing late at night, and it is high time to go to bed. So give my kindest remembrances to your sister and your husband, and believe me ever, your affectionate friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The following letter, among other matters, contains a cordial and complimentary allusion to Sparks, the more interesting that it is entirely spontaneous, and that it expresses a mature and unbiased judgment of the manner in which the task of editing "Washington's Writings" had been executed by him: —

[*To Hon. Robert C. Winthrop.*]

SUNNYSIDE, May 23, 1853.

MY DEAR MR. WINTHROP: —

I thank you and Mr. Prescott for your kind remembrances of me. It is very gratifying to be so remembered by such men. I have heretofore consulted Frothingham's "History of the Siege of Boston," about which you speak. It merits the character you give it, as being "the best thing written about the Bunker Hill period." I am also much obliged to you for the clippings which you send me from newspapers, giving familiar anecdotes of Washington. It is surprising how few anecdotes there are of him in his familiar life; but he was essentially a public character, and so regulated in conduct by square and rule as to furnish very little of the amusing and picturesque anecdote that we find in the lives of more irregular men.

I doubt whether the world will ever get a more full and correct idea of Washington than is furnished by Sparks's collection of his letters, with the accompanying notes and illustrations, and the preliminary biography. I cannot join in the severe censures that have been passed upon Sparks for the verbal corrections and alterations he has permitted himself to make in some of Washington's letters. They have been spoken of too harshly. From the examination I have given to the correspondence of Washington, in the archives of the State Department, it appears to me that Sparks has executed his task of selection, arrangement, and copious illustration with great judgment and discrimination, and with consummate fidelity to the essential purposes of history. His intelligent and indefatigable labors in this and other fields of American history are of

national and incalculable importance. Posterity will do justice to them and him.

I am glad to learn that you are supervising a lithographic portrait of our friend Kennedy, ironing out "the wrinkles and crow's feet," and fitting it to figure to advantage in the shop windows. It will rejoice the heart of his good little wife, who thinks he has never had justice done him in that line, and was half piqued at a lithographic effigy of myself, where the painter and engraver had presented me as flourishing in "immortal youth."[1]

Such likenesses, "corrected and amended," will do well to go with the "Homes of American Authors," recently published, to give Europeans a favorable idea of literary men and literary life in this country. In commenting on that publication, a London critic observes that "the American authors seem to court the muse to some purpose." He did not know that most of them, so well housed, had courted a rich wife into the bargain.

Ever, my dear Mr. Winthrop, yours, with great regard, WASHINGTON IRVING.

On the 27th of May, Mr. Irving writes to Miss Mary E. Kennedy, a niece of Mr. John P. Kennedy, and one of his household at Washington: —

Too much occupation has produced symptoms, of late, which oblige me to suspend literary occupation, and may exile me for a time from my study.

In sober sadness, I believe it is high time I should

[1] Probably the likeness prefixed to Mr. H. T. Tuckerman's article on "Sunnyside and its Proprietor," in the *Homes of American Authors* — ED.

throw by the pen altogether; but writing has become a kind of habitude with me, and, unless I have some task on hand to occupy a great part of my time, I am at a loss what to do. After being accustomed to literary research, mere desultory reading ceases to be an occupation. There is as much difference between them, in point of interest, as between taking an airing on horseback and galloping after the hounds. It is pretty hard for an old huntsman to give up the chase.

In the following June, being "ordered to throw by his pen, and abstain from head work of all kinds for a time," he left his manuscript with me to look over, and give him my impressions of the work, and set out for Kennedy's, connecting with his journey some object of advantage in inspecting the manuscripts of Mr. Washington Lewis, which had been mentioned to him as containing letters and diaries of Washington, and a visit to some places noted in Washington's history.

From Philadelphia, where his *compagnon de voyage* from New York left him, to continue on to Washington in the night train, at ten o'clock, while he retired to his room, he writes me, June 13th, as follows: —

Inform my beloved family of my well-being, as well as of my extraordinary prudence and self-restraint in not continuing on in the night train with Mr. P———, to which I confess I felt sorely tempted. But I gain prudence with years, and, I trust, will in time be all that my friends could wish.

[*To Mrs. Pierre M. Irving.*]

Ellicott's Mills, June 15, 1853.

My dear Helen: —

I arrived at Baltimore yesterday, between one and two o'clock, after a pretty warm and dusty ride from Philadelphia. However, as I sat by a window on the shady side of the cars, I did not suffer much from the heat.

I found Kennedy on the lookout for me. He had expected me the evening before. The family were all out of town, at old Mr. Gray's country establishment, where I am now writing. We dined at Kennedy's brother Anthony's, in Baltimore, and had a very gay family dinner, after which we came out in the evening train, and had a beautiful drive along the lovely valley of the Patapsco, on the banks of which stream the country residence is situated. You may have an idea of the house from an engraving in Putnam's "Homes of American Authors."

We found the family all assembled round the tea table; and a bright, happy gathering it was, there being a matter of five young ladies, guests in the house. Among the number, I was delighted to meet with one of the three young belles with whom I was domesticated at Washington — the one who plays so admirably on the piano. There was great greeting on all sides, and most especially by my warm-hearted old friend, Mr. Gray.

The evening passed delightfully. We had music from Miss A———. We sat out in the moonlight on the piazza, and strolled along the banks of the Patapsco, after which I went to bed, had a sweet night's sleep, and dreamt I was in Mahomet's paradise. . . . .

June 22d, he writes to Miss Sarah Irving, from Cassilis, the residence of Mr. Andrew Kennedy : —

Mr. John Kennedy and myself left Ellicott's Mills yesterday (Monday) morning, in the train which passed at nine o'clock. . . . . We had an extremely hot drive of about a hundred miles, but through lovely scenery. The railroad follows up the course of the Patapsco to its head springs, and a romantic stream it is throughout. The road then crosses some fine, open, fertile country on the summit of Elk Ridge, and descends along the course of Reynolds's Creek and the Monocacy to the Potomac, all beautiful. At Harper's Ferry we changed cars, and pushed on to Charleston, where we found Mr. Andrew Kennedy waiting for us with his carriage. A drive of about a mile and a half brought us to his seat, whence this letter is dated. Here I am, in the centre of the magnificent valley of the Shenandoah, the great valley of Virginia. And a glorious valley it is — equal to the promised land for fertility, far superior to it for beauty, and inhabited by an infinitely superior people — *choice*, though not chosen. . . . To-morrow I expect to go, in company with the two Mr. Kennedys, on a visit to Mr. George Washington Lewis, who has a noble estate about twelve miles off, where we shall remain until the next day.

I have several places to visit in this vicinity, connected with the history of Washington, after which we shall push on to the mountains, where we shall find a cooler temperature. . . . .

During this absence, I was at Sunnyside, mounting guard, as he terms it, and reading over his "Life of Washington" in manuscript, then nearly

completed to the commencement of the Administration. I wrote to him that I was proceeding with the "Life of Washington" with an interest that seemed almost surprising to myself; and that I could not have believed that so much of freshness and new interest could be thrown about a subject so often gone over. The following is his reply: —

CASSILIS, June 25, 1853.

MY DEAR PIERRE: —

Your letter of the 19th, received two or three days since, has put me quite in spirits. From your opinion of my manuscripts, I begin to hope that my labor has not been thrown away. Do not make a toil of reading the manuscripts, but take it leisurely, so as to keep yourself fresh in the perusal, and to judge quietly and coolly of its merits and defects.

I have paid my visit to Mr. George Washington Lewis, to inspect the manuscripts in his possession. His seat (Audley) is about twelve or fourteen miles from this. Andrew and John Kennedy accompanied me. We went on Wednesday, and returned on Thursday. The visit was a most agreeable one. We were hospitably entertained by Mr. Lewis, who is a young man of engaging appearance and manners. . . . His mother, however, is the real custodian of the Washington relics and papers, which she laid before me with great satisfaction. I did not find much among the manuscripts requiring note. In less than an hour I had made all the memoranda necessary. . . . .

Yesterday I drove out with the Kennedys, to visit two other establishments of the Washington family in this neighborhood, the proprietors of which had called to see me during my absence at Audley.

These visits are all full of interest; but I will tell you all about them when we meet. . . . .

To-day we are to visit some other places of note in the neighborhood. On Monday, the day after to-morrow, I set off with Mr. John Kennedy and his bachelor brother, Pendleton Kennedy, for the mountains.

I must again apologize for my wretched scrawl; but it seems hard work for me to extract any ideas out of my weary brain, which is as dry as "a remainder biscuit."

I hope you will continue to mount guard at Sunnyside during my absence.

With love to all, your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The next day, in replying to a letter of Mrs. Irving giving him some account of affairs at Sunnyside, where we were sojourning, and speaking encouragingly of his manuscript "Life of Washington," he remarks: —

I never shall be able, I fear, to give it the toning up which a painter gives to his picture before finishing it. I am afraid my head will not bear much more work of the kind. It gives me hints, even when I am scrawling letters.

[*To Miss Kate Irving.*]

BERKELEY SPRINGS (BATH), July 1, 1853.

MY DEAR KATE: —

I received, yesterday, your letter of Sunday and Monday last, and rejoice to find you have all survived the late intense weather. I have been for four or five days in this watering-place, which is in a small valley among the mountains, and, as far as my ex-

perience goes, one of the hottest places in the known world. You will be surprised to learn, however, that my greatest amusement, during the heat of the day, is at the ten-pin alley, and that I am getting quite expert at bowling. The perspiration it produces is awful, and only to be allayed by the cool baths for which this place is famous.

To-morrow I trust to emerge from this oven, and to return with Mr. Andrew Kennedy to Cassilis, where I shall be once more within the reach of cooling breezes. . . . .

Tell Robert [the gardener] I charge him not to work in the sun during the hottest hours of the day, should this intense warm weather continue. He injured himself by it last summer; and I would not have anything happen to him for all the hay in the country. . . . .

Farewell. The weather is so hot that I cannot write, nor do anything else but play at bowls and fan myself.

With love to all, your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

On the 6th of July, I wrote him that I had concluded the perusal of his manuscript the day before, and that the impression I communicated in my former letter had gained strength by what I had since read. "Familiar as I am with the story," I add, "I have been equally surprised and gratified to perceive what new interest it gains in your hands. I doubt not the work will be equally entertaining to young and old."

The following is his reply: —

Ellicott's Mills, July 8, 1853.

My dear Pierre: —

I have just received your letter of the 6th, which I need not tell you has been most gratifying and inspiriting to me. I thank you for writing it; for I was looking most anxiously and dubiously for your verdict, after reading the narrative of the war, in which the interest, I feared, might suffer from diffusion, and from the difficulty of binding up a variety of enterprises and campaigns into one harmonious whole. I now feel my mind prodigiously relieved, and begin to think I have not labored in vain.

I left Bath shortly after I wrote to Kate. We had intended a tour among the Alleghanies, but the intense heat of the weather discouraged us, and we determined to postpone that part of our plan to another season.

Returning to Cassilis, we passed a few days more under the hospitable roof of Mr. Andrew Kennedy, where I saw something of a harvest home in the noble valley of the Shenandoah.

Leaving Cassilis on Wednesday morning, we arrived here before sunset. . . . .

Tell Sarah I have received her letter of the 1st July, but cannot answer it at present. To tell the truth, though my excursion has put me in capital health and spirits, I find I cannot handle the pen, even in these miserable scrawls, without feeling a sensation in the head that admonishes me to refrain. Think, then, how gratifying it must be to me to learn from your letter that I may dispense from any severe task work in completing my historical labor.

I feel that my working-days are over, and rejoice that I have arrived at a good stopping-place.

At this period, he did not think of continuing

the Life through the history of the Administration, but proposed to make the inauguration of Washington his "stopping-place." Hence his premature felicitation that he had reached the end of his "working-days." He was yet to give a great deal of handling even to the part he deemed finished; but when he returned to Sunnyside, it was with the desire and intention of preparing the Life at once for the press — an intention frustrated by the condition of his health.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Excursion to the Springs. — Niagara, etc. — Extract of Letter to Miss Mary E. Kennedy. — Ogdensburg revisited. — Letter to John P. Kennedy. — Extract of Letter to Mrs. Storrow. — His final Resting-place marked out. — Sets off on an Excursion. — Letter to Miss Sarah Irving. — The Irving House. — Travelling on his Capital. — The St. Nicholas Hotel. — Extract from Letter to Miss Catherine Irving. — Expedition to Winchester and Greenway Court. — Return to Sunnyside. — Letter to Mrs. Kennedy.

FOR some time before he went to Virginia, in June, 1853, Mr. Irving had to lay aside the pen almost entirely, "having overtasked myself," he says, "and produced a weariness of the brain that renders it an irksome effort even to scrawl an ordinary letter." On his return, though in excellent general health, he found himself still unable to resume his literary occupations, and thereupon determined to set off for Saratoga, the waters of which were of such service to him the preceding year, and might be this; "though," he says, "I believe all that I require is a good spell of *literary abstinence*."

He did not remain long at the Springs. "I feel a little fatigued with the bustle of the place," he writes, August 6th, a few days after his arrival, "and the very attentions I receive begin to be a task upon my spirits."

The following letter, written after his return home, will continue the story of his travels. His reminiscence of the Ogdensburg of his boyhood will recall a similar passage in another letter in the third chapter of the first volume.

[*To Miss Mary E. Kennedy.*]

SUNNYSIDE, September 8, 1853.

MY DEAR MISS KENNEDY: —

Indisposition has prevented me from replying earlier to your welcome letter of the 4th August, which I received about three weeks since, on my return from Saratoga. . . . .

The hot weather was as intolerable at Saratoga as I had found it at Berkeley Springs; so, after passing about ten days there, I set off on a tour with your uncle John, who wished to visit the F——s, at Buffalo. We went by the way of the lakes, and had a magnificent *sail* (if I may use the word) down Lake Champlain in a steamer to Plattsburg, whence we made a night journey by railroad to Ogdensburg. Here we passed part of a day — a very interesting one to me. Fifty years had elapsed since I had visited the place in company with a party of gentlemen proprietors, with some ladies of their families. It was then a wilderness, and we were quartered in the remains of an old French fort at the confluence of the Oswegatchie and the St. Lawrence. It was all a scene of romance to me, for I was then a mere stripling, and everything was strange, and full of poetry. The country was covered with forest; the Indians still inhabited some islands in the river, and prowled about in their canoes. There were two young ladies of the party to sympathize in my romantic feelings, and we passed some happy days

there, exploring the forests, or gliding in canoes on the rivers.

In my present visit, I found, with difficulty, the site of the old French fort, but all traces of it were gone. I looked round on the surrounding country and river. All was changed. A populous city occupied both sides of the Oswegatchie; great steamers ploughed the St. Lawrence, and the opposite Canada shore was studded with towns and villages. I sat down on the river bank, where we used to embark in our canoes, and thought on the two lovely girls who used to navigate it with me, and the joyous party who used to cheer us from the shore. All had passed away — all were dead! I was the sole survivor of that happy party; and here I had returned, after a lapse of fifty years, to sit down and meditate on the mutability of all things, and to wonder that I was still alive!

From Ogdensburg we made a voyage up the St. Lawrence, through the archipelago of the "Thousand Islands," and across Lake Ontario to Lewistown, on the Niagara River, where we took a carriage to the Falls. There we passed an insufferably hot day, and parted in the evening — your uncle to go to Buffalo, I to Cayuga Lake to visit one of my nieces; whence I went to Syracuse to visit Mrs. B——, and then hastened homeward. All this tour was made during a spell of intensely hot weather, that deranged my whole system. The consequence was, that, the day after my return home, I was taken down with a violent fever and delirium, which confined me several days to my bed. . . . .

He had hardly got rid of his fever, and was still in a state of great debility, when he addressed the following letter to the friend and

travelling companion with whom he parted at Niagara Falls : —

[*To Mr. John P. Kennedy.*]

SUNNYSIDE, August 24, 1853.

MY DEAR KENNEDY : —

After much weary travelling by land and water, by night and day, through dust and heat and "fell morass," I reached home on Wednesday last, and almost immediately broke down. Whatever it was of evil that had been lurking in my system for some time past, took vent in a spell of chills, fever, and delirium, which hung over me for several days, and has almost torn me to rags. I avail myself of a tolerably sane fragment of myself which is left, to scrawl these lines.

You will now perceive, my dear Horseshoe, that when I was a little techy under your bantering at Niagara, it was not the fault of your jokes, — which were excellent, as usual, — but because I was too miserably out of tune to be played upon, be the musician ever so skillfull.

I trust this outbreak of malady, when I get through with it, will carry off with it all the evils that have been haunting my system for some time past, and that, when next we meet, I shall relish your jokes with my usual hearty zest, even though, by singular chance, they should happen to be bad ones.

I fear, however, I shall not be strong enough to go sight-seeing with you in New York ; and, indeed, have seen so much of the Crystal Palace in my delirium, that I am afraid the very sight of it would bring on a paroxysm.

I look forward, however, to a visit from you all at my "small contentment," where, however I may be, my nieces will be happy to entertain you in their

own modest way, on our rural fare — "a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, with any pretty little tiny kickshaws," or, peradventure, with a juicy ham sent to me from the banks of the Patapsco, by a much-valued and somewhat musical friend who flourishes in that quarter. To that excellent friend, and his two inestimable daughters, give my most affectionate remembrances.

"Thine evermore," my dear Horseshoe, "while this machine is to him."

GEOFFREY.

Very soon after the date of this letter, Mr. Irving received the visit to which he was looking forward from Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, and Mr. and Miss G——, who passed the day at Sunnyside. "I do not know," he writes to Miss Kennedy, "when I enjoyed a day more thoroughly. I only wish you had been here, to make the party complete."

The following extract contains an interesting mention of the rural cemetery in which, "after life's fitful fever," he was himself to sleep. It is addressed to his niece in Paris, as he was on the point of setting off on another visit to Maryland and Virginia: —

[*To Mrs. Storrow.*]

SUNNYSIDE, September 29, 1853.

. . . . I have had one solemn and sacred duty to perform, of late; which was, to remove from New York the remains of such of the family as were interred in the vault in front of the Brick Church, in Beekman Street. That street was to be widened, and, of course, the church-yard invaded. I have al-

ways apprehended some such event, and am glad it has taken place while I am here to protect the ashes of those I loved from desecration. I accordingly purchased a piece of ground in a public cemetery established within a few years on the high ground adjacent to the old Dutch church at Beekman's mill-pond, commonly called the Sleepy Hollow Church. The cemetery, which is secured by an act of the Legislature, takes in a part of the Beekman woods, and commands one of the most beautiful views of the Hudson. The spot I have purchased is on the southern slope, just on the edge of the old churchyard, which is included in the cemetery. I have had it inclosed with an iron railing, and shall have evergreens set out around it. It is shaded by a grove of young oaks.

There I have seen the remains of the family gathered together and interred, where they cannot be again disturbed; and a vast satisfaction it was to have rescued them from that restless city, where nothing is sacred.

As I was selecting this place of sepulture, I thought of Byron's lines: —

> "Then look around,
> And choose thy ground,
> And take thy rest."

I have marked out my resting-place by my mother's side, and a space is left for me there.

This may seem to you rather a melancholy theme for letter-writing. Yet I write without melancholy, or, rather, without gloom. I feel deeply gratified at having been able to perform this duty; and I look forward with serene satisfaction to being gathered at last to a family gathering-place, where my dust may mingle with the dust of those most dear to me.

God bless you, my dear Sarah. I owe my dear little Kate a letter, but have not time at present to answer it. Give my love to her and the other young princesses, and my affectionate remembrances to Mr. Storrow.

Your affectionate uncle,
WASHINGTON IRVING.

P. S. — I set off on my expedition this afternoon, and expect to be absent nearly all October.

I give some letters written during this excursion, the first dated, as will be seen, the night of his departure, at a hotel named in his honor in New York: —

[*To Miss Sarah Irving.*]

IRVING HOUSE, Friday Evening, September 29, 1853.

MY DEAR SARAH: —

I hasten to inform you of my well-being, as I know you will be anxious. I arrived in town safe, and proceeded to the Irving House, where I asked for a room. What party had I with me? None. Had I not my lady with me? No; I was alone. I saw my chance was a bad one, and I feared to be put in a dungeon, as I was on a former occasion. I bethought myself of your advice, and, when the book was presented, wrote my name at full length — from Sunnyside. My dear Sarah, I was ushered into an apartment on the first floor (second story), furnished with rosewood, yellow damask, pier glasses, etc.; a sumptuous bedroom, with a bed large enough for an alderman and his wife; a bathroom adjoining. In a word, I am accommodated completely *en prince*. The negro waiters all call me by name, and vie with each other in waiting on me. The chambermaid

has been at uncommon pains to put my rooms in first-rate order; and, if she had been pretty, I absolutely should have kissed her; but as she was not, I shall reward her in sordid coin. Henceforth I abjure all modesty with hotel keepers, and will get as much for my name as it will fetch. Kennedy calls it travelling on one's capital.

I am at a loss where to go this evening — the Crystal Palace, Julien's, or the opera. I shall let you know, before I go to bed, my decision in the matter.

My dear Sarah, I have just returned. It is near twelve o'clock. They have made such a fire in my sitting-room, that it is roasting to sit there; and I am sleepy, so I must be brief. I determined to go to the opera; but, on the way, as it was early, I strolled into the St. Nicholas Hotel, to take a look at it. It beats everything of the hotel kind I have ever seen. I wandered up-stairs, and down-stairs, and into the ladies' saloon. Such splendor; such extent; such long corridors and vast saloons; and such crowds of well-dressed people and beautiful ladies! In the course of my rambles, I came upon Mr. Baldwin, who is boarding there. He took me all about to see the wonders of the house, and, among other places, took me into the bridal chamber, about which so much has been said. It is very magnificent, but, I am told, has never been occupied excepting by a Californian prince and his bride.

On the 17th of October, a day or two after his arrival at the residence of Mr. Andrew Kennedy, near Harper's Ferry, Mr. Irving set off with that gentleman and his brother, Mr. John P. Kennedy, for Winchester, whence they extended their excursion to Greenway Court, once the res-

idence of old Lord Fairfax, the early patron of Washington, and an occasional resort of the latter in his youthful days. In the following letter the reader is furnished with an amusing account of the expedition to these historic points: —

CASSILIS, October 21, 1853.

MY DEAR SARAH: —

The expedition to Winchester and Greenway Court, in company with Messrs. John and Andrew Kennedy, was very pleasant. We went to Winchester by railroad, and then hired a carriage and an old negro coachman to take us to Greenway Court, once the residence of old Lord Fairfax, and a resort of Washington in his younger days. We set off from Winchester in the afternoon. The distance to Greenway Court was said to be about twelve miles, but the roads so bad that it would be impossible to return to Winchester the same evening. What was to be done? Greenway Court was no longer habitable. There was no good country inn near at hand. Mr. Andrew Kennedy determined to seek quarters at the house of a Mr. Nelson, who resided about three miles from the Court, and with whom he was acquainted. We hoped to reach his house before sunset, so as to seek quarters elsewhere should we fail to find them there. We had a delightful afternoon drive, through a fine country diversified by noble forests in all the glory of their autumnal hues. I saw some of the noblest specimens of oaks I have ever seen in this country. The roads, in many places, were very bad. We travelled slowly. The sun went down in great splendor, and the landscape soon began to darken. Our black John knew nothing of the situation either of Greenway Court or of Mr. Nelson. We made inquiries along the road, but received replies which

rather perplexed us. It grew quite dark before we reached a gate, which, we were told, opened into Mr. Nelson's grounds. We drove across two or three broad fields — opened as many common country gates. Nothing had the appearance of the approach to a gentleman's seat. I began to feel dubious. It seemed very much of an intrusion for three persons to drive up to a gentleman's house after dark, and ask quarters for the night. The Kennedys laughed at my scruples. It was the custom in Virginia. Mr. Nelson would be glad to receive us. "Perhaps," said I, "he may not have room." "O, yes; he has lately enlarged his house. You will find yourself in clover." We drove on. No signs of a house. We might have mistaken the road. At length we saw a light twinkling at a distance. It appeared to be from a small house. More consultation. This might not be Mr. Nelson's; or he might not have enlarged his house. For my part, I was so fatigued, that I declared myself resigned to quarters in a barn, provided Mr. Nelson would allow me a little clean straw. The road gradually wound up to the house. As we approached, the moon, rising above a skirt of forest trees, lit up the scene, and we saw a noble mansion crowning a rising ground, with grand portico and columns, and wings surmounted with battlements. We drove up to the door. A negro boy came forth, like a dwarf from an enchanted castle. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson were both from home! What was to be done? It was too late to go wandering about the country in quest of other quarters. Would Mr. and Mrs. Nelson be home soon? O, yes; they had gone to make a visit in the neighborhood, and would be back to tea. Mr. Nelson's mother-in law was in the house; that would do. We alighted; entered a spacious hall upward of twenty feet wide, with a beauti-

ful circular staircase; thence into a noble dining-room, where the tea table was set out, but nobody present. After a time, the mother-in-law made her appearance. Mr. John Kennedy was slightly acquainted with her, and introduced us. She was very civil, and by no means disposed to set the dogs on us. I began to have hopes of something better than the barn. After a time, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson came home. They accosted us in true Virginia style. Mr. Nelson claimed some acquaintance with me. He reminded me of his having introduced himself to me three years before, at the Revere House in Boston, when I was on there with the G——s; and said he had a prior acquaintance, having been one of a committee of the students at the University of Charlottesville, who, about twenty years since, waited on me at the hotel to invite me to accept a public dinner.

In a word, we were made at once to feel ourselves at home; invited to pass several days there. Mr. Nelson would take us all about the country, and make us acquainted with all his neighbors.

We had glorious quarters that night. The next day Mr. Nelson took us to Greenway Court. Had a large party of the neighboring gentlemen to meet us at dinner; and it was with great difficulty we got away in time to return in the evening to Winchester.

So much for my expedition to Greenway Court.

To-morrow I set off, with Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, on our return to Ellicott's Mills, and in the beginning of next week shall take my departure for New York, to be at my post at the Astor Library on Wednesday.

The following is an extract from a letter to Mrs. Kennedy, written after his return home: —

How comes on the "house that Jack built" — or

is to build? I envy Kennedy the job of building that tower, if he has half the relish that I have for castle-building — air castles, or any other. I should like nothing better than to have plenty of money to squander on stone and mortar, and to build chateaux along the beautiful Patapsco with the noble stone which abounds there; but I would first blow up all the cotton mills (your father's among the number), and make picturesque ruins of them; and I would utterly destroy the railroad; and all the cotton lords should live in baronial castles on the cliffs, and the cotton-spinners should be virtuous peasantry of both sexes, in silk skirts and small-clothes, and straw hats, with long ribbons, and should do nothing but sing songs and choruses, and dance on the margin of the river.

Of late, I have gratified my building propensity in a small way, by putting up a cottage for my gardener and his handsome wife, and have indulged in other unprofitable improvements incident to a gentleman cultivator. A pretty country retreat is like a pretty wife — one is always throwing away money in decorating it. Fortunately, I have but one of those two drains to the purse, and so do not repine.

I see you are again throwing out lures to tempt me back to Baltimore, and sending me messages from M—— D—— and dear little "Lu;" and I have a letter from Mr. Andrew Kennedy, inviting me to come to Cassilis and the Shenandoah, when I am tired of the Hudson. Ah, me! I am but mortal man, and but too easily tempted; and I begin to think you have been giving me love powders among you — I feel such a hankering toward the South. But be firm, my heart! I have four blessed nieces at home hanging about my neck, and several others visiting me, and holding me by the skirts. How can I tear myself from them? Domestic affection forbids it!

CHAPTER XIX.

Extract from Letter to Mrs. Kennedy. — No Desire to travel with Political Notorieties. — Extract from Letter to Mrs. Sanders Irving. — His Old Dancing-school Days. — A Breakfast at John Duer's. — The Name of Dearman changed to Irvington. — Contributions to the "Knickerbocker Gallery." — To Mrs. Kirkland. — Letter to John P. Kennedy. — Visit to Idlewild. — The "Home Journal's" Account of Conversation about Moore. — Letters to John P. Kennedy. — Letter to Mrs. Storrow. — European Reminiscences.

THE following letter was addressed to Mrs. Kennedy, just as her husband was about to start on a Southern tour with Mr. Fillmore, the late President, which was to have taken place the previous spring, but was prevented by the death of Mrs. Fillmore. Mr. Kennedy had intimated a wish that Mr. Irving should accompany them; "but I have no inclination," he writes, "to travel with political notorieties, to be smothered by the clouds of party dust whirled up by their chariot wheels, and beset by the speech-makers and little great men and bores of every community who might consider Mr. Fillmore a candidate for another presidential term." "Douce Davie," mentioned in the letter, was the name of a horse his correspondent used to ride, and which he had often mounted at Ellicott's Mills.

Sunnyside, February 21, 1854.

My dear Mrs. Kennedy: —

. . . . I met Mr. Meredith in town on Saturday last, and he told me that Kennedy had been unwell. If it is that affection of the head of which he complained last year, tell him I have found, in my own case, great relief from homœopathy, to which I had recourse almost accidentally, for I am rather slow at adopting new theories. I can now apply myself to literary occupation day after day for several hours at a time, without any recurrence of the symptoms that troubled me. In fact, my head seems to be as hard as ever it was — though perhaps somewhat heavier.

You tell me Kennedy is about to set off with Mr. Fillmore on his Southern tour, and would like to have me for a companion. Heaven preserve me from any tour of the kind! To have to cope at every turn with the host of bores of all kinds that beset the paths of political notorieties! To have to listen to the speeches that would be made, at dinners and other occasions, to Mr. Fillmore and himself; and to the speeches that Mr. Fillmore and he would make in return! Has he not found out, by this time, how very borable I am? Has he not seen me skulk from bar-rooms, and other gathering-places, where he was making political capital among the million? Has he forgotten how, last summer, a crew of blatant firemen, whose brass trumpets gave him so much delight, absolutely drove me into the wilderness? No, no. I am ready at any time to clatter off on Douce Davie into the woods, with the gentle Horseshoe, or to scale the Alleghanies with him (barring watering-places); but as to a political tour, I would as lief go campaigning with Hudibras or Don Quixote.

You ask me how I have passed my time this winter. Very much at home — dropping into town occasionally to pass a few hours at the Astor Library, but returning home in the evening. I have been but once or twice at the opera, and to none of Julien's concerts. Still my time has passed pleasantly in constant occupation; though I begin to think that I often toil to very little purpose, excepting to keep off *ennui*, and give a zest to relaxation. . . . .

The letter which follows, was written on his seventy-first birthday, to the wife of a nephew rather delicate in health, and a great favorite, who had been for some time housed at Sunnyside, and was now "roughing it about the world." It was in reply to a letter from Montgomery, Ala., in which she gave an account of her pilgrimages: —

[*To Mrs. Sanders Irving.*]

SUNNYSIDE, April 3, 1854.

MY DEAR JULIA: —

Sarah has engaged that I shall write a postscript to her letter; but I am in a sad state of incompetency to do it. My faculties seem benumbed, probably from the long spell of dismal, wintry weather we have *enjoyed* for the last fortnight. It is quite tantalizing to read your account of your roses and rhododendrons, and the budding and blossoming of spring in the "sweet south country" through which you have been pilgrimaging. I should have liked to be with you in your voyage up the Tennessee. I begin to long for a wild, unhackneyed river, unimproved by cultivation, and unburdened by commerce.

To-day is my seventy-first birthday, and opens with a serene, sunny, beautiful morning. . . .

I have wished a thousand times, my dear Julia, since your departure, that you were with me, making your home under my roof, as you do in my heart; and I never wished it more strongly than at this moment. I feel very much this long separation, and grieve that it is likely to be so much prolonged, and that you are moving to farther and farther distances from me. I wish S——— could have some employment near at hand, so that you could take up your abode with me entirely.

In a letter to Mrs. Irving, then on a visit with me to North Carolina, dated April 6th, after giving some account of his dissipations during a week's sojourn in town, he writes: —

Another of my dissipations was an evening at the dancing-school, where I was very much pleased and amused. I met your friend Mrs. M—— there, whom I found very agreeable, and who made me acquainted with her bright little daughter. The scene brought my old dancing-school days back again, and I felt very much like cutting a pigeon-wing, and showing the young folks how we all footed it in days of yore, about the time that David danced before the ark.

The next morning, where should I breakfast but at Judge Duer's! It was to meet Mr. Lawrence, the English portrait-painter, who has come out with letters from Thackeray, and I don't know who all, and is painting all the head people (some of whom have no heads) in town. It was a very agreeable breakfast party, three or four gentlemen besides Mr. Lawrence and myself; but what made it especially agreeable, was the presence of two of the Miss ——

——. My dear H——, I was delighted with them — so bright, so easy, so ladylike, so intelligent! H—— has one of the finest, most spiritual faces I have seen for a long time. Why, in heaven's name, have I not seen more of these women? We have very few like them in New York. However, I see you are beginning to laugh, so I will say no more on the subject.

In April, he receives a note from a neighbor, informing him that the Postmaster-General "acceded to the wishes of all the inhabitants of Dearman, save himself, to have the name of Dearman changed to Irvington." Dearman was the original name of the village and railroad station a few hundred yards south of Sunnyside. It was known thereafter as Irvington.

May 30th, he is "on a two days' visit at the old bachelor nest of his friend Mr. Gouverneur Kemble, in the very heart of the Highlands, with magnificent scenery all around him; mountains clothed with forests to their very summit, and the noble Hudson moving along quietly and majestically at their feet."

June 16th, Mr. Hueston writes him for a contribution to the "Knickerbocker Gallery," a complimentary tribute to Louis Gaylord Clark, for twenty years editor of the "Knickerbocker Magazine," and trusts he will be able to furnish it by the 1st of July. On the 21st of the same month, Mrs. C. M. Kirkland throws herself on his gallantry for a ten-line scrap — the sweeping of his portfolio — that might be read aloud at a literary and musical festival that had been devised

at Milwaukie, as a means to raise three hundred dollars toward an institution for the education of young women at the West. After being read aloud, the article was to be sold to the highest bidder. Both requests were complied with, and articles sent.

June 29th, he writes to Kennedy, with "a head confused and almost stupefied with catarrh;" that this had "been rather an unfortunate season with him, having had two returns of his old complaint, chills and fever; the last just as he was on the way to attend a wedding of a grandniece, at which all the ten tribes of the family were assembled."

In the following letter we have an account, among other things, of a visit to Idlewild, the home of N. P. Willis: —

[*To Mr. J. P. Kennedy.*]

SUNNYSIDE, August 31, 1854.

MY DEAR KENNEDY: —

Wherever this letter finds you, whether in your tower on the banks of the Patapsco, at your brother's in the Shenandoah Valley, or with that rare old cavalier, your uncle Pendleton, in his favorite resort, the cool hollow of Berkeley Springs, may it find you in the enjoyment of good health and good spirits. . . . .

I am concerned to learn that Mr. Gray's health has been feeble of late, and that he has had days of suffering and "nights of prolonged nervous distress." Your account of his firm presentiment that he was to close his earthly career on his birthday, the 16th of last July, of his business arrangements for the

event, and the calm serenity with which he awaited it, is really touching and beautiful. It only proved how truly worthy he is of length of days; for none is so fitted to live as he who is well prepared to die. God send him many more years, with a body as free from pain as his mind is from evil or his heart from unkindness. He has everything that should accompany old age, —

"As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends;"

and he is an instance how lovable old age may render itself.

I lately made a day's excursion up the Hudson, in company with Mr. and Mrs. M——— G——— and two or three others, to visit Willis in his poetical retreat of Idlewild. It is really a beautiful place, the site well chosen, commanding noble and romantic scenery; the house commodious and picturesque, and furnished with much taste. In a word, it is just such a retreat as a poet would desire. I never saw Willis to such advantage as on this occasion. . . . . Willis talks and writes much about his ill health, and is really troubled with an ugly cough; but I do not think his lungs are seriously affected, and I think it likely he will be like a cracked pitcher, which lasts the longer for having a flaw in it, being so much the more taken care of. . . . .

I have been passing the summer entirely at home, determined not to travel any more in hot weather. I have had no return of the chills and fever, that paid me a slight visit early in June, and am now in fair health for such a green old gentleman. I wish I had Douce Davie here to mount occasionally, for Gentleman Dick is in such disgrace that my womankind will not hear to my mounting him any more. The last time I did so, he took a start from hearing

a young horse in a pasture galloping alongside of the fence, and, fancying it to be a challenge to a race, set off *ventre a terre*, and gave me a run of nearly three miles before I could bring him to a stop. Fortunately, I had a fair road; everybody and everything turned aside, and made way for me; and Dick showed such speed and bottom, that I am thinking of entering him for the cup at the next races.

God bless you, my dear Kennedy.

Yours very faithfully,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

It was nine months before he again mounted the back of Gentleman Dick; and the equestrian mischance that then befell him, will be told in its place. I introduce now Mr. Willis's account of a conversation with him about Moore the poet, which took place on his late visit to Idlewild: —

"We chanced to be present, the other day, when Washington Irving took up the defense of the memory of Tom Moore. So noteworthy an outpouring, as it was, of a generous and genial nature — properly eloquent in defense of the friend with whom he had exchanged cordialities, and over whose grave he would not, therefore, see an ill weed grow unplucked — we wished, at the time, that the summer wind would play reporter, and tell the whole world of it. The subject was started by Irving's being rallied on having been such a Brummel, while in London, as to have served Moore for a model in dress; as appeared by a passage in one of his letters, giving directions to his publisher to look up Irving's tailor to make him a coat.

"Ah," said Geoffrey, with one of his genial light-

ings-up of the face still handsome, "that was owing to the mere chance of Moore's having been with me, one morning, when I went into Nugee's. And I have often thought of it since, by the way, as a curious instance of the bringing together of opposite classes in England. We were strolling down St. James Street, and Moore just stepped in with me while I ordered a coat. Seeing that Nugee did not know him, I stepped between the two, and said, 'Really, gentlemen, two such very distinguished men ought to know each other! Mr. Nugee, this is Mr. Thomas Moore; Mr. Moore, Mr. Nugee!' Upon which, Nugee, who was worth one hundred and fifty thousand pounds at least, came forward, bowing almost to the ground in his excessive humility, and could not find words enough to express his sense of the honor of such an introduction.[1] He was delighted with it, too, and thanked me warmly for it afterward. 'Good creature!' he said of Moore; 'good creature!'—using the phrase very popular in London, at that time, to express great admiration. Yes," continued Irving, musingly, "there was that tailor, worth a magnificent fortune, and he would come to your lodgings with the coat he had made, to try it on! I remember his flattering way of looking at me, and expressing his interest when I called upon him, on my return from the Continent, to order something. 'Not looking quite so well, my dear sir; not quite so well! Take care of yourself, dear

[1] In Moore's Diary occurs the following passage: "Nugee called with the first *sketch* of my coat, to try it on. Said he would dress me better than ever I was dressed in my life. 'There's not much of you, sir,' he said, 'and therefore my object must be to make the most I can of you.' Quite a jewel of a man, this Nugee. Have gone to him in consequence of my former tailor being bankrupt."

Mr. Irving; pray, take care of yourself! We can't spare you yet.'

"But they do Moore the greatest injustice in denying him a sincere affection for his wife. He really loved her, and was proud of her. I *know* it," continued Irving, very emphatically. "When we were in Paris together, I used to go out and breakfast with him; and most delightful those breakfasts were. And I remember being with Moore when his friends Lord and Lady Holland had just arrived; and Lady Holland told Tom *they* were coming out the next day to breakfast, and *she* wished particularly to see little Bessy. 'They shall have the breakfast,' said his wife, when he told her, 'but they *won't see little Bessy!*' She said it very archly, but with the positiveness of an habitual independence, for she *would* not be patronized by great folks! Moore admired this, though he used to say it was quite beyond what he was capable of himself. But she *did* yield to him occasionally, and go out with him to parties — once particularly exciting her husband's greatest admiration by the way her quiet and self-possessed manner completely baffled the condescension of Lady L———. Her ladyship had intended to be excessively cordial; but the simple way in which 'little Bessy' took it as a matter of course, turned the balance of dignity altogether. Moore spoke of it delightedly afterward. O, they have cruelly misrepresented that man! He was an honorable, high-minded fellow, and, in some trying money matters particularly, he showed the greatest disinterestedness and liberality. He has been shamefully wronged since his death."

Thus vindicatorily of his friend spoke the just and kind Geoffrey Crayon a day or two since; and we are glad to record it while the dark wing of the poet's renown is uppermost. For, says Milton,—

"Fame has two wings — one black, the other white ;
She waves them both in her unequal flight."

To Mrs. Kennedy he writes from Sunnyside, August 31st: —

. . . . You asked me whether the homœopathics still keep me quite well. I really begin to have great faith in them. The complaint of the head especially, which troubled me last year, and obliged me to throw by my pen, has been completely vanquished by them, so that I have fagged with it as closely as ever. . . . .

[*To John P. Kennedy.*]

SUNNYSIDE, October 5, 1854.

MY DEAR KENNEDY : —

Your letter has remained too long unanswered ; but I find it impossible to be regular and prompt in correspondence, though with the best intentions and constant efforts to that effect. I condole with you sincerely on the loss of your mother, for, from my own experience, it is one of the losses which sink deepest in the heart. It is upward of thirty years since I lost mine, then at an advanced age : yet I dream of her to this day, and wake up with tears on my cheeks. I think the advanced age at which she died endears her memory to me, and gives more tenderness and sadness to the recollection of her. Yet, after all, a calm and painless death, closing a long and well-spent life, is not a thing in itself to be lamented ; and, from your own account, your mother's life was happy to the end ; for she was, you say, " well conditioned in mind and body," and one of her last employments was to perform for her grandchildren on the piano.

. . . . What a blessing it is to have this

feeling for music, which attended your mother to the last! It is indeed a sweetener of life, and a fountain of youth for old age to bathe in and refresh itself.

[*To Mr. J. P. Kennedy.*]

SUNNYSIDE, November 22, 1854.

MY DEAR KENNEDY: —

Your last letter was in cheerful contrast to those which preceded it. I had heard, in a circuitous way, of Mrs. Kennedy's illness, and was about to write to you on the subject, when I received from you the intelligence that she had routed the enemy; was "gathering strength with her accustomed energy of action;" walked, rode, and ate with a determination to be as well as ever; and that you hoped she would even be better than ever. I rejoice in your bulletin, and trust that she and her allies, the doctor and quinine, will be more prompt and complete in their triumph than the allied powers in the Crimea, with whom you have compared them.

I am glad to find, also, that Mr. Gray continues to falsify his predictions, and to grow fat and hearty in spite of himself. I trust Nature will continue to make him a false prophet in this respect; she is very apt to surprise valetudinarians with a latent fund of longevity of which they had no conception. I think, if he were to take a jaunt to New York, and hear Grisi and Mario through their principal characters, it would be like a dip in the fountain of youth to him.

I have had some delicious treats since their arrival in New York. I think Grisi's singing and acting would be just to Mr. Gray's taste. There is a freshness and beauty about her, in voice and person, that seem to bid defiance to time. I wish Mr. Gray could see her in "Semiramide," and in "Rosina" ("Barber of Seville"), which exhibits her powers in

the grand and the comic. I had always seen her in the former, and considered her a magnificent being. It was only lately, on my last visit to town, that I saw her in comedy, when she played "Rosina" twice, and surprised me by the truthfulness with which she could assume the girl, and the unforced whim and humor with which she could illustrate all her caprices. But, to perceive her thorough excellence in this part, one must be able to discern every play of her countenance, and especially of her eye. Her acting, like all great achievements of art, is worthy of especial examination. It is a perfect study. Like all great achievements of art, it is delightful from its simplicity.

The "Semiramide" and the "Barber of Seville," as now performed in New York, are worthy of a winter's journey from Baltimore.

Just before I left town, there was a semi-centennial anniversary of the New York Historical Society. Indeed, I stayed in town to be present at it; but, when the time arrived, my incorrigible propensity to flinch from all public ceremonials and festivals came over me. I mingled in the crowd, and heard Bancroft's erudite address from the "auditorium," but kept clear of the banquet which took place afterwards. Among the dignitaries and invited guests on the stage, I saw our friend Winthrop, who, I find by the papers, made an eloquent speech at the banquet. This I regret not to have heard. I have never heard him speak in public, but have heard much of his talent for public speaking; and I think, from what I have seen of him, he would be apt to acquit himself well and gracefully. . . . .

With affectionate remembrances to Mr. G——, Miss G——, and your (much) better half,

Yours, my dear Kennedy, very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*To Mrs. Storrow, at Paris.*]

SUNNYSIDE, November 23, 1854.

MY DEAR SARAH: —

Your last letter has taken me over many scenes of former travel, and brought up delightful recollections. Switzerland, the Rhine, and the southern parts of Germany bordering on the Tyrol, with the quaint old towns and cities, Baden-Baden, Strasburg, Ulm, Augsburg, Salzburg, etc., etc. Did you, when at Baden-Baden, visit those awful chambers, or dungeons, under the old castle, one of the seats of the "Vehm Gericht," or Secret Tribunal — that mysterious and tremendous association that once held such sway over Germany? I do not know whether they are generally shown to strangers; but, having read a great deal on the subject of that secret institution, I sought them out, and visited them with thrilling interest. You say you found my name written in the visitors' book at Augsburg, *thirty-two* years since. Had there been a visitors' book at Zurich of sufficiently ancient date, you might have met my name written there *forty-nine* years since, as I made a visit to it in 1805, in the course of my first European tour; and well do I recollect how much I was charmed with it, and how willingly I would have lingered there.

You do not say whether, when at Salzburg, you visited the famous salt mine, and made a subterranean excursion. I presume you did not, as you would have found it rather "awsome," as the Scotch say, though I was very much interested by it. Salzburg and its vicinity struck me as a very region for legendary romance. I presume you recollect the Untersburg, or Wanderburg, a few miles from Salzburg; within which, according to popular tale, the Emperor Charles sits in state, with golden crown on his head and sceptre in his hand. In the interior of

the same mountain are palaces, and churches, and convents, and gardens, and untold treasures, guarded by dwarfs, who sometimes wander, at midnight, into Salzburg, to say their prayers in the cathedral. No doubt Kate has come across all this in the course of her German studies, and was able to put you on the track of these wonders. Before the breaking out of any war, the Emperor Charles issues out of the mountain with all his array, and marches round it with great blast and bray of trumpet, and then returns into his subterranean palace. I wish you could have seen a procession of the kind. It would have surpassed all the state of the mongrel emperors and empresses in whom you delight. . . . .

Give my love to the princesses, who, I understand, are growing in grace as in years. You are devoting yourself to their education. Do not attempt to make remarkable women of them. Let them acquire those accomplishments which enliven and sweeten home, but do not seek to fit them to shine in fashionable society. Keep them as natural, simple, and unpretending as possible; cultivate in them noble and elevated sentiments, and, above all, the feeling of veneration, so apt to be deadened, if not lost, in the gay, sensuous world by which they are surrounded. They live in the midst of *spectacle;* everything around them is addressed to the senses. The society with which they mingle is all of a transient kind — travelling Americans, restless seekers after novelty and excitement. All this you must bear in mind, and counteract as much as possible, by nurturing home feelings and affections, habits of thought and quiet devotion, and a reverence for grand, and noble, and solemn, and sacred things.

Give my kindest remembrances to your husband, and believe me, my dear Sarah, ever your affectionate uncle, WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER XX.

A New-Year Salutation. — Publication of Wolfert's Roost. — Extract from Some of the Notices. — Anecdote respecting Mountjoy. — Publication of Vol. I of the "Life of Washington." — An Equestrian Overthrow. — Letter to John P. Kennedy. — Letter from Bancroft on receipt of Vol. I. of "Life of Washington." — Determines to complete the Work. — Passage from Letter to Mrs. Storrow. — Impatient to get Vol. II. ready for the Press. — Reply to Invitation from Moses Thomas. — Letter to James K. Paulding.

THE new year finds Mr. Irving again at Cassillis, in the valley of the Shenandoah, where he had gone to attend a wedding of a niece of Mr. Kennedy. A letter to one of the inmates of his little home, dated January 1st, opens with this characteristic salutation from the country seat where the nuptials were to be celebrated: "My dear Kate, a happy New Year to you, and all the family. So there, I've caught you all."

There was generally a strife, at Sunnyside, who should be first to bid "Happy New Year."

Soon after his return, the volume entitled "Wolfert's Roost" was issued from the press. This work derives its title from what was the first name given by the author to his residence of Sunnyside — the Roost (or Rest) of Wolfert Acker, "one of the privy councillors of the re-

nowned Peter Stuyvesant," who retreated to this "quiet and sheltered nook" after the subjugation of New Amsterdam by the English. The opening piece of the volume, consisting of three chronicles, gives a humorous description of "the little old-fashioned stone mansion, all made up of gable ends, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat;" and recounts the remarkable inhabitants it has had at various periods of history; and how it came to be the keep or stronghold of Jacob Van Tassel, a valiant Dutchman, during the dark and troublous times of the Revolutionary war; and how, finally, the eventful little pile was selected for the haunt or sojourning of Diedrich Knickerbocker.

The reader, familiar with the letter to the editor of the "Knickerbocker," with which the series of articles contributed by Mr. Irving to that magazine began, will detect in these opening chronicles a striking similarity to parts of that communication, upon which these quaint and amusing legends have evidently been remodeled. The rest of the volume is but a collection of tales and sketches long before published in that periodical, with the exception of "The Creole Village," "The Widow's Ordeal," and "A Contented Man," which were given originally in annuals. The work appeared early in February, and proved, no doubt, to the majority of its readers, a new publication; to the young particularly, who could hardly have been familiar with the contents of any of the papers of which it is composed. The volume was greeted in the highest terms by the

press and the public on both sides of the Atlantic. "It would not be easy to overpraise this American miscellany," is the commencement of some favorable comments of the London "Athenæum." "There is as much elegance of diction, as graceful a description of natural scenery, as grotesque an earnestness in diablerie, and as quiet but as telling a satiric humor, as when Geoffrey Crayon first came before the English world, nearly forty years ago," says the London "Spectator." "This volume," writes a critic in the columns of the "New York Courier and Enquirer," "will be almost equally welcome to those who have and those who have not read the papers of which it is composed. . . . . It was well to collect these scattered waifs of his genius while he himself was by to superintend the labor. . . . . He has given to the world few productions more charming than 'Wolfert's Roost' and the 'Sketches in Paris in 1825.'"

The "Evening Post" cites the second paper on the "Birds of Spring" as "a special favorite." "It is the one which relates the history of the bobolink or bobo'lincoln, from his first appearance as a gay warbler in the fields of the Northern States, through his various changes; becoming a reed bird in the marshes bordering the rivers of the Middle States, and finally a rice bird at the South, where he degenerates into a fat epicure, and is shot for the table. The rest of the sketches and narratives," it adds, "have all the characteristics of Irving's graceful genius, and are worthy to be placed by the side of his 'Sketch Book,' composed long years since."

A notice in the Boston "Telegraph" says: "We think it superior to any of his previous works in one respect — that of wide range and variety. There is some one or more papers in the new volume, which bring to mind each of the author's former works. It seems as if, when he published his previous imaginative works, he had laid aside one or more papers from each of them, and that here they were. Thus there are Spanish and Moorish legends, which remind us of the 'Alhambra' and the 'Conquest of Granada;' Dutch stories, reminding one of portions of the 'Sketch Book,' 'Tales of a Traveller,' and of the 'History of New York.' It is, in fact, a volume which contains 'representative' papers of all his former works."

Of the varied effusions of this compilation, a great favorite with many was the unfinished narrative of "Mountjoy; or, Some Passages out of the Life of a Castle Builder." This first appeared in the "Knickerbocker" in 1839, but it was written in England prior to the publication of the first number of the "Sketch Book," in 1819. He read it to Leslie when the artist was in a tired mood, and, receiving from him little encouragement to proceed, threw it aside, and never touched it again. It was in vain that Leslie tried afterward to put him in heart about it. He was effectually discouraged. I have little doubt that Ogilvie was shadowed forth in this piece under the character of Glencoe, as he afterward sat to Leslie for the portrait of Don Quixote.

The publication of the first volume of the "Life of Washington" soon succeeded the appearance of "Wolfert's Roost." In regard to the size and form of this long-expected biography, it had been his intention to publish it only in the octavo form; but it was so decidedly the judgment of his publisher that the duodecimo form would be the most in demand, from being uniform with his other works, that a sort of compromise was effected, by which it was to appear in both forms together. To enforce the propriety of his views in favor of the duodecimo edition, his publisher writes him, January 11th, at Sunnyside, where he had now returned: "You are aware we printed an edition of 'Columbus' in octavo, to range with Prescott's Works; but of these we have never sold but two hundred and fifty copies; while about eleven thousand have been sold of the duodecimo."

The author, at the age of seventy-two, had just got through correcting the proofs of the first volume, when he met with his second accident from his horse Dick, to which allusion was made in a previous chapter. He had not mounted him since his former accident; but on this day, April 18th, 1855, a favorite young lady friend calling at the house on horseback, he could not resist the temptation to try him once again, and accompany her on a short ride. His "womankind," as he styled his nieces, sought to dissuade him, but he was not to be overruled. He had gone but about two hundred yards on the main road, when the animal became so restless that he was induced to turn about, and, leaving his companion at the

head of the lane, retrace his steps alone toward home, resolving within himself, as he told me, never to get astride of Master Dick again. This purpose was hardly formed, before the unquiet beast suddenly became ungovernable, and, starting off at full speed, rushed madly down the hill. His rider tried the curb in vain. He did not heed it; and, continuing his frantic pace through the cottage gate, tore his way into an evergreen that overhung the road, and stumbling, fell himself, and threw his rider with violence to the ground, about a hundred feet from his own door. Luckily, no limbs were broken, but his head received a severe bruise, and his chest was sorely wrenched by the violence of the overthrow, so that for two days he could not be moved in bed without great pain, and could not rise up or turn without assistance. This was about the eighth or ninth escape he had had from somewhat similar accidents on horseback or in carriage since he built the cottage.

His physician, Dr. John C. Peters, of New York, who was immediately sent for, on coming in, asked him how he felt. The reply was ludicrously expressive: "I feel as if an attempt had been made to force my head down into my chest, as you shut up a spy-glass." To an inquiry of one of his nieces how he felt now, after his position had been changed in bed, though he was still in great pain, "First rate," was the reply, making the motion as if touching his hat, and showing that he had in mind the answer of a poor starving soldier to Lieutenant Strain, when his party was perishing for food, and he was asked by his

officer how he was. Lieutenant Strain had shortly before been at the cottage, and told the touching anecdote. The next day he was somewhat less helpless, and, though he could not rise up or turn directly, yet, "by a good deal of circumlocution," as he oddly expressed it, he was able to move himself. His humor never seemed to desert him, even in his most painful moments.

On the third day, though still feeling "somewhat battered and bruised," he got up very unexpectedly, and dressed and shaved himself; and, a day or two after, wrote the following reply to an inquiry of Kennedy about the accident: —

SUNNYSIDE, April 23, 1855.

MY DEAR KENNEDY: —

The telegraphic report was, as usual, exaggerated. I have been thrown from my horse, but not as dangerously hurt as reported. Thanks to a hard head and strong chest, I have withstood a shock that would have *staved in* a sensitively constructed man. My head was pretty well battered, and came nigh being forced down into my chest, like the end of a telescope; and my chest is still so wrenched and sore, that I am like one suffering with the asthma. But I have left my bed, and am on my legs again. It's all the doings of that rascal, Gentleman Dick, who, knowing my fondness for him, has played me all kinds of tricks. This is the second time he has fairly run away with me, but at least the tenth time he has attempted it. The first time I kept my seat, but this time he was determined I should not; so he ran me among trees, and we both came down together. I have cut him off with a shilling.

The worst result of the accident (he writes to a niece who had expressed great concern about it from abroad) was, that I had to sell my favorite saddle-horse, Gentleman Dick, or there would have been no peace in the household, the "womenkind" were so clamorous against the poor animal. Poor Dick! His character was very much misunderstood by all but myself. He was one of the gentlest, finest-tempered animals in the world. But a scamp of a coachman had played tricks with him, and made him so timid, that he was apt to get into a panic, when suddenly he would take the bit between his teeth, and trust to his heels for safety. I am now looking out for a quiet, sober, old-gentlemanlike horse, if such a thing is to be met with in this very young country, where everything is so prone *to go ahead.*

May 20th, 1855, Mr. Irving writes to me: "I inclose a letter, just received from Murray, which I will thank you to hand to Mr. Putnam. You will see that some negligence or omission in forwarding advance sheets to London may mar my interests in that quarter. But no matter. If my work be well received by the public, I shall be content, whatever be the pecuniary profits."

The letter from Murray informed him that he had placed the advance sheets of "Washington" in the hands of Bohn, on "a promise of £50, and a hope of something more if he could keep the field to himself; but added that there was risk of perfect copies coming over from America before Bohn could complete his edition, in consequence of there being some pages missing from the proof-sheets sent over. "It is quite absurd,"

he says, "to think of sending sheets of a book otherwise than in duplicate sets."

If there were demand for a large edition, he would print one himself, in conformity with the terms of his last letter; "but," he writes, "I fear the publication in volume will be fatal to a large edition. The prospects of literature seen athwart the war are not encouraging, and I am disposed, consequently, to publish as little as possible."

This volume treats of the earlier part of Washington's career previous to the Revolution, ending with his arrival at the camp before Boston as Commander-in-chief.

Mr. Irving, as usual, had been a good deal depressed about the work, and had avoided looking over it since its publication; but the following cordial letter from Bancroft helped to put him more in conceit of it, and made him hope that the "Life of Washington" would not be the death of him, as he sometimes used to say he feared it would.

Wednesday, May 30, 1855.

DEAR IRVING: —

Your volume, of which I gained a copy last night, and this morning have received one made still more precious by your own hand, shortened my sleep last night at both ends. I was up late and early, and could not rest until I had finished the last page. Candor, good judgment that knows no bias, the felicity of selection, these are yours in common with the best historians. But, in addition, you have the peculiarity of writing from the heart, enchaining sympathy as well as commanding confidence; the happy

magic that makes scenes, events, and personal anecdotes present themselves to you at your bidding, and fall into their natural places, and take color and warmth from your own nature. The style, too, is masterly, clear, easy, and graceful; picturesque without mannerism, and ornamented without losing simplicity. Among men of letters, who do well, you must above all take the name of FELIX, which so few of the great Roman generals could claim. You do everything rightly, as if by grace; and I am in no fear of offending your modesty, for I think you were elected and foreordained to excel your contemporaries.

Ever, dear Irving, most truly yours,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

The letter of the distinguished historian was soon followed by other notices and letters, which conspired to relieve the sort of nightmare solicitude he had felt about the work, and determined him to complete it. He had before well-nigh given up the idea of carrying it any farther than the inauguration of Washington as President, the history of the Administration admitting of so little personal or picturesque detail that he feared he could give it no interest. He lost his indifference, however, about the completion of the Life, with the success of the first volume, and now determined, at whatever expense of labor, to go through with the whole.

The following close of a letter to Mrs. Storrow, dated June 27th, 1855, gives, in his own characteristic vein, a picture of a summer evening at Sunnyside: —

. . . . I am writing late at night, as I have to go to town on business in the morning. It is a beautiful moonlight night, and I have been kept up late by the young folk; having two of P. P. I——'s daughters with me — Hatty and sweet little Nelly; and they have been with the young G——s, cruising by moonlight on the Tappan Sea, in a beautiful yacht which G—— has recently bought. It puts me in mind of the water parties in former days, in the *Dream*, with the H——s, B——s, etc., when the old chorus used to be chanted: —

> "We won't go home till morning,
> Till daylight doth appear."

It is a different yacht, and a different generation that have taken up the game, and are now sailing by moonlight and singing about the Tappan Sea. So rolls the world.

In September, Mr. Irving was all impatience to get his second volume of "Washington" ready for the press. "I live only in the Revolution," said he to me. "I have no other existence now — can think of nothing else. My desire is to give everything vividly, but to avoid all melodramatic effect. I wish the incidents to be brought out strongly, and speak for themselves; but no hubbub of language, no trickery of phrase, nothing wrought up."

He had made great additions to the "Life" since I had read it before. I spoke with admiration of his narrative of the battle of Princeton. "It is very difficult," said he, "to give a clear account of a battle. Bancroft told me he was bothered about his battles, but Prescott likes them.

I study it thoroughly, to seize the strong point, then dip my brush in the paint, and color up for that."

September 27th. — I accompanied him to the complimentary festival to authors and booksellers at the Crystal Palace. A carriage was sent for him to No. 33 Lafayette Place, where he was staying. We got in, and were to call for Bishop ———, at No. — —— Street. When we got near, I asked Mr. Irving if he knew the Bishop. "No. Don't you?" "No." "Well, then, let's get out. It will be very awkward to be in the carriage with him." P——'s lad, who accompanied the carriage on the driver's seat, expostulated. "Mr. P—— had sent him expressly with the carriage. Would not like it." "But I *must* get out." "But Mr. P——" "Never mind Mr. P——. I want to have my way, not his." So down we got, and walked from Twentieth Street to the Crystal Palace, entering on Fortieth Street. Mr. Irving could not endure the thing, as he drew near, but, after he got in, spent a pleasant evening. Was especially delighted at meeting Moses Thomas, his old bookseller, now a prosperous auctioneer in Philadelphia.

October 5th. — I was reading with Mr. Irving, in his study, the proof of some of the early pages of his second volume of "Washington," which had gone to the press about a week before. He was at the same time engaged in retouching and adding to the battle of White Plains: was desirous, he said, to exhibit the Revolution in its motley character, and give the play of human nature throughout.

Some days after, I drove over to Chatterton Hill with him, to visit the battle-ground, he taking his manuscript account of it with him. While engaged in the survey, an old man, on a mealy-mouthed horse with white eyebrows, came up, and informing us that he was the owner of the property, asked if we did not wish to buy it; he was too old to take care of it. Mr. Irving told him he was too old to buy it. On our way down, met a bright-eyed lad about six or seven years of age. "Stop — stop a moment," said he; "let me see what money I have," pulling out his purse. "I must buy those eyes. My little fellow, what will you take for those eyes?" The little fellow stood aghast with amazement. "Well," said he, "here's sixpence for you, at any rate."

The anecdote is of a piece with that related by Mr. Davis of the lad at Saratoga, and, though trivial, serves to illustrate his peculiar fancy for drolling with and mystifying children.

November 13th. — I went up to the cottage, to return the next day. Found Mr. Irving correcting proof of second volume of "Washington." Very glad of my visit. Had recast and improved the chapter about Lee's tardy movements to join Washington. Spoke of the raciness of Lee's character historically. "A game flavor about it," he said. Made a less flowing narrative, by giving the extracts from letters, and dates, but gave strength and accuracy to the detail. The character of Washington grew upon him constantly. Gave me the first chapters of the third volume to read. Was determined to push on with that the moment he finished the second.

November 21*st.* — Mr. Irving had been some days in the city, preparing the last chapters of the second volume of "Washington" for the press. Was busy on the last chapter but one when I called, soon after breakfast. Had been reading, in a morning paper, a report of the address of the Rev. Dr. De Witt, the night previous, before the Historical Society, in which there was a touching allusion to his "Life of Washington," followed by loud cheers, and to himself, as "one whose modesty was only increased by the weight of public commendation." "I do not know," said he, adverting to it, "when anything has gratified me so much as this mention of me by old Dr. De Witt. I must write to him, and express to him what I feel."

I called again in the evening, and asked him if he had added to the close of the second volume, as he had thought of doing in the morning. "No; I was too weary. O! I shall be so glad to throw off the harness, and take a roll on the grass."

At the moment of completing his second volume, he received from Mr. Charles L. Brace some manuscript Hessian journals, which had been copied for the Historical Society, and which led him to recall and revise some of his proofs, and make some additions and alterations.

The following letter to his early Philadelphia publisher, Moses Thomas, was in reply to an invitation to attend a literary dinner in that city, and a request that he would make his home at his house on the occasion: —

[*To Moses Thomas.*]

SUNNYSIDE, December 15, 1855.

MY DEAR THOMAS; —

I thank you heartily for your kind and hospitable invitation to your house, which I should be glad to accept did I propose attending the Godey Complimentary Dinner; but the annoyance I suffer at dinners of the kind, in having to attempt speeches, or bear compliments in silence, has made me abjure them altogether. The Publishers' Festival, at which I had the great pleasure of meeting you, was an exception to my rule, but only made on condition that I would not be molested by extra civilities.

I regret that on that occasion we were separated from each other, and could not sit together and talk over old times. However, I trust we shall have a future opportunity of so doing. I wish, when you visit New York, you would take a run up to Sunnyside. The cars set you down within ten minutes' walk of my house, where my "womenkind" will receive you (figuratively speaking) with open arms; and my dogs will not dare to bark at you.

Yours ever, very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The following is addressed to his old friend and literary compeer, at his residence on the east bank of the Hudson, about eight miles above Poughkeepsie, where he had been living since his retirement from public life, as Secretary of the Navy, in 1841. In this picturesque seclusion, which he had left to visit the city but once since it became his abode, he resumed his literary activity; and here the veteran author, the senior of Mr. Irving by more than four and a half years,

gave to the press two novels, "The Old Continental," in 1846, and "The Puritan's Daughter," in 1850, at the ripe age of seventy-two. At the date of his application to Mr. Irving for his autograph, to be presented to a peerless beauty, he had passed his seventy-seventh year — a circumstance to be borne in mind in reading the reply: —

[*To James K. Paulding.*]

SUNNYSIDE, December 24, 1855.

MY DEAR PAULDING: —

I enclose an autograph for the "paragon of a young lady," whose beauty you extol beyond the stars. It is a good sign that your heart is yet so inflammable.

I am glad to receive such good accounts as you give of yourself and your brother, "jogging on together in good humor with each other and with the world." Happy is he who can grow smooth as an old shilling as he wears out; he has endured the rubs of life to some purpose.

You hope I am "sliding smoothly down the hill." I thank you for the hope. I am better off than most old bachelors are, or deserve to be. I have a happy home; the happier for being always well stocked with womenkind, without whom an old bachelor is a forlorn, dreary animal. My brother, the "General," is wearing out the serene evening of life with me; almost entirely deaf, but in good health and good spirits, more and more immersed in the study of newspapers (with which I keep him copiously supplied), and, through them, better acquainted with what is going on in the world than I am, who mingle with it occasionally, and have ears as well as eyes open. . . . .

I have had many vivid enjoyments in the course

of my life, yet no portion of it has been more equably and serenely happy than that which I have passed in my little nest in the country. I am just near enough to town to dip into it occasionally for a day or two, give my mind an airing, keep my notions a little up to the fashion of the times, and then return to my quiet little home with redoubled relish.

I have now my house full for the Christmas holidays, which I trust you also keep up in the good old style. Wishing a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you and yours, I remain, my dear Paulding, yours ever, very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER XXI.

Publication of Vol. II. of "Life of Washington." — Letter from Prescott. — Letter to Henry T. Tuckerman. — Letter of Charles L. Brace on Vol. II. — Letter to Bancroft. — Letter to John P. Kennedy. — Letter to Gouverneur Kemble. — Publication of Vol. III. — Mrs. Emily Fuller to Washington Irving. — Reply. — Letter from Dickens. — Letter to Mrs. Storrow.

THE second volume of the "Life of Washington," which brings the history down from the period of his taking command of the army — a year before the Declaration of Independence — to the close of the successful campaign in New Jersey in January, 1777, was issued in December, 1855.

The following letter from Prescott, who had just received a copy, will be read with interest. In the opening paragraph, the distinguished historian alludes to a complimentary letter from Mr. Irving on his "Philip the Second." Henry Brevoort, so touchingly referred to at the close, had been dead some years.

[*From W. H. Prescott.*]

BOSTON, January 3, 1856.

MY DEAR FRIEND: —

Since the publication of "Philip the Second," I may truly say nothing has given me greater pleasure than

your kind note, and the cordial manner in which you speak of my labors. Ever since I have been old enough to distinguish good from evil in literary composition, your writings have been my familiar study. And if I have done anything that deserves half the commendation you bestow on me, it is in a great measure from the study I have made of you, and two or three others of the great masters of our language. Every one who knows me, knows that this is true. You may understand, then, how well I am pleased to obtain your unsolicited approval.

I have been gladdened by the sight of the second volume of your great work, which came to us a few days since. You are a good deal quicker on the trigger than I can be. You must have had a quantity of the material already potted down for posterity. It is very tantalizing to the reader, this fashion of publishing by installments of a volume or two at a time, and people complain if they are not turned out as rapidly as romances. Macaulay used to tell the story of a young lady of his acquaintance whom he met the week after his first two volumes appeared, who said to him: "I have just finished your volumes, Mr. Macaulay, and now we are all ready for another two!"

You have done with Washington just as I thought you would, and, instead of a cold, marble statue of a demigod, you have made him a being of flesh and blood, like ourselves — one with whom we can have sympathy. The general sentiment of the country has been too decidedly expressed for you to doubt for a moment that this is the portrait of him which is to hold a permanent place in the national gallery.

What naturally was of especial interest to me in your first volume, was that *pons asinorum*, over which so many have stumbled — the battle of Bunker Hill.[1]

[1] It had been a moot point, in New England, whether Gen-

You have gone over it in a way which must satisfy the most captious critic. The silly question as to the command has been a much vexed question in New England, as you are aware. I don't know whether you ever heard of the amusing fact of three folio volumes of affidavits of *survivors* having been taken by the late William Sullivan, bearing particularly on that matter. At his death, they were presented by his brother, Richard Sullivan, to the Massachusetts Historical Society. A committee was appointed by that body to examine their contents, and to report respecting them. The report was, that the testimony was so contradictory in its nature, that it would rather perplex than enlighten the historian; and the volumes were returned to Mr. Sullivan. A good commentary this, on the value of even contemporary evidence.

But your kind note should not bring down such an avalanche on your head. Its date from Sunnyside reminds me of the pleasant day I passed in company with your early friend Brevoort, and mine of later years. It is long since I made a visit to New York; and when I have had occasion to pass a day there, the forms of those who used to greet me kindly, and who have gone forever, are sure to come up before my eye.

May you be among the number of those who are spared, and long spared, dear Mr. Irving, to delight the world by your writings, and enjoy the love and gratitude of your countrymen.

Believe me, always, very truly and affectionately, yours, WM. H. PRESCOTT.

eral Putnam or Colonel William Prescott, the grandfather of the historian, had the chief command at the battle of Bunker Hill.

The battle of Bunker Hill, of which Prescott relates his amusing anecdote, is given near the close of the first volume. The second volume carries the narrative down to the victories of Trenton and Princeton.

To a very kind letter from Mr. Tuckerman, soon after the publication of his second volume, the author sends the following reply, giving some insight into his own views and plan in the treatment of his theme: —

[*To Mr. H. T. Tuckerman.*]

SUNNYSIDE, January 8, 1856.

MY DEAR MR. TUCKERMAN: —

I thank you most heartily for your letter, which, I frankly assure you, was very seasonable and acceptable, being the first intimation I had received of the fortune of the volume I had launched upon the world. It was very considerate and obliging in you to seek to relieve me from the suspense of "waiting for a verdict;" which, with me, is apt to be a time of painful doubt and self-distrust. You have discovered what I aimed at, "the careful avoidance of rhetoric, the calm, patient, and faithful narrative of facts." My great labor has been to arrange these facts in the most lucid order, and place them in the most favorable light, without exaggeration or embellishment, trusting to their own characteristic value for effect. Rhetoric does very well under the saddle, but is not to be trusted in harness, being apt to pull facts out of place and upset them. My horse, Gentleman Dick, was very rhetorical, and showed off finely; but he was apt to run away with me, and came near breaking my neck.

I have availed myself of the license of biography

to step down occasionally from the elevated walk of history, and relate familiar things in a familiar way; seeking to show the prevalent passions, and feelings, and humors of the day, and even to depict the heroes of Seventy-six as they really were — men in cocked hats, regimental coats, and breeches; and not classic warriors, in shining armor and flowing mantles, with brows bound with laurel, and truncheons in their hands. But enough of all this. I have committed myself to the stream, and, right or wrong, must swim on or sink. The latter I will not do, if I find the public sustain me.

The work, as I am writing it, will inevitably overrun three volumes. I had supposed, originally, that it would not, though I did not intend that number should be specified in the title-page. It was specified by my publisher, who will put an author's incidental surmises into print, and make positive promises of them.

Should I have occasion to avail myself of the papers you so kindly put at my disposition, concerning Gouverneur Morris, Early American Society, etc., I shall have no hesitation in applying to you for them. In the mean time, let me repeat how very sensibly I feel the generous interest you have manifested in my literary success on the present occasion.

Yours, very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Charles L. Brace, author of various interesting works, writes, January 22d, of the second volume: —

MY DEAR MR. IRVING: —

I do not see why one should not acknowledge a pleasure, when one has so enjoyed it; and I want to say how intensely interesting your second volume of

"Washington" is. I have read it as I would read a romance. To me it is history alive. I enter into the feelings, and struggle, and uncertainties of the actors, so that I feel, as it were, doubtful of the issue. . . . . Washington looms out grandly in this volume; much more so than in the first, naturally. It is the most living picture we have ever had of him, and shows, best of all, the incessant difficulties of his work. It is strange, too, how you have made those battles *real*. I have read them often, and never had any clear idea at all of them; now they are indissolubly associated with the places. You have again made the Hudson classic ground. I predict without a doubt that this will be the "Washington" of the people — especially of the young people. As a boy, I should read it like "Robinson Crusoe" or "Captain Cook's Voyages."

To a letter from Bancroft, congratulating him on the success of his second volume, he replies: —

My dear Bancroft: —

I thank you sincerely for your cordial and well-timed note. It is always an anxious time with an author when he has just launched a volume, and is waiting for a verdict; and especially with one like myself, apt to be troubled with self-distrust. I never was more troubled with it than in the prosecution of my present task, when I am occasionally venturing, in a somewhat familiar way, upon themes which you will treat in such an ampler, nobler, and more truly historical style. Indeed, I am putting to sea at a hazardous time, when you, and Macaulay, and Prescott (with his grand Spanish Armada) are afloat. However, I am ready to drop my peak whenever any of you come into the same waters.

Give my best thanks to Mrs. Bancroft for her favorable opinion of my volume. As Sir Fretful Plagiary says, the women are the best judges, after all.

Ever, my dear Bancroft, yours most heartily,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

February 23d, 1856. — I returned to the city from a visit of ten days at the cottage. Mr. Irving was busy at the third volume of "Washington," which was going through the press. About one hundred pages were printed when I came down. He had been reconstructing the narrative of Burgoyne's expedition, and the affair of Schuyler and Gates. His head troubled him occasionally, and he seemed to feel the pressure of such a task at his time of life. Rewrote three or four pages after he had got the proof; namely, Signs of an Approaching Enemy at Ticonderoga. Seemed to feel, at times, an uneasy consciousness that he might not get through with his labor. "I am constantly afraid," he said to me the morning I came down, "that something will happen to me," alluding to his head. Never saw him so impatient at the encroaching demands of letters upon his valuable time. "O! these letters — these letters! They tear my mind from me in slips and ribbons."

He had received, the day before (Washington's birthday), from his publisher, the present of a new table for his study. It had a good many drawers, and sundry novel conveniences, the use of which he did not readily comprehend. "You will be bothered with your very conveniences,"

said I. "Yes. I must get everthing in a mess, and then I'll go on comfortably."

The letter which follows, is in reply to one from Mr. Kennedy, announcing the death of his wife's father, Mr. Edward Gray: —

[*To Mr. J. P. Kennedy.*]

SUNNYSIDE, March 22, 1856.

MY DEAR KENNEDY: —

The sight of your letter, just received, with its black seal and edgings, gave me a severe shock, though I thought I was prepared for the event it communicated. The death of my most dear and valued friend, Mr. Gray, is a relief to himself, and to the affectionate hearts around him who witnessed his prolonged sufferings; but I, who have been out of the hearing of his groans, can only remember him as he was in his genial moments, the generous and kind-hearted centre of a loving circle, dispensing happiness around him.

My intimacy with him, in recent years, had fully opened to me the varied excellence of his character, and most heartily attached me to him. My dear Kennedy, my intercourse with your family connection has been a great sweetener of the last few years of my existence, and the only attraction that has been able to draw me repeatedly from home. And in all this I recognize the influence of the kind, cordial, sympathetic character of Mr. Gray. To be under his roof, in Baltimore or at Ellicott's Mills, was to be in a constant state of quiet enjoyment to me. Everything that I saw in him, and in those about him; in his tastes, habits, mode of life; in his domestic relations and chosen intimacies, continually struck upon some happy chord in my own bosom,

and put me in tune with the world and with human nature. I cannot expect, in my brief remnant of existence, to replace such a friend, and such a domestic circle rallying round him; but the remembrance will ever be most dear to me.

Give my most affectionate remembrance to your wife and her noble-hearted sister, and believe me, my dear Kennedy,

Ever yours, most truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

A few weeks before the date of the following letter, Mr. Irving had written to Gouverneur Kemble that his gardener had been constructing a hot-house, and preparing a piece of ground, sheltered by a fence, where he expected to effect great things: and that, if he had any cuttings or plants of grapes and figs to spare, and could send them to him by railroad, he would make his gardener very happy: —

[*To Gouverneur Kemble.*]

SUNNYSIDE, April 23, 1856.

MY DEAR KEMBLE: —

The roots and cuttings sent by your gardener arrived safe, and are all properly disposed of. I should like to have a few more cuttings for out of doors, and a black Hamburg or two, if you have any. I shall raise some of the grapes under glass, having a small hot-house which will accommodate a few. I hope your visit to Washington was pleasant and profitable, and that you will be favored with a seat in the Cabinet, or a foreign mission in this or the next Presidency.

I am happy to learn that your lawn is green. I

hope it will long continue so, and yourself likewise. I shall come up, one of these days, and have a roll on it with you.

Yours ever, my dear Kemble,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

April 24th, 1856, he writes to his niece at Paris, "at a late hour of the night after a hard day's work": —

I have about two thirds of my third volume of "Washington" in type, and shall be heartily glad when the whole volume is completed, when I will give myself repose before I commence another. It is a toilsome task, though a very interesting, and, I may say, delightful one. It expands and grows more voluminous as I write, but the way it is received by the public cheers me on; for I put it to the press with more doubt and diffidence than any work I ever published. The way the public keep on with me is a continual wonderment to me, knowing my own shortcomings in many things; and I must say I am sometimes surprised at my own capacity for labor at my advanced time of life — when I used to think a man must be good for nothing.

The third volume, embracing the period from the commencement of the year 1777 to the retirement of Washington into winter quarters in 1779, appeared in July, 1856.

The following letter is from Mrs. Fuller, the Emily Foster of former days, one of the English family with whom, it may be recollected, the author was so intimate at Dresden in 1823.[1]

[1] Of this lady it has been claimed, since Mr. Irving's death, that he offered his hand to her at Dresden, and was rejected.

Their intercourse was not confined to Dresden. On leaving that city, they travelled together to Rotterdam, where they parted in July, 1823, to proceed on their different courses, he to Paris and they to their home in Bedfordshire, England. Mr. Irving visited them at this place a year afterwards, while publishing the "Tales of a Traveller," in July, 1824; and when years had intervened, they met again in London in 1832. Recalling their intercourse at this period in a publication after his death, the lady remarks: —

"Every spare evening he had he spent at our house. He was still the same! time changed him very little. His conversation was as interesting as ever; his dark-gray eyes still full of varying feeling; his smile half playful, half melancholy, but ever kind. All that was mean, or envious, or harsh, he seemed to turn from so completely that when with him, it seemed such things were not. All gentle and tender affections, Nature in her sweetest or grandest moods, pervaded his whole imagination, and left no place for low or evil thoughts; and when in good spirits, his

While I do not for a moment question his admiration of the lady, or the warmth with which he may have expressed it to the mother as was his wont, that he could have thought of matrimony at this period is, in my view, entirely disproved by the communication to the mother, written at this very date, and referrd to in the first volume, page 164, in which, after recounting the progress and catastrophe of his early love, and glancing at other particulars of his life, he closes by saying: "You wonder why I am not married. I have shown you why I was not long since. . . . My time has now gone by, and I have growing claims upon my thoughts and upon my means, slender and precarious as they are."

humor, his droll descriptions, and his fun would make the gravest or the saddest laugh."

[*Mrs. Emily Fuller to Washington Irving.*]

May 25, 1856.

My dear Mr. Irving: —

I think I ought to begin by telling you who is writing to you — Emily Foster, now Emily Fuller; and I address you, after so long a time, because I hope that my eldest boy Henry may have the happiness and advantage of meeting you, and making your acquaintance personally, as he has long ago by hearsay. I have been renewing former days. I have lately been reading over my old Dresden journal, where you are a part of our daily life, and feel it all over again so completely, I cannot believe all the time since has really passed. Then, too, in the course of last winter, we were all living with you in the "Alhambra." We were reading it out loud in the evenings, and the sunshine, and moonlight, and fountains and Lindaraxa's garden became almost more real than the real fire and winter evenings. We also read the "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall," and I really thought they came upon me more fresh and more delightful than even the first time I read them — the touching expressions, and the arch, pretty humor — I could see you, your *own self*, as we read, and your very smile. How I should like to hear from you, dear Mr. Irving! I married soon after we met in London. Do you remember you used to come, and often spend the evening with us in Seymour Street? And now I have four boys and one little girl. They are all so good and promising as to add much to our happiness. Two of them are still at school. . . . . My eldest has a great

desire to settle in the States, with a friend who goes out with him — a very nice, gentlemanly young man. . . . . I wish you would give us your advice as to situation, etc. Climate would be one of the first considerations; and they wish to go as far West as would be convenient. . . . .

I must not exceed my space. It will be such a real happiness to hear from you. Do tell me about yourself, dear Mr. Irving. You do not know how much and often I think of you.

Yours ever, most truly,

EMILY FULLER.

To this letter Mr. Irving sent the following reply, which came to me from Mrs. Fuller, accompanied by her own beautiful testimonial to his character, in a letter to myself, already before the reader: —

[*To Mrs. Emily Fuller.*]

SUNNYSIDE, July 2, 1856.

MY DEAR MRS. FULLER: —

You can scarcely imagine my surprise and delight, on opening your letter and finding that it came from Emily Foster. A thousand recollections broke at once upon my mind, of Emily Foster as I had known her at Dresden, young, and fair, and bright, and beautiful; and I could hardly realize that so many years had elapsed since then, or form an idea of her as Mrs. Emily Fuller, with four boys and one little girl. . . . . I wish you had given me a few more particulars about yourself, and those immediately connected with you, whom I have known. After so long an interval, one fears to ask questions, lest they should awaken painful recollections.

By the tenor of your letter, I should judge that, on the whole, the world has gone smoothly with you. Your children, you tell me, are all "so good and promising, as to add much to your happiness." How much of what is most precious in life is conveyed in those few words! You ask me to tell you something about myself. Since my return, in 1846, from my diplomatic mission to Spain, I have been leading a quiet life in a little rural retreat I had previously established on the banks of the Hudson, which, in fact, has been my home for twenty years past. I am in a beautiful part of the country, in an agreeable neighborhood, am on the best of terms with my neighbors, and have a house full of nieces, who almost make me as happy as if I were a married man. Your letter was put into my hands just as I was getting into the carriage to drive out with some of them. I read it to them in the course of the drive, letting them know that it was from Emily Foster, the young lady of whom they had often heard me speak, who had painted the head of Herodias, which hangs over the piano in the drawing-room, and who, I had always told them, was more beautiful than the head which she had painted; which they could hardly believe, though it was true. You recollect, I trust, the miniature copy of the head of Herodias which you made in the Dresden Gallery. I treasure it as a precious memorial of those pleasant days.

My health is excellent, though, at times, I have tried it hard by literary occupations and excitement. There are some propensities that grow upon men with age; and I am a little more addicted to the pen than I was in my younger days, and much more, I am told, than is prudent for a man of my years. It is a labor, however, in which I delight; and I am never so happy of an evening as when I have

passed the whole morning in my study, hard at work, and have earned the evening's recreation.

Farewell, my dear Mrs. Fuller. If any of those of your family whom I ever knew and valued are at hand, assure them that I ever retain them in cordial remembrance; and believe me, ever, my dear Emily Foster, your affectionate friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

My next letter is one from Dickens to Mr. Irving, introducing a relative, glancing at a capital story of Mr. Irving of a dinner at Holland House, in which a clergyman's leg was a feature, and giving a comic yet touching anecdote of poor Rogers in his eclipse: —

[*From Charles Dickens.*]

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, LONDON, July 5, 1856.

MY DEAR IRVING: —

If you knew how often I write to you, individually and personally, in my books, you would be no more surprised in seeing this note than you were in seeing me do my duty by that flowery julep (in what I dreamily apprehend to have been a former state of existence) at Baltimore.

Will you let me present to you a cousin of mine, Mr. B———, who is associated with a merchant's house in New York? Of course, he wants to see you, and know you. How can *I* wonder at that? How can anybody?

I had a long talk with Leslie at the last Academy dinner (having previously been with him in Paris), and he told me that you were flourishing. I suppose you know that he wears a moustache — so do I, for the matter of that, and a beard too — and that he looks like a portrait of Don Quixote.

Holland House has four-and-twenty youthful pages in it now — twelve for my lord, and twelve for my lady; and no clergyman coils his leg up under his chair all dinner time, and begins to uncurve it when the hostess goes. No wheeled chair runs smoothly in, with that beaming face in it; and ——'s little cotton pocket handkerchief helped to make (I believe) this very sheet of paper. A half-sad, half-ludicrous story of Rogers is all I will sully it with. You know, I dare say, that, for a year or so before his death, he wandered, and lost himself, like one of the Children in the Wood, grown up there and grown down again. He had Mrs. Procter and Mrs. Carlyle to breakfast with him, one morning — only those two. Both excessively talkative, very quick and clever, and bent on entertaining him. When Mrs. Carlyle had flashed and shone before him for about three quarters of an hour on one subject, he turned his poor old eyes on Mrs. Procter, and, pointing to the brilliant discourser with his poor old finger, said (indignantly), "Who is *she?*" Upon this, Mrs. Procter, cutting in, delivered — (it is her own story) — a neat oration on the life and writings of Carlyle, and enlightened him in her happiest and airiest manner; all of which he heard, staring in the dreariest silence, and then said (indignantly as before), "And who are *you?*" . . . .

Ever, my dear Irving, most affectionately and truly, yours, CHARLES DICKENS.

While engrossed, as far as incessant interruptions would permit, by the task of preparing his fourth volume of the "Life of Washington" for the press, he writes a letter to his niece, at Paris, of which I extract some interesting passages. The "Pierre" mentioned in the first extract is not the

biographer, but the eldest son of the author's brother Ebenezer, Pierre Paris Irving, an Episcopal clergyman, who had recently returned to his parochial duties from a brief excursion in Europe, which had extended to the Orkneys.

[*To Mrs. Storrow.*]

SUNNYSIDE, October 27, 1856.

. . . . After Pierre's return from France to England, he made an expedition to the end of the world — in other words, to the Orkneys! It was in those islands that the branch of the Irving family from which we are descended vegetated for centuries; once having great landed possessions, ultimately losing them.

Pierre found a highly intelligent circle of society existing at Kirkwall, the capital of the Orkneys, principally composed of persons from Edinburgh, holding official stations. He was hospitably entertained by them, in a style of elegance which he had not expected in that remote region.

At Shapinsha, the island whence my father came, Pierre was shown the house in which he was born, and whence he emigrated about a century since. It is a house of modest pretensions, and still bears its old name of Quholme (pronounced Home). In the flourishing days of our family, it must have owned the greater part of Shapinsha. Mr. Balfour, the present proprietor, received Pierre very hospitably in his noble residence of Balfour Castle, and submitted to his inspection a chest full of deeds and documents of several generations, showing how, by piecemeal, the landed property passed out of the hands of the Irvings, and centred in those of the family which at present hold it. Pierre brought home one of those

documents, given to him by Mr. Balfour, three or four centuries old, bearing the name of one of our ancestors, with the old family arms of the Three Holly Leaves. He also brought home a genealogy of the family, which some official gentleman, curious in antiquarian research, had digested from deeds and other documents existing at the Orkneys, and in the public archives at Edinburgh. This genealogical table, which is officially certified, establishes the fact of our being descended from the Irving of Bonshaw, who gave shelter to Robert the Bruce in the day of his adversity.

. . . . You are going to pass the winter at a city I never visited — Florence. At the time I was in Italy, a cordon of troops was drawn round Tuscany, on account of a malignant fever prevalent there, and I was obliged to omit the whole of it in my Italian tour. I also failed to see Venice, which I have ever regretted.

Your letter of last June mentions your being just returned from an excursion of four days to Touraine. It recalled a tour I once made there with your uncle Peter, in which, besides visiting the places you speak of, we passed a day or two in the beautiful old chateau of Ussy, belonging to the Duke of Duras, the Duchess having given me a letter to the concierge which put the chateau and its domains at my disposition. Our sojourn was very interesting. The chateau had a half-deserted character. The Duke had not fortune enough to keep it up in style, and only visited it occasionally in the hunting season. There were the traces of former gayety and splendor — a private theatre, all in decay and disorder; an old chapel turned into a granary; state apartments, with stately family portraits in quaint, antiquated costumes, but some of them mouldering in their

frames. I found, afterward, that the Duchess had hoped I might be excited to write something about the old chateau in the style of "Bracebridge Hall;" and it would indeed have been a fine subject. . . . .

CHAPTER XXII.

Letters to Charles Lanman. — Fourth Volume of "Life of Washington" going through the Press. — Letter to Henry T. Tuckerman. — Publication of Vol. IV. — Letter from George Bancroft. — Reply. — Letter to Frederick S. Cozzens. — Letter from William H. Prescott. — Letter from J. Lothrop Motley. — Letter from S. Austin Allibone, and Reply.

THE letter which follows is addressed to a young author, to whom Mr. Irving had before written encouragingly in acknowledgment of the presentation of his first work: —

[*To Mr. Charles Lanman.*]

SUNNYSIDE March 2, 1857.

MY DEAR Mr. LANMAN: —

I am suffering a long time to elapse without acknowledging the receipt of the copy of your work[1] which you have had the kindness to send me, and expressing to you the great delight I take in the perusal of it. But when I remind you that I am approaching my seventy-fourth birthday, that I am laboring to launch the fourth volume of my "Life of Washington," and that my table is loaded with a continually increasing multitude of unanswered letters, which I vainly endeavor to cope with, I am sure that you will excuse the tardiness of my correspondence.

I hope the success of your work has been equal to

[1] *Adventures in the Wilds of America.*

its merits. To me, your "Adventures in the Wilds" are a continual refreshment of the spirits. I take a volume of your work to bed with me, after fagging with my pen, and then I ramble with you among the mountains and by the streams in the boundless interior of our fresh, unhackneyed country, and only regret that I can but do so in idea, and that I am not young enough to be your companion in reality.

I have taken great interest, of late, in your "Expedition among the Alleghany Mountains," having been campaigning, in my work, in the upper parts of the Carolinas, and especially in the "Catawba country," about which you give such graphic sketchings. Really, I look upon your work as a *vade mecum* to the American lover of the picturesque and romantic, unfolding to him the wilderness of beauties and the variety of adventurous life to be found in our great chains of mountains and system of lakes and rivers. You are, in fact, the picturesque explorer of our country.

With great regard, my dear Mr. Lanman, yours ever very truly, WASHINGTON IRVING.

By the following brief notes to myself, it will appear that the fourth volume of the "Life of Washington" was going through the press, and that he was prone to make modifications and corrections during the process: —

SUNNYSIDE, March 20, 1857.

MY DEAR PIERRE: —

Page 161 must be carefully collated with the manuscript. There are two places where I cannot supply the deficit.

I have struck out some lines in page 172, so that

the chapter may end on page 173, and save the great blank in page 174. The printers appear to be fond of ending a chapter at the top of a page.

I have no doubt of getting the Inauguration into this volume; but the printers must not make blank pages unnecessarily.

SUNNYSIDE, Monday Evening.

There is a passage in, I think, De Rochambeau's "Memoirs," about the sending in a flag, at Yorktown, to Cornwallis, to obtain permission for Secretary Nelson to leave the town; and about his being brought out on a litter, being old, and ill with the gout. I wish you would copy it, and send it to me with the next proofs, as I wish to make immediate use of it. You will find De Rochambeau's "Memoirs" in the American department of the Astor Library.

If it is not in De Rochambeau's "Memoirs," it is in Chastellux; but I think it is in the former.

It was in Chastellux.

SUNNYSIDE, March 22, 1857.

I send you the page which was missing. Fortunately, I had *impaled* it, as I now do all the canceled pages. . . . .

SUNNYSIDE, Tuesday Evening.

. . . . I shall send no copy for a day or two, for I am fagged and a little out of order, and need rest; and I wish to be careful about the ensuing chapters, which I have been patching, and must revise to avoid muddling. . . . . I shall be heartily glad to receive the last proof-sheet.

Not long after this note was written, Mr. Irving received a visit from Mr. Charles Lanman, who had recently sent him his "Adventures in the

Wilds of America," for which he makes his acknowledgment in a letter just given. On his return to his residence, at Georgetown, Mr. Lanman gave a detail of his visit in a letter to Peter Force, Esq., entitled, "A Day with Washington Irving," which was published in the "National Intelligencer," and inclosed in an epistle from the writer to Mr. Irving. This is his tardy but characteristic acknowledgment:—

[*To Charles Lanman, Georgetown, D. C.*]

SUNNYSIDE, May 9, 1857.

MY DEAR MR. LANMAN:—

I have been too thoroughly occupied in getting a volume of my work through the press, to acknowledge, at an earlier date, your letter of March 24th, respecting your letter [1] which has found its way into the "Intelligencer." I can only say, that I wish you had had a worthier subject for your biographic pen, or that I had known our conversation was likely to be recorded; I should then have tasked myself to say some wise or witty things, to be given as specimens of my *off-hand table talk.* One should always know when they are sitting for a portrait, that they may endeavor to look handsomer than themselves, and attitudinize.

I am scrawling this in great haste, merely that your letter may not remain longer unacknowledged; and am, very truly, your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The letter which follows is addressed to Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman, in acknowledgment of his volume of "Biographical Essays," which Mr. Ir-

[1] A letter to Peter Force, Esq.

ving had pronounced, in a previous letter, written on a partial perusal, the best work he had given to the public, and one that must greatly advance his reputation: —

[*To Mr. H. T. Tuckerman.*]

Sunnyside, January 26, 1857.

My dear Mr. Tuckerman: —

I wrote to you, some days since, on the subject of your new work, when I had read but a part of it. I have just finished the perusal of it, and cannot rest until I have told you how thoroughly I have been delighted with it. I do not know when I have read any work more uniformly rich, full, and well sustained. The liberal, generous, catholic spirit in which it is written, is beyond all praise. The work is a model of its kind.

I have no doubt that it will take a high stand in England, and will reflect great credit on our literature, of which it will remain a lasting ornament.

Congratulating you, with all my heart, on this crowning achievement of your literary career, I remain, yours, very cordially and truly,

Washington Irving.

The fourth volume of the "Life of Washington" was published in May. The first letter he received on the subject was from Bancroft, who pronounced the picture he had drawn of Washington "the most vivid and the truest" that had "ever been written." To a warm, congratulatory letter from Mr. Frederick S. Cozzens, author of the humorous "Sparrowgrass Papers," a resident of Yonkers, about eight miles south of Sunnyside, he sends the following characteristic reply: —

SUNNYSIDE, May 22, 1857.

MY DEAR MR. COZZENS: —

Your letter has been most acceptable and animating; for letters of the kind are not, as you presume, "common to me as blackberries." Excepting a very cordial and laudatory one from Bancroft, yours is the only one, relative to my last volume, that I have yet received. Backed by these two letters, I feel strong enough to withstand that self-criticism which is apt to beset me and cuff me down at the end of a work, when the excitement of composition is over.

You speak of some misgivings which you felt in the course of my literary enterprise, whether I would be able to go through with it, and "end as happily as I had begun." I confess I had many misgivings of the kind myself, as I became aware of the magnitude of the theme upon which I had adventured, and saw "wilds immeasurably spread" lengthening on every side as I proceeded. I felt that I had presumed on the indulgence of nature in undertaking such a task at my time of life, and feared I might break down in the midst of it. Whimsical as it may seem, I was haunted occasionally by one of my own early pleasantries. My mock admonition to Diedrich Knickerbocker not to idle in his historic wayfaring, rose in judgment against me: "Is not Time, relentless Time, shaking, with palsied hand, his almost exhausted hour-glass before thee? Hasten, then, to pursue thy weary task, lest the last sands be run ere thou hast finished thy history of the Manhattoes."

Fortunately, I had more powers of endurance in me than I gave myself credit for. I have attained to a kind of landing-place in my work, and, as I now rest myself on the bank, feel that, though a little weary, I am none the worse for having so long tugged at the oar.

And now, as the winter is past, the rains are over and gone, and the flowers are appearing upon the earth, I mean to recreate myself a little, and may, one day or other, extend my travels down even to Yonkers, but will always be happy to welcome you to Sunnyside.

With kindest remembrances to Mrs. Cozzens, believe me, very truly, your obliged friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

I now place before the reader the two following letters; the first written by Prescott after completing the perusal of the fourth volume of the "Life of Washington," and the second by Motley, about to leave the country, and whom Mr. Irving never met. Motley had recently achieved a brilliant fame by his "Rise of the Dutch Republic;" and, after some modest demur to which his letter alludes, had sent his volumes to Mr. Irving, who responded with a sincere and warm eulogy.

[*From Mr. W. H. Prescott.*]

LYNN, MASS., August 7, 1857.

MY DEAR MR. IRVING: —

I have just closed the fourth volume of your "Life of Washington." I have not hurried myself, as you see; and, in truth, a man who travels through books with the ear, instead of the eye, cannot hurry. I don't know whether you care about remarks on your books from friends, though they be brothers of the craft; but it always seems to me that, when one has derived great pleasure from reading an author, to make no acknowledgment is as uncourteous as for a gormand, after he has crammed himself with a

good dinner, to go away without a civil word to his host.

My wife, who has been my reader, and myself, have indeed read with the greatest interest this your last work — an interest which went on *crescendo* from the beginning, and which did not reach its climax till the last pages. I have never before fully comprehended the character of Washington; nor did I know what capabilities it would afford to his biographer. Hitherto we have only seen him as a sort of marble Colossus, full of moral greatness, but without the touch of humanity that would give him interest. You have known how to give the marble flesh color, that brings it to the resemblance of life. This you have done throughout; but it is more especially observable in the first volume and in the last. No one — at least, I am sure, no American — could read the last without finding pretty often a blur upon the page. Yet, I see, like your predecessors, you are not willing to mar the beautiful picture, by giving Washington the infirmity of temper which common report assigns to him. Perhaps you are not satisfied with the foundations of such a report.

I had feared from your manner of talking, that you would never set about the great work in earnest. Happy for the country that it has been at last accomplished by your pen!

It is long since I had the pleasure of seeing you, though I often get particulars about you. How gratified should I be, for one of many, if you would pay a visit to our northern latitudes! I so rarely go to New York, that, when I go, the memory of friends like Brevoort, Wainwright, and a few others, rises to my mind, and fills it with a melancholy feeling.

Adieu, my dear Mr. Irving. Long may it be before *you* are called away, and before you cease to

give pleasure and instruction to the world by your writings.

Always, very sincerely, your friend,

WM. H. PRESCOTT.

[*J. Lothrop Motley to Washington Irving.*]

BOSTON, August 7, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR: —

You must permit me to address you a single line of thanks for the kind note you did me the honor of sending me several days since.

To receive such warm and generous commendation from so venerated a hand, is sufficient reward for literary labor, although it were far more severe and more successful than mine has been.

Having been, from youth upward, among the warmest and most enthusiastic admirers of your genius, I appreciate entirely the generosity with which you extend to me the hand of fellowship and sympathy.

It is your great good fortune to command not only the respect and admiration of your innumerable readers, but their affection also. A feeling of personal obligation — almost of personal friendship — mingles itself, in their minds, with the colder sentiments which are often entertained toward even a successful author.

I will not proceed in this vein, lest I should say more than you would think becoming, as addressed directly to yourself. I will only say, that when the book of which you have been pleased to speak so indulgently first appeared, I wished very much to depart, in a single instance, from the rule which I had laid down — not to send, namely, a copy to any one who was not an old personal acquaintance. I did wish very much to send you one, as a testimony of

gratitude and respect from one who had been long most familiar with you, although utterly unknown to you. I refrained, however, until recently, and I am rejoiced to find that you did not consider my sending the book an intrusion.

I need not tell you how bitterly disappointed I was at missing the promised pleasure of meeting you at dinner at President King's. It is just possible that you may not know the nature of the *contretemps*. Mr. King was so kind, upon my expressing a strong desire to see you, as to invite me to New York upon a certain day, when he hoped also to have the pleasure of your company. Subsequently, by letter, he countermanded this arrangement, thinking you absent from home. Nevertheless, on the day before the appointed one, I was ready, with my trunk packed, to take the afternoon boat for New York, and went to the post-office, hoping for a summons. There was nothing there, so I remained. *Five days* after the dinner, I received from Mr. King a telegraphic dispatch *via* Nahant (where I had not been for several days), notifying me that you were to dine with him "to-morrow" — that to-morrow having already crept, with its stealthy pace, into the regions of eternal yesterday. Alas! I *must* say, in the bitterness of my spirit, —

> "The best laid schemes of mice and men
> Gang aft a-gley,
> And leave us nought but grief and pain
> For promised joy;"

for the pleasure which I anticipated has been turned into a perpetual "grief and pain." I indulge the hope of meeting you, however, after my return.

I leave this country on the 12th of this month. If I can be of any service to you in England or

France during my residence there, I need not say how much it will gratify me to be of use to you. My address is, "Care of Baring Brothers & Co."

Meantime, with sentiments of the most sincere respect and regard, I remain your obliged friend and servant, J. Lothrop Motley.

The following brief correspondence between Mr. Irving and S. Austin Allibone, of Philadelphia, author of the "Dictionary of Authors," is not without interest: —

[*To Washington Irving.*]

Philadelphia, October 28, 1857.

Dear Sir: —

Last night, or rather this morning — for it was after midnight — I was deeply engrossed with your graphic picture of your own residence in the Alhambra in the spring of 1829.

It occurs to me to send you the descriptive title of Owen Jones's illustrations of the Alhambra. May I venture to ask, whether the thrilling sketch of your midnight "night-walking" through the halls of the Alhambra is an account of a real ramble, or whether it is partly a fancy picture, founded on fact? It is certainly one of your best *passages*, and that is saying a great deal.

I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

S. Austin Allibone.

[*To S. Austin Allibone.*]

Sunnyside, November 2, 1857.

My dear Sir: —

We have in the Astor Library a copy of Owen Jones's work illustrative of the Alhambra. I have

lately seen a number of photographs of various parts of the Alhambra, which I believe are intended for publication. They will give a perfectly truthful idea of the old pile.

The account of my midnight rambles about the old palace is literally true, yet gives but a feeble idea of my feelings and impressions, and of the singular haunts I was exploring.

Everything in the work relating to myself, and to the actual inhabitants of the Alhambra, is unexaggerated fact.

It was only in the legends that I indulged in *romancing*; and these were founded on materials picked up about the place.

With great regard, my dear sir, yours very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Literary Harvest. — Engaged on his Fifth Volume. — Letter to Mrs. Storrow. — The Crisis of 1857. — Conversation. — Kemble. — Cooke. — Cooper. — Darley and Diedrich Knickerbocker. — Washington Allston. — Letter to Bancroft. — Letter to Professor Lieber. —The Atlantic Cable. — Indisposition. — Letter to a Juvenile Correspondent.

THE year 1857 had been a calamitous year for persons engaged in trade ; and Mr. Irving, who had been in suspense in regard to his publisher's affairs, found it necessary to make a settlement with Mr. Putnam, and continue his connection with him on a different footing. Their connection, thus far, had been most advantageous to both ; but other enterprises swept from the upright and liberal publisher the profits realized from the sale of Irving's works. On preparing for Mr. Irving, in December, 1857, a summary of his sales and receipts from July, 1848 — when he made his first agreement with Mr. Putnam for the publication of a new edition of his already published works, — to June 30th, 1857, a period of nine years, I found there had been sold about three hundred and fifty thousand volumes, and that he had realized about eighty thousand dollars ; that is, his receipts had averaged about nine thousand dollars a year — a prolific

literary harvest. At the opening of the year 1858, I wrote to him: "The contract with Mr. Putnam, to begin April 1st, has been executed." By this contract, Mr. Putnam, who had made a full settlement of their present business, was to act as his agent, Mr. Irving purchasing from him the stereotype plates of all his works. I had written to him on the 31st of December: "In taking a business retrospect of the year that is just closing, it may be a satisfaction to you to know that you have received from Mr. Putnam, in the course of it, what is equivalent to twenty five thousand dollars. Though the close of the year has been attended with some annoyances, I think, therefore, you may bid it farewell with a blessing."

At the date of the following letter to his niece, at Paris, Mr. Irving was trying, with apparent benefit, a prescription for an obstinate catarrh, which had been very troublesome of late. Three days after its date (February 18th), I was led, by some anxiety in regard to his health, to the cottage, to spend a few days. A temporary deafness, which had been shifting from one ear to the other, had now reached both ears, so that I found it necessary to speak above my natural tone to be heard by him. He was troubled, also, with difficulty of breathing, especially in making ascents, and told me that he had been sensible, for some time, of shortness of breath, in going up hill, to an unusual degree. It was evident to him that the "harp of thousand strings" was no longer "in tune." "But I cannot complain now,"

said he to me, "if some of the chords should be breaking." That morning, for the first time in about a month, he had taken pen in hand and written a page on his historical task. December 14th, he had written me that he was "in the vein, and anxious to complete the rough draft of his final volume."

[*To Mrs. Storrow.*]

SUNNYSIDE, February 15, 1858.

MY DEAR SARAH: —

Your letter of January 9th came to me like a reproach, making me feel my delinquency in not having answered your previous letter; but I am unavoidably a delinquent on this score, my weary brain being overtasked by my literary undertakings, and unable to cope with the additional claims of an overwhelming correspondence. I am endeavoring to accomplish a fifth volume, wherewith to close the "Life of Washington," but I work more slowly than heretofore. For two or three years past I have been troubled by an obstinate catarrh, but this winter it has been quite harassing, at times quite stupefying me. Recently I have put myself under medical treatment, and begin to feel the benefit of it.

Mr. Storrow must have brought you lamentable accounts of the state of affairs in this country during the late revulsion. He was here in the height of the storm, when we seemed to be threatened with an almost universal shipwreck. Happily, the crisis is past; things are returning to order, but it will take some time for business to regain its usual activity. . . . . Fortunately, I have experienced but a very moderate loss in my investments, and my relations with my publisher have been placed on a

different footing, which, I trust, will prove advantageous to us both.

I have never been more struck with the energy and elasticity of the national character than in observing how spiritedly it has struggled with this overwhelming calamity, and is exerting itself, amid the ruins of past prosperity, to build up the edifice anew. The crisis has been felt sorely in my immediate neighborhood, among those who were largely in business, some of whom have been completely ruined; yet they have borne their reverses manfully, and are looking forward hopefully to better times.

I have a very pleasant social neighborhood; and it has been more social than usual this winter, people seeming to draw closer together and seek refuge in cordial intercourse from external evils. Indeed, I am so happy in my neighborhood, and the home feeling has grown so strong with me, that I go very little to town, and have scarcely slept a dozen nights there within the last twelve months. Perhaps it is the effect of gathering years, to settle more and more into the quiet of one's elbow-chair. . . . .

You have no doubt learned, before this, that the G——s intend to set out, in June next, on a European tour. I can easily imagine what a delightful meeting it will be when you all come together. I wish they could bring you all back with them, and put an end to your protracted absence from your natural home, which I cannot help considering a protracted error.

With kind remembrances to Mr. Storrow, and love to the young folks, your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

February 19th, 1858; *at Sunnyside.* — Mr. Irving had been kept awake until after three

by coughing, yet seemed in tolerable spirits at breakfast, and resumed his writing after it. The next day he got speaking of George Frederick Cooke, the eminent performer. "He was a great actor," he said; "a great actor. The finest group I ever saw, was at Covent Garden, when Cooke, after long disgrace for his intemperance, reappeared on the boards to play Iago to John Kemble's Othello. Mrs. Siddons played Desdemona, and Charles Kemble Cassio, beautifully. Kemble [John] had sent for Cooke to rehearse with him at his room, but Cooke would not go. 'Let *Black Jack*' — so he called Kemble — 'come to me.' So they went on the boards without previous rehearsal. In the scene in which Iago instills his suspicion, Cooke grasped Kemble's left hand with his own, and then fixed his right, like a claw, on his shoulder. In this position, drawing himself up to him with his short arm, he breathed his poisonous whispers. Kemble coiled and twisted his hand, writhing to get away — his right hand clasping his brow, and darting his eye back on Iago. It was wonderful. Speaking to Cooke of the effect on me of this scene, after his arrival in New York [in 1810], 'Didn't I play up to Black Jack!' he exclaimed. 'I saw his dark eye sweeping back upon me.'

"I was at John Howard Payne's, near Corlier's Hook, the night of Cooke's arrival in New York. I was there by invitation, to meet him. Cooke came in a little flustered with drink. Was very much exasperated at the detention at the Custom House of some silver cups, possibly

presents, he had brought with him, and would break forth, every now and then, with, 'Why did they keep my cups? *They knew they would melt!*' with significant emphasis. He was harsh and abusive when drunk, but full of courtesy when sober." Mr. Irving dwelt upon "the easy jollity" with which he played Falstaff. "Hodgkinson" [whom, probably, some living may yet remember on the boards of the old Park Theatre] "was a little fustian in tragedy, but capital in comedy and farce. He was finer than Cooper in Petruchio. Cooper was harsh. With Hodgkinson, you could 'see the fun at the bottom' of his treatment to Catherine."

I asked which he preferred — John Kemble, or Cooke?

"Kemble had, perhaps, more the sympathy of his audience, because he played nobler characters — Cooke, the villains; but, in his range, which was limited, he was the greatest actor."

Speaking afterward of artists, he remarked: "Jarvis tried, but failed, to embody my conception of Diedrich Knickerbocker. Leslie also. Darley hit it in the illustrated "History of New York." My idea was that he should carry the air of one profoundly impressed with the truth of his own 'History.'

"Allston was always the gentleman. Would talk by the hour. Liked to talk. A capital teller of ghost stories. Would act them with voice, eyes, gesture. Had touches of gentle humor. Rather indolent. Would lie late in bed. Smoked cigars. A man of real genius.

A noble painter. It was a pity he came back [in 1818]; he would have risen to the head of his art — been the greatest painter of his day."

The foregoing, and the anecdotes which follow, I give from rough notes made at the time.

March 23d, 1858 (*still at Sunnyside*). — Mr. Irving mentioned, after breakfast, a dream of the night before, that he had killed one of the little birds that had commenced singing about the cottage, and his waking in great distress, in consequence, and lighting his lamp to read off the effect. Had shot many a robin when a youngster; and when they were skipping about the cottage often thought with compunction how many of their *ancestors* he had killed. "O uncle!" exclaimed a niece, "how could you ever shoot those innocent little things!" "Well, my dear, it wasn't the same robins that covered the babes in the wood."

April 3d, 1858, was his seventy-fifth birthday, and a family party was assembled, as usual, to celebrate it. It was a bright, beautiful, genial day. He was in fine spirits, serenely cheerful. Spoke of his happiness at feeling so well on his seventy-fifth birthday, when a little before he had been troubled with asthma and difficulty of breathing, and had begun to feel that "he had got his ticket" for the other world.

Soon after breakfast came baskets of flowers, and various other birthday offerings from the neighborhood. Later in the day, different friends dropped in with their congratulations. Altogether, the day passed off delightfully — nothing to mar it.

April 17*th*, 1858. — A Mr. T——, from the centre of Ohio, called at the cottage, as he stated, "simply to see Washington Irving before his return." He brought a letter from Horace Greeley, saying that he was no author, and only curious to have a look at him. Made a short visit, and proved to be a very good fellow. Began by telling Mr. Irving his first fondness for reading dated from Knickerbocker's "New York." Showed no great inclination that way until his schoolmaster set him down to that. "And that," said Mr. Irving, "begot a taste for *history*." The visitor being connected with railroads, Mr. Irving spoke of the wonderful rapidity of locomotion now-a-days. "Travellers now walked Broadway with the dust of the prairies on their boots." "Yes, literally," said his auditor.

I follow with a letter to Bancroft, on receipt of a fresh volume of his "History:" —

SUNNYSIDE, May 17, 1858.

MY DEAR BANCROFT: —

I have delayed acknowledging the receipt of your volume until I should have read it through. I now thank you heartily for your kindness in sending it to me. The interest with which I have devoured it, notwithstanding the staleness of the subject with me, is a proof that you have told the story well. I was charmed with the opening of your volume: the political state of England and France; the decadence of the French nobility; the characters of the French monarchs; the beautiful sketch of Marie Antoinette; then the transition to sober, earnest New England — the "meeting of the nine committees" (p.

35), "the lowly men accustomed to feed their own cattle, to fold their own sheep, to guide their own plough — *all trained to public life in the little democracies of their towns*," etc., etc. How graphic! how suggestive! how true!

I see you place Samuel Adams in the van of the Revolution, and he deserves the place. He was the apostle of popular liberty, without a thought of self-interest or self-glorification.

There is capital management throughout all the chapters treating of the New England States, wherein you go on building up the revolutionary fire, stick by stick, until at last you set it in a blaze.

You have a mode of *individualizing*, if I may so use the word, which gives great spirit and a dramatic effect to your narration. You make brief citations from speeches, letters, or conversations, which stamp the characters, reveal the motives, or express the actions of the persons concerned. So also with regard to States, cities, villages, communities — they are made to take a part in the drama by "word of mouth," as it were, thus saving a world of detail and circumlocution.

In this way, by turns, you vocalize the whole Union, and make the growing chorus of the Revolution rise from every part of it. I hope you will make out what I mean to say; for I consider what I attempt to designate, a capital quality in your work of narrating.

I am delighted with the tribute you pay to the noble policy of Chatham, and the cold charity which you dispense to Lord North. "Lord North was false only as he was weak and uncertain. He really wished to concede and conciliate, *but he had not force enough to come to a clear understanding with himself*." You have given me a hearty laugh at the expense of poor Lord North.

In a word, my dear Bancroft, I congratulate you upon the manner in which you have executed this volume. I have found it animated and spicy throughout, and take it as an earnest of the style in which you are to accomplish the history of a revolution "destined on every side to lead to the solution of the highest questions of state."

With best regards to Mrs. Bancroft, yours, very faithfully, WASHINGTON IRVING.

The following letter, with the explanation which precedes it, was received from Professor Francis Lieber, of Columbia College, New York. As the subject is curious, and may interest the reader, I give it in full: —

The letter of Irving, of which a copy is sent here, was written in reply to an inquiry by Dr. Lieber. Oscar Peschel states, in his "History of the Age of Discoveries," Stuttgart, 1848, that "Columbus brooded over the prophesying song of the chorus in the 'Medea' of Seneca." The words of the chorus are: —

> "Venient annis sæcula seris
> Quibus Oceanus vincula rerum
> Laxet, et ingens pateat tellus,
> Tethysque novos delegat orbes,
> Nec sit terris Ultima Thule."

> ["Distant the age, but surely it will come,
> When he — Oceanus — fettering all things,
> Yields, and the vast earth lieth before man,
> Tethys unveils that world, yet unknown,
> And no more an Ultima Thule."]

Peschel, generally accurate and cautious, gives no authority for the assumption that Columbus knew this remarkable passage; and Dr. Lieber had asked

Irving whether he knew of any. The first portion of Irving's letter refers to this inquiry. The latter portion of the letter has reference to the fact that Dr. Lieber, considering, as he does, William of Nassau and Washington akin in character, has hanging against the wall of his entry a frame surrounding the portraits of the two great men, placed in close connection. Over them is the sign used by astronomers for a double star; under them is written, "*Stella Duplex.*" Around the portrait of William is his own motto: "*Sævis tranquillus in undis.*" Around that of Washington, the owner had the words inscribed, "*Justus et tenax,*" Washington never having selected a motto for himself. It was æsthetically necessary to place a sentence corresponding in place to the beautiful one of William.

SUNNYSIDE, June 3, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR: —

. . . . I am not aware of any authority for the fact stated, as you say, by Peschel (whose work I have not seen), that Columbus "brooded over the prophesying song of the chorus in the 'Medea' of Seneca." I don't recollect that it is adverted to by Fernando Columbus, when furnishing the grounds of his father's belief of the existence of land in the West. Nor is there any mention of it by Columbus himself. The assertion of Peschel may have been made on what he considerd a strong probability.

I am sorry Putnam could not have furnished an engraved likeness of Washington that would have matched more completely with the one you possess of William the Silent. Your idea of placing the likenesses of these illustrious men, so similar in character and virtue, side by side, is excellent; and the motto you have written round that of Washington, stamps his great merits at a blow.

Ever, my dear sir, with high respect and regard, yours, very truly, WASHINGTON IRVING.

FRANCIS LIEBER, LL.D., etc., etc., etc.

May 26th, 1858. — Mr. Irving came to town to take leave of the G——s, about to embark for Europe in the Persia. Spent the evening at his nephew's, I. V. W. I—— was trying to recall to his recollection a person at Birmingham whom he had met long years before. "Don't you recollect Mrs. ———, that lady who used to go to sleep in the evening?" "Ah! I am afraid I always got the start of her."

Mr. Irving's propensity to unseasonable drowsiness was quite notorious, but has been much exaggerated. A short nap after dinner was almost indispensable to prevent a struggle with sleep in the evening, unless something occurred to excite him, when he would rouse himself at once, and be ready for anything. He in reality slept less than persons ordinarily do. Even in his best health, his sleep was always fitful and interrupted; and it was remarked by those in the next apartment to him, that they never awoke in the night without hearing the turning of leaves in his room. He was always in the habit of reading, and even writing at times, in bed. This habit, as his physician remarked who attended him in his last illness, no doubt increased the difficulty of relieving that sleepless nervousness under which, as we shall see, he suffered so distressingly during the last year of his life.

Toward the middle of June, Mr. Irving came to town, and called at my office. He was rather

out of sorts. Had not been able to touch pen to paper for three weeks. Was worried that his publisher had stated, in some circular, that the fifth volume of the "Life of Washington" would be ready in the autumn. Seemed half dubious whether he would ever publish a fifth volume. I reminded him of Dr. Johnson's remark, that a man could write at any time, if he only set himself doggedly to it; but he said it was not so with him, and particularly for *the effects* he was now seeking. Must bide his time.

Five or six weeks after this, I was at the cottage. Mr. Irving, in speaking of his "Life of Washington," said he considered the labor of the closing volume in a measure done. The thing now was to give effects, graces. Could not create exciting detail for the volume. Could not make Washington come on the stage, and fire off a gun, as Charles Kemble did in his alteration of "Richelieu." "My object now is to throw in an occasional touch here and there, as painters, after they have hung up their pieces for exhibition, sometimes give their greatest effects by a few dabs of the brush." He added; "I must deal cautiously with the party questions. I wish to stand in my History, where Washington stood, who was of no party."

Walked out with him to the pond. Ducks swimming in it, with fourteen *young*. Spoke of the difficulty of raising the brood. "What with the rats, the snapping-turtles, and their cursed cruelties toward one another's young, it was very hard." Just then one of the old ducks turned

round, and made an assault upon the young of another, pecking it, and thrusting its head under water. "Look at that, now — look at that! I should like to have that fellow here, and wring his neck for him."

The following extract is from a letter to a young niece travelling in Europe, who had written him a very pleasant account of her tour, and whose residence in the country adjoined his own :—

[*To Miss J. I. G.*]

SUNNYSIDE, September 2, 1858.

MY DEAR JULIA : —

. . . . By all your accounts, you have had uncommonly propitious weather throughout your tour, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and have been able to bring off in your minds delightful pictures of scenery and places. Sight-seeing is at times rather fatiguing and exhausting ; but the fatigue is amply repaid by the stock of recollections hung up in one's mental picture-gallery.

While the world is turning rapidly with you, who are continually on the move, with us who remain at home it seems to be almost standing still. . . . It is quite mournful to look at your deserted mansion, with the flowering vines clambering about the columns, and no one at home to enjoy their beauty and fragrance.

We miss the evening gun of the yacht, as it returns from town. The Fourth of July would have been a *triste* day, had there not been fire-works in the evening at Mr.———'s. Archery is at an end ; there is no more gathering on the lawn ; the bows are unstrung, the arrows sleep in their quivers, and

the green bodices of the fair archers are moth-eaten.

I do not know what would have become of us all, and whether we should not have sunk into the spell-bound oblivion of Sleepy Hollow, if we had not been suddenly roused from our apathy by the laying of the Atlantic Cable. This has thrown the whole country into one of those paroxysms of excitement to which it is prone. Yesterday was the day set apart for everybody throughout the Union to go crazy on the subject. New York, you may be sure, was the craziest of cities on the occasion. I went down to town early in the morning, and found it already in a ferment, and boiling over, for all the country had poured into it. But I refer you to the newspapers, which you will undoubtedly see, for ample accounts of the civic rejoicings, which threw all former New York rejoicings in the shade.

I find my sheet is full, so I will conclude this scrawl, which can hardly be called anything more than an apology for a letter. Tell I——— I will answer his most acceptable letter on another occasion. Give my love to father, mother, and Fannie, and believe me, my dear, dear Julia, your affectionate uncle, WASHINGTON IRVING.

September 12th. — I visited the cottage, on my return from a month's excursion, during which time I had not seen Mr. Irving. I asked him if he had been writing much at his fifth volume during my absence. "No; I have been spell-bound — have taken things to pieces, and could not put them together again." He had been suffering very much for the last few days by a return of his catarrh.

On the 18th, though still very much troubled with catarrh, cough at night, and difficult respiration, he told me he had been able to write a little. "I have to watch for a flaw — a little breeze, then spread my sails, and get on." He gave me the first six chapters, some of which he had been taking to pieces and put together again. I read them, and recommended some rejections, to which he acceded.

Told me he had got through the labor of constructing his fifth volume, but wanted to handle certain parts. Sometimes the way in which a thing should be done flashed upon him as he was going to bed, and he could not recall it the next morning. When in the mood, everything came easy; when *not*, the Devil himself could not make him write.

September 30th. — Mr. Irving came in town to remain a few days. In the evening went to Laura Keene's Theatre, to see young Jefferson as Goldfinch in Holcroft's comedy of the "Road to Ruin." Thought Jefferson, the father, one of the best actors he had ever seen: and the son reminded him, in look, gesture, size, and *make*, of the father. Had never seen the father in Goldfinch, but was delighted with the son.

The next morning I called on him just after breakfast. His catarrh not troublesome, but a disposition to cough in the *throat*. To an inquiry about his health, "Had a streak of old age. Pity, when we have grown old, we could not turn round and grow young again, and die of cutting our teeth."

He spoke of his anxiety about his fifth volume. Would like to dress up some things. Could see how they ought to be done, but lacked the power to do it. Could not "mount his horse." I said *he* saw what effects might be given, but others would not. Yes, he replied; it was a consolation to think the reader did not see what he saw.

Some days after, he gave me twenty-one chapters of the fifth volume of his "Life of Washington" to read. In the twentieth was the account of Genet's reception at New York. I asked him if some of the particulars were not from his own recollections as a boy. "Yes; remembered following Genet down Wall Street, and envying a little boy who had a feather stuck in the side of his hat." Told me the remaining chapters would need very little handling.

Monday, October 11th. — Mr. Irving returned home, Mrs. I. and myself accompanying him on a visit to the cottage. He had given me, the day before, the concluding chapters of his fifth volume to read. He was still very much troubled with catarrh and shortness of breath, though his disposition to cough had yielded somewhat to a medical prescription. The next day he had no appetite at breakfast, but was heavy and languid. In the evening was still out of sorts, and apparently feverish, complaining of heat in his head. The following morning I went to the city for his physician, Dr. John C. Peters, who left for Sunnyside in the ten-o'clock train. As I was called to attend the funeral of a relative at Hyde Park on that day, I did not get back until ten at

night, when I found Mr. Irving had a high fever, and was in bed. The doctor returned at midnight, and remained until the next morning. He pronounced it a case of intermittent fever. He came up again in the evening, and when he left in the morning, declared his patient much better every way, though still very languid. The newspapers of the 16th reported him "dangerously ill." Allusion being made to the paragraph as an exaggeration, he replied that he did not know; that, at his time of life, such attacks must always be dangerous; that he was fully aware of it; that, at farthest, his time would not be long, but his only anxiety was to retain his mental powers while he did last; that at the commencement of this illness, and for the week before, his head had felt so badly, he was apprehensive he might have injured himself seriously in his endeavors to finish this fifth volume; that the pitcher might have gone once too often to the well. This, he said, was a source of real anxiety to him, far more than any pain or illness could cause. "I do not fear death," said he; "but I would like to go down with all sail set."

In less than fourteen months, his pathetic aspiration was to be fulfilled.

October 20th. — Mr. Irving drove out for the first time since his illness, leaving me occupied in going over the last volume of his "Life of Washington." I discovered that he had omitted a notice of Washington's consent to be a candidate a second time. On calling his attention to it, he said he had written an account of it, which must have

got mislaid. I told him it would come in at the end of Chapter XV., and he took a note of it. The next day he showed me a missing chapter, which contained what I had feared was omitted. He had been rummaging for it, and it was the last thing he had come upon. In the bewilderment of his brain previous to his illness, he had paged the work consecutively with this chapter left out.

Mr. Irving had now quite recovered from his attack, though he was still troubled with a distressing cough, which came on as soon as he laid down, and kept him awake for the greater part of the night. At breakfast, one morning, H—— was speaking of some person's illness. "Does he cough at night?" inquired he. "No." "O! then he'll get along," laughing. Determined not, as he expressed it, "to be bullied by a cold," he went to town that day, to attend the monthly meeting of the trustees of the Astor Library.

Notwithstanding his cough continued to trouble him, and destroy the comfort of his nights, he still found time and spirits for the following letter, addressed to a great nephew not out of his teens, who was making the tour of Europe with his parents, and had written him an account of a visit to Drum, the old homestead conveyed by Bruce to his progenitor, and still held by the family. I should scruple to give the letter entire, on account of its delicate encomium upon the youthful party to whom it is addressed, were it not that, as a whole, it presents so true an image of the writer's own heart, his tender sympathy with the young,

and the ennobling influence which he sought to inspire in his communion with them.

[*To Irving Grinnell.*]

SUNNYSIDE, October 28, 1858.

MY DEAR IRVING: —

I will not apologize to you for leaving your letter of July 11th so long unanswered. You know my situation — how much my poor brain and pen are fagged and overtasked by regular literary labor, and by the irregular and inevitable demands of the post-office, and will make indulgent allowances for the tardiness of my reply.

Your letter was most acceptable and interesting, giving such fresh, animated accounts of your travels, and expressing so naturally the feelings inspired by the objects around you. Speaking of Bothwell Castle, you say: "When I am beholding any such magnificent or interesting spot, I do not seem to be able to appreciate it enough. I take it in, but do not realize it; and this is really a painful sensation, so different from what you would expect. I stand looking, with all my eyes and senses open, and feel as though I were deficient in some one faculty which prevented me from really appreciating and enjoying all that I see."

My dear Irving, this is all *honestly* expressed, and describes a feeling which all hunters of the picturesque and historical are apt to experience in presence of the objects of their quest. They, in fact, do *realize* the scene before them, and the naked truth balks the imagination. Those raptures and ecstasies which writers of travels are so full of at the sight of wonders in art and nature, are generally the after-coinage of the brain, when they sit down in their studies to detail what they have seen, and to invent

what they think they ought to have felt. I recollect how much I was vexed with myself, in my young days, when in Italy, in reading the work of a French tourist, and finding how calmly I had contemplated scenes and objects which had inspired him with the most exalted transports. It was a real consolation to learn, afterward, that he had *never been in Italy*, and that his whole book, with all its raptures, was a fabrication. I think true delight in these matters is apt to be quiet and contemplative.

I was very much interested by your account of your visit to Drum, the old "Stamm haus," as the Germans express it, of the Irving family. I should have liked to have been of your party on that occasion, having a strong curiosity about that old family nest, ever since the Scotch antiquaries have traced my origin to an egg hatched out of it in days of yore.

In going to town, yesterday, I had —— ——— beside me in the railroad car, and he gave me an account of letters just received from some of your party, by which I found you were all safe in Paris, and in daily communion with the ———s, ———s, etc. What a joyous meeting it must have been! What a relish of *home* it must have given you all! ———, I have no doubt, keeps you well informed of everything going on in the little world in which you and he mingled together. He is a worthy, manly fellow, and I am glad you have an intimate friend of his stamp. I value him the more highly from the manner in which he conducted himself during his absence in Europe, and the frank, simple, unspoiled manners he has brought home with him. And such, I trust, will be the case with you, my dear Irving. I have always valued in you what I considered to be an honorable nature; a conscientiousness in regard

to duties; an open truthfulness; an absence of all low propensities and sensual indulgences; a reverence for sacred things; a respect for others; a freedom from selfishness, and a prompt disposition to oblige; and, with all these, a gayety of spirit, flowing, I believe, from an uncorrupted heart, that gladdens everything around you.

I am not saying all this, my dear Irving, to flatter you, but to let you know what precious qualities Heaven has bestowed upon you, which you are called upon to maintain in their original purity. You are mingling with the world at large at an extremely youthful age. Fortunately, you go surrounded by the sanctity of home, in the company of your parents and sisters — a moral halo, to protect you from the corruptions of the world. I am confident, however, that your own native good sense and good taste will protect you against the follies, and vices, and affectations in which "Young America" is too apt to indulge in Europe, and that, while you give free scope to your natural buoyancy of spirit, you will maintain that frank, manly, modest simplicity of conduct that should characterize the American gentleman.

I wish I could write you a more interesting letter; but this, such as it is, is scrawled with some difficulty, for I am just recovered from a fit of illness, and am little fitted for the exercise of the pen.

God bless you, my dear Irving, and bring you home to us with a mind stored with profitable and delightful recollections, manners improved and refined by travel, and a heart unspotted by the world.

Your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Continuing Indisposition. — Sir Walter Scott. — Bull-fights. —Dread of the Night.— Spasmodic Affection.— Letter from Prescott. — Vol. V. of "Life of Washington" going to Press. — Wilkie. — Holmes.—Prescott's Death.— Restless Nights. — Anxiety to sleep. — His Last Birthday.

OCTOBER 31st, 1858. — *At Sunnyside.* Mr. Irving still troubled with his harassing cough. To an inquiry of one of his nieces how he had rested the night before, he replies: "So, so; I am apt to be rather *fatigued*, my dear, by my night's *rest*." After breakfast, he was turning over, in the library, the leaves of Dunglison's "Medical Dictionary," which had been sent him by the publisher the day before, 'A very good book to have; but what an array of maladies for this poor machine of ours to be subject to! One almost wonders, as he thinks of them, that any should ever grow old."

He afterward got speaking of Sir Walter Scott. "O! he was a master spirit — as glorious in his conversation as in his writings. Jeffrey was delightful, and had *eloquent runs* in conversation; but there was a consciousness of talent with it. Scott had nothing of that. He spoke from the fullness of his mind, pouring out

an incessant flow of anecdote, story, etc., with dashes of humor, and then never monopolizing, but always ready to listen to and appreciate what came from others. I never felt such a consciousness of happiness as when under his roof. I awoke in the morning, and said to myself, 'Now I know I'm to be happy; I know I have an unfailing treat before me.' We would go out in the morning. Scott, with his brown pantaloons, greenish frock-coat, white hat, and cane, would go stumping along. Would hear him ahead, in his gruff tones, mumbling something to himself, like the grumbling of an organ, and find it would be a snatch of minstrelsy. The 'Antiquary' was the favorite of his daughter Sophia. It is full of his quiet humor. What a beautifully compounded character is Monkbarns! It is one of the very finest in our literature. That single character is enough to immortalize any man. Ochiltree also capital. How many precious treats have I had out of that 'Antiquary! How you see Scott's delightful humor, whether grave or gay, playing through all his works, and revealing the man!"

November 11th. — Handed me some chapters of Volume V. in which he had introduced some new matter. Hard work, he said, to fit it in. Conversation turned to bull-fights. "I did not know what a blood-thirsty man I was, till I saw them at Madrid, on my first visit. The first was very spirited, the second dull, the third spirited again, and afterward I hardly ever missed. "But the poor horses!" some one interposed. "O!

well, they were very old, and worn out, and it was only a question whether they should die a triumphal death, or be battered a few years longer. On my return to Madrid, I did not go much. The cruelty of my nature had been worn out." His conversation was, as usual, a mixture of jest and earnest.

November 18*th*. — I left Sunnyside, and came to the city, and took rooms at the Clarendon Hotel for the winter. Mr. Irving came down, on the 20th, to see Dr. Peters about a spasm which seemed to take him after he had gone to bed, and was just falling asleep. The doctor gave him some prescription, with which he returned; but on Monday morning (22d) he was down again, having passed a sleepless night. He went at once to the doctor, and then came to my room at the Clarendon. Nearly out of breath when he got there. He returned again to the country, but, finding himself still nervous and sleepless, came to town a few days after, to pass some time with his friend, Mr. Barrett Ames, at 33 Lafayette Place. The distressing symptoms continued, however, accompanied, at times, with such increased difficulty of breathing as gave us all much anxiety. He stood it very well during the day, but began to have great dread of the night. On parting with him, one night, he repeated most feelingly the passage from Othello : —

> "Not poppy, nor mandragora,
> Nor all the drowsy sirups of the world,
> Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
> Which thou ow'dst yesterday."

The next day found him quite in spirits, and full of conversation as usual. Speaking of ——, a celebrated public orator, I asked him if he had ever heard him. "Only once. Liked some parts, but too apt to change his voice suddenly from low to loud, giving evidence only of the breadth and brassiness of his throat. His voice did not swell out properly from his theme. Let slip his thunder capriciously."

On the 10th of December, after an entirely sleepless night, he rose early, and went at once to the doctor, having been so strangely affected that he was apprehensive of some impending attack, for which the doctor assured him there was no foundation. He retired the next night with great misgivings, but slept five hours, and in the morning was very bright. His nights continued to alternate between bad and good, and, finding no improvement from the change, he began to long for his home, and, on the 18th of December, returned to the cottage, accompanied by myself and wife, it being his earnest wish that we should go up with him. From this period to his death, we were, by his desire, inmates of Sunnyside.

I give below some notes with regard to the condition of his health, which I took at the time: —

Sunday, December 19th. — A sleepless night. Knocked at the doctor's room (who had come up in the seven-o'clock train, to stay over Sunday) at one o'clock, who got up, and read and conversed with him till half past four, when he called me, at Mr. Irving's request, to relieve him.

I continued with him till he got up to shave. Excessively nervous when he came down in the morning, yet told a variety of anecdotes at the breakfast table. Tried to arrange papers after breakfast, and then was driven to the church at Tarrytown "just for the drive," the doctor accompanying him. The fact is, he was so restless, as he expressed it, he "did not know what to do with himself." After dinner, horror-haunted with the thought that he would not sleep. Went to bed at twelve, and slept four hours, I watching with him at first till a quarter past one, and, finding he did not awake, lying down on the sofa in his room. Was bright and cheerful when he awoke, and continued so during the day.

December 20th. — Oliver Wendell Holmes and F. S. Cozzens, of Yonkers, made a call. Mr. Irving enjoyed their visit — glad to see Holmes, whom he had never met before, but whose "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" he had been reading with great zest. They stayed about half an hour. I was absent in the city. On retiring that night, soon fell asleep, but in a short time awoke, in a very nervous and restless state. I read and talked to him for an hour, when I lay down on the sofa in his room. At half past two he awoke me again. Had great difficulty of breathing, and a sort of spasmodic affection of the stomach, which roused him whenever he was falling asleep.

December 22d. — Amused himself, this morning, in looking over old papers, and answering letters, of which he wrote four before twelve. Like himself to-day.

24th. — Full of fun, humor, and anecdote. Spoke of children too wise to believe in Santa Claus. "Too wise to be happy. When I was a child, I believed in Santa Claus as long as I could, until they put snowballs in my stockings."

December 25th. — Christmas. Horribly nervous this morning. Returning from a walk, I withdrew to my room, but he soon came up and knocked at my door, and begged to be let in to be with me. Was perfectly ashamed of himself, he said, but had a horror of being alone. I went down with him, got him to take some prescription, and then read aloud to him, till he fell asleep on the sofa. Said it was inexpressibly soothing. The fluctuation of feeling from one day to another seems incredible.

December 27th. — Horror-ridden. H—— reads him asleep after breakfast. Starts up; goes out to walk; then to drive to Dr. Creighton's, his friend and pastor, with H—— and S——, to be in motion and escape from himself.

December 31st. — A good day. Retires at eleven. Rather restless. Somewhat troubled with cough. I read to him from two to three. Slept considerable after this. Had been altering, yesterday, a chapter about Lawrence Lewis.

A few days before, he had received from Prescott — then in health, but destined to precede him by a few months to the grave — the following letter: —

Boston, Dec. 28.

My Dear Mr. Irving:

I was sorry to hear, a few days since, that you had not been quite so well as usual of late. I hope that this note will find you in better health. I remember, when my first two volumes of the "History of Philip II." came out, you wrote me a very kind note about them. I have just published a third volume; and, as you seem to have taken an interest in the subject, I have done myself the pleasure to send a copy of it to Putnam for you. I shall think myself fortunate if it should serve to amuse a leisure hour. Yet, pressed as you have been of late years, leisure would seem to be the last thing likely to be at your disposal. At all events, I pray you not to take the trouble to make any acknowledgment of the little *cadeau*, but to accept it as a proof of the sincere admiration and regard which I have always felt and must ever feel for you.

Believe me, dear Mr. Irving, very truly, your friend, Wm. H. Prescott.

The early part of January, Mr. Irving seemed much improved. Less difficulty of breathing and nervousness. Was greatly interested in reading the third volume of Prescott's "Philip II." just sent him by the author. Thought his account of the trampling out of the poor Moriscoes admirably done, but there was too much of it. Better to have generalized, as there were no grand features. Miserable skirmishes of handfuls of men. No romance like the wars when the Moors and Spaniards were pitted against each other.

January 12th. — His nervousness returned. Again haunted with the idea that he could not

sleep. Strange disease, which seemed to want reality, and yet the most distressing. He was unwilling to go to his room at bed-time, but lay down on a sofa in the parlor, Dr. Peters occupying another until four o'clock, when I relieved him. He slept about three hours out of his "den," as he styled his bedroom. For three or four nights after this he continued to occupy the sofa in the parlor at night, having a horror of his own room.

January 15th. — Called me into the library to show me how he had been muddling again, as he expressed it, with the "Life of Washington." It was a slight and improved change in the collocation of some sentences, taking them from Chapter X., and introducing them in Chapter XI. At two, he came into the library, where I was, frightfully nervous. To relieve his inquietude, he forced himself to do some copying. Afterward I read to him, and he fell asleep temporarily. Reading aloud to him was the only thing that seemed to quiet these nervous attacks. The doctor came up from the city at five P M., intending to return at eight, but yielded to Mr Irving's entreaty to stay the night. He prevailed on him to lie down in his bedroom at six, and he slept until one: and afterward got a little sprinkling of sleep, as he expressed it. The faithful doctor still encourages us and himself with the hope that this is only a morbid condition of the nervous system, which may pass off; but I have at times an ominous feeling as if we were watching his decline. He also has, no doubt, his misgivings.

It was very remarkable, that at this very time, when filled with dread of the night, and anxious that all should sit up very late to shorten it as much as possible, he was never more delightful in conversation than during those long evenings. The excitement of his mind seemed to increase his powers, just as persons in a fever are often more brilliant than at any other time. All the interesting scenes of his life seemed to pass before him — a thousand anecdotes of persons and things of which you had never heard, related in the most graphic manner, and filled, at times, with all his old fun and humor. Scenes and quotations from favorite authors were constantly presenting themselves, and were given with a depth of feeling that added wonderfully to their effect.

Those evenings were a perfect treat, though always sad from our certainty that they boded a wakeful night.

January 18th. — He came into the library at half past twelve, and told me he had had "such a soothing, balmy morning, to repair his poor, tattered nerves." How different in manner and appearance from the excited state in which, a few days before, he had rushed in to give vent to his restlessness! The contrast was very touching.

I started for the post-office at two, and, when I returned, I found him in the library, and apparently, except in his thin, worn visage, as well as ever. He wrote, to-day, the character of Knox, at the close of Chapter I., and told an amusing anecdote in his usual vein of facetious-

ness. I am to put Volume V. to press to-morrow. The doctor came at five. His patient soon after fell asleep. Awoke after three hours, and told story of Wilkie playing picture, at Madrid, at some fancy ball — in costume — putting one hand on pommel of his sword, and extending the other, as he had seen it in some old painting; occasionally would "step out of his frame" to talk to some one, and then go back.

The next day continued calm, and free from nervousness throughout the day. I gave to Mr. Putnam, the publisher, the first three chapters of Volume V. of the "Life of Washington." Came up in the seven o'clock train with the doctor. Mr. Irving had slept after dinner, but was wakeful toward bed-time. A wretched night. The doctor up almost the whole night reading to him, and administering soothing medicines, until, as Mr. Irving told him, it seemed to him he had taken medicines enough in his stomach to put a whole congregation to sleep.

The next day had no appetite at dinner, but told a story of the Irishman who shot an owl, and thought he had killed a cherubim. Then, with a sudden change of mood, dropped his hands despairingly. Had "such a feeling of dismay come over him at the thought of the dismal, sleepless night before him." His thoughts centred in the want of sleep. Went to bed at eleven, with a foreboding that he would "sleep no more" that night, but was mistaken. Drowsed through the night, and was calm and tranquil at morning.

Read "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," in

the February number of the "Atlantic Monthly," just come in, and was very much pleased with it. "Holmes has a full, rich vein — so witty, and so much drollery. Am delighted to have made his acquaintance." I brought up, that day, the first proof of Volume V. — sixteen pages — of the "Life of Washington."

January 24th, Evening. — Turning to me, at half past ten: "You'll be near me to-night?" "Certainly." "I begin to feel, as bed-time approaches, that old dread of my own room and the night." "But," said one of his nieces, "you ought not to feel it to-night; you've been sleeping so quietly on the sofa, you'll have a good night, and will soon sleep again." "I know it, my dear; but there is no arguing with these things. They are incontrollable. They come and go like the wind. When you are all about me here, I can sleep quietly; but when I get to my own room, and you are all gone, and I think are all asleep but myself, then comes over me this strange dread again. You recollect" (turning to me) "the scene among the tombs, in 'The Mourning Bride:' —

> 'Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
> Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
> Thy voice. My own affrights me with its echoes.'"

Nothing could exceed the expressive manner in which he repeated this exclamation of Almeria to Leonora, in that passage of Congreve's tragedy to which Dr. Johnson gave such high praise.

January 26th. — Rather faint and nervous at bed-time, but some preparation which the doctor

had left seemed to have a good effect. I took the "porch room" as it is called, next his, to be at hand, and he went to his room with a feeling that he would have a good night. I kept awake until midnight, listening for a possible call, and then fell asleep. At a quarter past three he came into my room in great nervous agitation. Had not been able to sleep. I returned with him to his room, where I remained until half past six, administered to him some medicine, after which he became composed and quiet.

January 30th. — I showed him the "Evening Post," containing news of Prescott's death. Had recently written to Prescott, after reading his third volume of "Philip II."; and Prescott, but a few days before, had expressed to Cogswell (in Boston) his gratification at the letter.

The next day he walked out, and was seized, on his return, with a violent spasm of shortness of breath, the most distressing and alarming he had yet had, though it did not continue so long as some others.

February 1st. — I went to the city, and came up in the five-o'clock train bringing proof from page 58 to page 68. Found he had been engaged anew upon the character of Washington, which he had already completed, and had become nervous under the operation. In the evening he gave me the whole draft, and told me to arrange the pages; that he was determined to bother himself no more with it. I commended the resolution, and told him it answered as it was before. When I examined and arranged it the next morning, I found

he had improved the commencement. I put the papers together, and kept them away from him.

His shortness of breath seemed now to recur at more frequent intervals. The doctor prescribed, as an experiment — what had also been suggested by Holmes, on his late visit — "Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma," a tea-spoonful in a wine-glass of water, to be taken every four hours. A good night was the result.

February 3d. — Went to bed at half past ten, apparently calm. At eleven had a severe attack of coughing, which lasted an hour, and left him excessively nervous. Hearing his indistinct moans, I asked if anything distressed him. "Yes; this harassed feeling — these long, long, long hours till morning." Tried to read in Miss Pardoe's "Court of Louis XIV." Would explode upon the baseness, the despicable meanness of the French monarch. More and more nervous as morning approached.

The next day looked very haggard. Fell into a doze about midnight, which continued half an hour. Slept again until half past two, when he awoke with a strange feeling of faintness at the stomach, as if he were dying. Said to me he was just dying, when he awoke, stretched forth his hand, and took a sip of some liquid, which revived him. "I would have been gone in another minute."

For two or three days this excessive nervousness continued. He told me I must bear with him — we must all bear with him; his state was a deplorable one, and sometimes he knew he must

appear like a child. Read aloud to us — as if to escape from himself — some scenes in "As You Like It." Told anecdote of Kemble, in his personation of Jaques, embodying in the part the passage descriptive of his moralizing about the deer. Nothing could be more affecting than his struggles against this overmastering nervousness; it was so new to him, so opposed to his healthy and heroic nature — to the whole character of his past life — that it seemed impossible for him to yield to its dominion.

February 7th. — A better day. Was speaking with admiration of the Yacht Voyage — "Letters from High Latitudes," by Lord Dufferin, which he had finished a few days before. Wished he had another book to read by the same author — such a fine spirit in it. Felt still more interest in it now that he knew the author to be the son[1] of Mrs. Norton. Then spoke of her captivating beauty, when he first saw her at the house of some lady of quality on his return from Spain to London, in 1829.

Mr. and Mrs. H—— and Mrs. S—— call between one and two. Very pleasant and like himself.

February 14th. — The doctor, on coming up, thought him better than he had been since he was first taken with this nervous excitability. Assured me he had no fears of softening of the brain, and hoped to date his continued amendment from that day.

The next day continued better. Remarked in

[1] He was in fact, I believe, the nephew. — ED.

the morning, he was so well he was almost frightened; afraid it was a weather breeder. Slept in an upright position on the sofa, after tea, a couple of hours, but no rest after he retired. In the morning was sad, and out of spirits at the "wearing, wearing, wearing" night he had spent. Quite discouraged, though his asthmatic symptoms had very much abated of late, and his catarrh disappeared.

About two hundred pages of his fifth volume of the "Life of Washington" were now printed. He wrote a few lines relative to the composition of the "Farewell Address" — the only time he had touched it since it went to press, with the exception of some passages in the character of Washington.

February 27th. — Notwithstanding his improvement in other respects, his restless nights continued, his "poor fluttering nerves," as he expressed it, scarcely allowing him any quiet. Could hardly summon resolution to go, at night, to his "haunted chamber," as he termed his sleeping apartment, from the brooding phantoms that, like Poe's Raven, seemed perched above the door. When I entered it at eleven, to take my station on a sofa for the night, I found he was shunning his bed, and pacing up and down the room with great restlessness. He begged me not to leave the room, but to "stick by" him; it was a great comfort to know I was there.

The next day I took to the city two of the last four chapters of his "Life of Washington." On my return to the cottage, at five P. M., ac-

companied by the doctor, I found that he had been engaged for two or three hours in the morning on his last chapters. Wished to retain them, to redress the concluding portion. Had a very comfortable day.

March 9th. — Seemed to have been losing ground for the last few days. Still held on to the last chapter of "Washington," though the printers were nearly up to it. On the 15th, he put the finishing touch to it. The next day was sadly out of spirits. Had had difficult respiration much more frequently of late; within the last day or two, almost constantly.

March 17th. — Asked me if the last chapter of the "Life of Washington" was printed last night. "Yes." "Well, I never got out a work in this style before, without looking at the proof-sheets. In better health, I could have given more effect to parts; but I was afraid to look at the proofs, lest I should get muddling." That afternoon drove up to Mr. Bartlett's, to leave with Mrs. B., in compliance with her previous request, the pen with which he wrote the last words of his "Life of Washington."

March 18th. — I returned from the city at five, accompanied by the doctor. Learned that Mr. Irving had had more than usual of coughing and labored breathing. Told the doctor, on his leaving, at seven o'clock, that he was quite discouraged; that he did not see that he was getting any better, and did not know where this was to end. It was the first time he had spoken with such discouragement to the doctor. His

presence had generally a cheering influence, and we always remarked that he appeared better when he was with him than at any other time, and often made too light of his symptoms. The doctor seemed a little taken aback by his despondent tone. Had three hours of sleep on the sofa before going to bed, and about three hours afterward, with transient intermissions of wakefulness.

March 20th. — Slept from half past three to four P. M., on the sofa, when a neighbor called. Great difficulty of breathing when he left, which continued, with spells of coughing, until bed-time.

March 23d. — Received a newspaper from Lewisburg, Pa., containing notice of the death of a Mrs. Chamberlain, aged ninety, formerly of New York, and a friend and correspondent of his sister Anne, who had died in 1808. The sister was alluded to in flattering terms. Mr. Irving broke forth into warm eulogy of her wit, sensibility, and humor — "delightful in every mood." "I was very meagre, when a child, and she used to call me a little rack of bones. How fond I was of having her sing to me, when an infant, that pathetic ballad of Lowe —

> 'The moon had climbed the highest hill
> That rises o'er the source of Dee.'

How it used to make me weep, and yet I was constantly begging her to sing it." His love of music was a passion with him through life.

March 25th. — Wrote the following note — a copy of which has been sent me since his death

— to a lady who had requested permission to dedicate to him a work, entitled "Domestic Annals of the Revolution," but the title of which was afterward changed to "Recollections of the Revolution": —

[*To Miss Lydia Minturn Post.*]

SUNNYSIDE, March 25, 1859.

DEAR MADAM: —

Your note of March 9th, being directed to Tarrytown instead of Irvington, has been slow in reaching me. You have my full consent to the dedication of your forthcoming "Domestic Annals of the Revolution" to me, if you think it would be of advantage to the work, or a gratification to yourself. I only request that the dedication be extremely simple, and void of compliment.

With great respect, yours, very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

April 2d. — Received, in the morning, a letter from a young senior at Chapel Hill, N. C., telling him he had been so delighted with his four volumes of the "Life of Washington," that he had read them over repeatedly, and now wrote to beg him, not only for his own sake, but for the sake of the country, to write an account of the Presidential career and closing days of Washington at Mount Vernon. "Here is a request," said he, "that I think I will gratify at once." The whole of the fifth volume was already printed, and waiting only the Preface, which was completed that very morning, before the receipt of the letter. He spoke sadly of his condition, as if he were failing. Great restlessness at night, with brief snatches of sleep.

April 3d. — His birthday — seventy-six this day. A dull, cheerless morning; overcast at dawn, and raining before seven. After breakfast, he showed me his Spanish Chronicles in manuscript — "Don Pelayo," "Fernando el Santo," etc. In the midst of our conversation, a bunch of flowers was brought in from Robert, the most faithful of gardeners, a present for his birthday. Later, a beautiful bouquet from Mrs. ——— followed. "Beautiful flowers," he exclaimed, "to a withered old man!" The dinner table was decked with the bouquet, and the dessert enriched with various delicacies, presents from loving neighbors. All tried to be cheerful at dinner; but at the close, after a spasm of coughing had driven him from the room, and we felt the uncertainty of another birthday with him "on this bank and shoal of time," all rose from the table in tears.

CHAPTER XXV.

Temporary Improvement. — Letter from Bancroft on Vol. V. — Letter to John P. Kennedy. — Letter from William C. Preston. — Reply. — The "Heart of the Andes." — Medical Consultation. — Cogswell's Anecdote. — Relapse. — Visit of Kemble. — Discouragement. — Letter to H. T. Tuckerman on his Notice of Vol. V.

MR. IRVING'S health continued to fluctuate. Throughout the month of April there seemed to be a decided improvement, though he still had, at intervals, a return of his distressing nights. One symptom appeared, which gave us a good deal of anxiety, being quite new. It was a bewilderment on waking, which sometimes continued for half an hour or more; an uncertainty as to exactly where he was, and an idea that strange persons had been in the room — his dreams probably mingling with his waking. On the whole, however, he seemed much better; and, on the 20th, told me, on retiring to his room for the night, that he thought he could now get along by himself; but, on my assenting, immediately recalled the opinion, and said perhaps I had better remain a night or two longer. Fell asleep for about fifteen minutes, then awoke, and had a deplorably nervous night. He continued to to improve, however, and, on the 27th, determined

be present at the monthly meeting of the trustees of the Astor Library, but was prevented by rain. It was now more than four months since he had been in the city.

May 1st. — Read Henry T. Tuckerman's account of the Portraits of Washington, in the Appendix to the fifth volume. Pronounced it quite an acquisition.

On the 4th, went to town, and returned at half past seven, the better for the journey. Occupied his room alone that night.

May 9th. — Received the following letter from Bancroft, in acknowledgment of Volume V. of "Life of Washington:" —

Sunday, May 7.

Dear Irving: —

Your publisher sent me, late yesterday, your fifth volume, to which I must entreat you to add your autograph, in evidence of the intention, which Putnam vouched for. I did not go to bed till I had finished all the last half of the volume; and my first moment this morning is to tell you with what delight, and, I add in all soberness, emotion, I read it. The narrative is beautifully told, in your own happy diction and style, felicitous always; never redundant; graceful and elegant. The throbbings of your heart are as marked and perceptible along the pages as in anything you ever wrote. But the charm is the loveliness that your portraiture sheds round the venerable patriot in his retirement. Much as I have read and studied about Washington, I was taken by the novelty that your ever fresh and warm manner has thrown about your sketch. Your hero dies like the sun in his beauty in a cloudless sky.

After reading to the end, I began at the beginning. You have charmingly shown Washington's dislike of state; and you have hit off John Adams's character in perfection at a single touch. Having had many letters sent me about Randolph, I looked up your account of that sad matter; and I think your statement is a model of candor, indicating just the extent of Randolph's indiscretion, and no more; and I think the letter of contrition, which you insert, tends to exonerate Randolph from the deeper imputation, for it shows, at bottom, an honest heart, though his judgment may have grievously erred.

The sketch which Washington gives of Hamilton, on preferring him for the post next himself in the army, is the finest tribute ever paid to Hamilton's rare combination of talents. . . . . But I shall weary you; only I could not delay telling you how admirably you have, in my judgment, combined, in this volume, grace of style, freshness, candor, and all the good qualities that make you the delight of your friends and the pride of the country.

I am ever, dear Irving, very heartily yours,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

May 10th. — Received a letter from John P. Kennedy, proposing his going on a trip to St. Louis with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, which he declines, as follows: —

[*To John P. Kennedy.*]

SUNNYSIDE, May 11, 1859.

MY DEAR KENNEDY: —

I have had to decline the very tempting invitation of Mr. Prescott Smith in behalf of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. In fact, I am not in a condition to undertake the expedition proposed. I

have been under the weather all winter, suffering from an attack of asthma, and a nervous indisposition brought on by overworking myself in endeavoring to bring my literary task to a conclusion. Thank Heaven, my fifth volume is launched, and henceforth I give up all further tasking of the pen. I am slowly regaining health and strength, and am having my natural rest at night, for I suffered wretchedly from sleeplessness. Within the last two or three weeks I feel quite encouraged; but I still have to take great care of myself, for asthma is constantly dogging at my heels, and watching every opportunity to get the mastery over me.

In my present precarious state of health, I can make no engagement that would take me far from home; and can therefore make you no promise of accompanying you to the mountains, or even of visiting you at Ellicott's Mills. In fact, I have been but once to New York since last Christmas, and that was only a few days since; and have not been able to jollify even at little parties in my immediate neighborhood.

Give my affectionate remembrances to Mrs. Kennedy and Miss Gray, and believe me, my dear Kennedy, ever, very truly, yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

May 13th. — Received a very kind and delightful letter from Professor C. C. Felton, of Cambridge, Mass., who had just been reading his fifth volume of the "Life of Washington," and expressed great pleasure in the perusal. Read the letter aloud, and said it was particularly gratifying to get such testimonials from such men, as he had found it impossible to repress

great misgivings with regard to the last volume, which he had never been able to look at since it was finished. His illness came on the very next day. Indeed, he was then unfit to write; and he had constantly had in his mind the recollection of the Archbishop of Granada, in "Gil Blas," whose Homilies were thought to smell of the apoplexy. His old love of fun revived with the recollection, and he went to his library for the book, and read the story aloud with great zest.

About this time, the papers had announced the death of Baron Alexander Humboldt, at the age of ninety-one, with the following published card from him, dated Berlin, March 15th, 1859, curiously illustrating some of the penalties of celebrity: —

Laboring under extreme depression of spirits, the result of a correspondence which daily increases, and which makes a yearly average of from sixteen hundred to two thousand letters and pamphlets on things entirely foreign to me — manuscripts on which my advice is demanded, schemes of emigration and colonization, invoices of models, machinery, and objects of natural history, inquiries on balloons, demands for autographs, offers to nurse or amuse me — I once more publicly invite all those who desire my welfare, to try and persuade the people of the two continents not to be so busy about me, and not to take my house for the office of a directory, in order that, with the decay of my physical and intellectual strength, I may enjoy some leisure, and have time to work. Let not this appeal, to which I only resorted with reluctance, be interpreted with malevolence.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

"I met Humboldt often in society in Paris. A very amiable man. A great deal of *bonhommie*."

May 17th. — Mr. Irving had a very severe attack of shortness of breath, and was so sadly nervous in the evening, that I resumed, for the nonce, my station in his room at bed-time. The difficulty of breathing continued by turns through the night. He got up and sat in his chair at day-break, when it subsided. He then read me an interesting and touching letter just received from William C. Preston, ex-Senator of the United States, his old travelling companion in Scotland, now paralytic, but with all his brilliant powers yet unimpaired.

Those nights, when I look back upon them, seem a strange mingling; for, between the paroxysms of distress, he would seize on anything to divert his own thoughts, or to relieve what he feared must be the weariness of those who were watching with him. He would read or relate anything that interested him at the moment, and so endeavor to cheat the hours till day. I give the letter: —

[*William C. Preston to Washington Irving.*]

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA. May 11, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR: —

Seeing, in yesterday's *National Intelligencer* (the only paper that I now read, that you had been ill, but were recovered, I was prompted to write to you at once what an unabated interest I cherish for you. My last communication with you was an act of kindness to me, in sending some letters of introduction

for my friend Hampton, to Europe. Hampton did wiser than to go to Europe; he got married, and keeps your letters as precious autographs. Those that I have had from you have long since been begged or stolen from me by piecemeal, and I have often had an enhanced consideration, when it was known that I had been an acquaintance of Washington Irving; for I don't believe that any man, in any country, has ever had a more affectionate admiration for him than that given to you in America. I believe that we have had but one man who is so much in the popular heart.

On reading this notice in the "Intelligencer," I found in my memory (what, for aught I know, may be common to old men) a sort of *mirage*, which made distant objects rise above those more near. My mind at once recalled Jones of the Brinn and Loch Katrine, and it was only upon reflection that I recalled your visit to me in the War of Nullification, and subsequently, during our war in the Senate against General Jackson. In those tumultuary scenes I was an excited actor, and fretted my hour amid them. The curtain fell; new scenes were brought forward, and I have sat exhausted in the dark recesses of the theatre, the pageant gone, and sad realities about me — sickness and sorrow.

I had not thought you so old as the paper announces you to be. I knew you were somewhat my senior forty years ago, but, for some years, I have felt older than anybody seemed to me to be. A paralytic stroke may well be counted for twenty years, which makes me eighty-five.

What a noble capital your "Life of Washington" makes to your literary column! The paper says you are busily at work. I am sorry to think that you are vexing yourself with further labors; you

have fairly won the privilege of rest. Your honorable labors have been crowned with most honorable rewards. Whatever your country's love and admiration can give, has been bestowed. I indulge the wish, therefore, that the "Life of Washington," which inseparably connects your name with his, may have no interposing object, and that your labors may be mere amendments in minute touches, giving a more perfect polish, where, although the public eye may perceive no want of it, your own delicate perception may suspect it.

I am, my dear sir, ever, your affectionate friend,

WM. C. PRESTON.

I anticipate, to give Mr. Irving's reply in this place, though it was delayed nearly three months; —

[*To William C. Preston.*]

SUNNYSIDE, August 9, 1859.

MY DEAR PRESTON; —

I have suffered a long time to elapse without a reply to your most kind and welcome letter, but the state of my health must plead my apology. For many months I have been harassed by an attack of asthma, accompanied by sleepless nights, which deranged my whole nervous system. I have had to give up all literary occupation, and to abstain as much as possible from the exercise of my pen even in letter writing. I am slowly recovering, but will have to be very careful of myself. Fortunately, I have finished the "Life of Washington," about which you speak so kindly, and now I shall no more tax myself with authorship.

Your allusions to Jones of the Brinn and Loch Katrine, brought up a host of recollections of pleasant

scenes and of pleasant adventures which we enjoyed together in our peregrinations in England and Scotland, in our younger days. I often recur in thought to those ramblings, which furnish some of the most agreeable day-dreams of past times, and, if I dared to indulge my pen, could call up many an amusing incident in which you figured conspicuously. But this scribbling I must postpone to some future day, when I am less under the thraldom of nerves and the asthma. At present, I merely scrawl these few lines to assure you of my constant and affectionate remembrance.

I believe our present Minister in Spain is a cousin of yours. I am glad to hear he is likely to prove popular there. A lady correspondent in Madrid, well acquainted with the Court circle, speaks in very favorable terms both of the Minister and his lady.

Farewell, my dear Preston. Believe me, though at present a very lame correspondent, yet, as ever,

Yours, very faithfully,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

May 23d. — Mr. Irving went to the city, by special invitation, to see Church's picture of the "Heart of the Andes." It was the last day of the exhibition, and the room was crowded. Delighted with it. Pronounced it glorious — magnificent! — such grandeur of general effect with such minuteness of detail — minute without hardness; a painting to stamp the reputation of an artist at once.

The next night woke at two, in great distress from difficulty of breathing, which continued for an hour and a half. Went to the city to see Dr. Peters, who called in Dr. Hosack to hold a con-

sultation. Dr. P. sought to encourage him with an account of Mr. ——, who had been a sufferer with asthma for forty years, and whom they thought near his end, of late, and, when he and his family were prepared for it, he suddenly rallied, and was getting as well as he had been before. His only comment was: "Ah, Doctor, why didn't you let him go? Why call him back to such suffering?"

Mr. Cogswell related to me the following anecdote: Mr. Irving called at his room in the Astor Library, not many months since, and, finding him sick abed, and alarmingly ill, hurried off for his physician, Dr. Barker. One of his jokes, after Cogswell got well, was, that in going for the doctor, he thought he would just stop at the undertaker's on his way, and order a coffin; and now he had the coffin on his hands.

On his return from the city, he retired, at bedtime, to his room alone, as he had done for some nights past. The doors were open, and perceiving, in the night, that he was restless, I went in. The next morning, at breakfast, he remarked that he felt my coming in quite as a reprieve. After dinner, said to me: "I shall have to get you to mount guard again to-night. I am ashamed to ask it, but you cannot conceive what an abject coward this nervousness makes of me." I assured him of my readiness to resume my post.

June 2d. — Looked better, and had a comfortable day. Drove out with Mrs. J——. On his return, at twelve o'clock, found here his old

friend, Gouverneur Kemble, who had come to see him, and urge him to make him a visit. Kemble greeted him very cordially. "Why, you are looking" —— "Very badly," interposed Mr. Irving. "But better than I expected to see you." Kemble stayed to dinner. Mr. Irving, at parting with him, accompanied him to the door, and bade him "good-by" with a "God bless you!"

When he returned to the parlor, his eyes were filled with tears, and he burst forth with a gush of feeling. "That is my friend of early life — always unchanged, always like a brother; one of the noblest beings that ever was created. His heart is pure gold." He was deeply affected. He had been, as he generally was in the society of those he liked, except when in immediate suffering, very cheerful during the dinner, and, excited and gratified by the visit, Mr. Kemble could form no idea of his situation. This proved to be their last meeting.

The next day he was very nervous, and sadly discouraged. Said he had nearly given up all hope of recovery or improvement, and only trusted that he would not be left a burden long. After dinner, drove out with H——. This depression continued through the whole drive. "I've always dreaded," he remarked, "beyond anything, becoming a confirmed invalid, and a burden to those about me." "But you will never be that," was the reply. "What do you call this? I see no relief to it. This cough prevents my sleeping, and, with such nights, how

can I be better? And poor ——, too — what a tax on him!" "He does not consider it so." "Well," he rejoined, "I trust he may not have the burden long."

About this time, Mr. Irving received a letter from Henry T. Tuckerman, who had been looking forward with special interest to the concluding volume of his "Life of Washington," showing how agreeably it struck him, by the following notice, which he inclosed: —

The appearance of the concluding volume of Irving's "Life of Washington" has been looked for with unusual interest. Varying, as its subject matter does, from what went before — shifting from military to political interest — it was thought, by those cognizant of biographical art, that it would prove difficult for the author to narrate Washington's administration with the same simple directness which lent such emphasis to the story of the war. But Mr. Irving has equally succeeded here. Without swerving from his original plan, he has faithfully told the facts, avoided, with consummate skill, the discussion of mooted questions, kept strictly to his sphere of biography — giving exactly enough about the French Revolution, alliance, and difficulties, Jay's treaty and its consequences, Jefferson's intrigues, Genet's impertinence, the state of parties, and the course of opinion, as was absolutely necessary to explain Washington's position, difficulties, and conduct — and nothing more. And he keeps the hero himself constantly in view — treats of events as they affect him, and not general history; in a word, as throughout the work, he makes us partake of the consciousness of Washington more than the sentiment of party or the theories of politicians. It is as the squabbles of

his Cabinet, the sarcasms of the press, the events in Europe, influence his peace, purposes, and feelings, that we know them; and, by thus rendering domestic and foreign affairs subordinate to the delineation of his great subject, the harmony, unity, and clear significance of the biography are admirably preserved. . . .

By the Preface, we learn that, more than thirty years ago, the "Life of Washington" was suggested to Mr. Irving by a famous Edinburgh publisher. Its execution was postponed, but the period which sees the work complete could not be more favorable for its useful influence and its successful achievement.

It is a graceful and noble consummation of a literary career of half a century — a high service both to our national literature and our civic wants — the greatest of which is to keep fresh to eye, mind, and heart the matchless example herein unfolded in a spirit and with a candor parallel with its own purity and truth.

To the letter with the above inclosure, Mr. Irving made the following reply: —

[*To Mr. H. T. Tuckerman.*]

SUNNYSIDE, June 8, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. TUCKERMAN: —

I have suffered a long time to elapse without acknowledging the receipt of your letter inclosing a printed notice of my fifth volume, which you had furnished to the press. My only excuse is, that, since I have got out of regular harness, I find it exceedingly difficult to bring myself to the slightest exercise of the pen.

I cannot sufficiently express to you, my dear Mr. Tuckerman, how deeply I have felt obliged by the

kind interest you have manifested on various occasions, and in a variety of ways, in me and my literary concerns. It is truly gratifying to be able to inspire such interest in the mind of a person of your stamp and intellectual character.

Your remarks on my last volume were especially inspiriting. Unnerved, as I was, by a tedious indisposition, I had come to regard this volume with a dubious and almost desponding eye. Having nothing of the *drum and trumpet* which gave bustle and animation to the earlier volumes, I feared it might be considered a falling off. Your letter has contributed to put me in heart, and I accept with gratitude your congratulations on what you pronounce a "happy termination" of my undertaking.

Ever, my dear Mr. Tuckerman, with great regard, your truly obliged friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Last Days. — A Formidable Visit threatened. — A Strange Visitor. — Longfellow and the Acrostic. — Burr. — The Travel to Albany in Former Days. — Poe. — Clay. — The Camp-meeting. — George Sumner. — The Irishwoman's Sixpence. — Visit of N. P. Willis. — Of Theodore Tilton. —Last Interview with a Stranger. — Death and Funeral.

I RECUR to my notes taken at the time for a brief record of the last months of the author's existence.

June 13th. — A lowering day, but Mr. Irving again improving. His days, of late, have presented quite a contrast to that wretched 3d of June, and he has apparently been gaining ever since.

Received a note from General V. P. Van Antwerp, of Iowa, and Colonel John T. Heard, of Massachusetts, two of the Board of Visitors, consisting of sixteen, now in session at the United States Military Academy, at West Point, inclosing a highly complimentary resolution to himself, and proposing, if agreeable, to call on him in a body the next day, when they should adjourn, to tender to him, in their collective capacity, "the homage due to one whose long life had been distinguished by sterling virtues, and who wore with becoming gracefulness the laurels which labors successfully devoted to literature had placed upon his brow."

Such a mark of consideration, from a body consisting of members from the different States of the Union, could not but be deeply gratifying, yet he was all in a flutter about it. "I must stop this at once!" he exclaimed, and immediately went to the library and wrote a letter to General Van Antwerp, expressive of his very high sense of the intended compliment, but pleading his inability to cope with the visit, from long ill health and nervousness.

General Van Antwerp had intimated, in his note, that some of the Board had expressed fear that this "simple demonstration, not intended for publicity," might be an annoyance, and that if, for any reason, it should be either distasteful or inconvenient, a private note to him would suffice to explain the reason.

Mr. Irving was quite relieved when he had written his note, and got our approval. All dreaded the threatened visit, as likely to bring back or rather aggravate his nervousness.

June 19th. — Gentle and playful — something almost childlike in his manner. Asked whose the passage that was running in his head, "Fair laughs the morn," etc. I showed it to him in Gray's "Bard." Inquired, then, if I could recollect the author of two lines that had lingered — disconnectedly — in his memory for years: —

> "She asked of each wave, as it reached the shore,
> If it ever had touched the ship's tall side."

I had never met them. Very cheerful at dinner. Walked round the brook lot in the after-

noon. In the evening took his seat in the parlor, and opened a book to read. Had been some time at a loss for a pleasant book. "I'm reduced to my favorite author." "What is it?" is asked. "The fifth volume of the 'Life of Washington.' I think I'll read it now. I have not looked at it since it was put to press."

June 22d. — Mr. Irving wretchedly nervous. I went to town, to bring up Dr. Peters in the afternoon train. The doctor found him looking much better than he expected. As usual, he appeared better while the doctor was there, but more nervous again after he left. He had a wretched night. I remained with him till three o'clock, when I retired for an hour. On my return, I found him struggling with one of those strange hallucinations he could not easily dispel. Had started up from sleep with an impression of some poor family he had to take care of. The impression, or the effect of it, seemed to cling to him, though he knew it was a fallacy. He had his mind and consciousness perfectly, as he said, and yet he could not shake it off. The effect of it continued for an hour. Very singular.

June 23d. — A necessary engagement taking four of the inmates to town, H—— remarked to him, before breakfast, that S—— would remain and read to him, and lull him to a good long sleep. "Ah! my dear, I wish, indeed, it might be a *long* sleep!"

June 28th. — In the afternoon, a call from Miss A—— H——, Miss G——, of Boston, Mr. W——, of Boston, and Rossiter, the artist. Miss

H—— thought he looked very feeble, and was much changed. Afterward, F. S. Cozzens called, his wife, and a little daughter of four years of age, and remained until half past nine. Something was said by Cozzens about his sitting for a likeness to Mr. Thomas Hicks, the artist, to accompany a representation of the literary class in some contemplated grand painting, in which the various classes — commercial, scientific, etc. — were to be represented. Mr. Irving replied, that he was dwindling away so fast, that he would soon make an excellent subject for a *miniature* for Mr. Hicks, if he took miniatures.

Retired about eleven, and had one of his "perverse, wretched nights," as he styled them. From time to time would beg me to go to my room. Said that there was a forlorn comfort in having some one to groan to, but that I could not help him; that I could only lie down in the gutter with him (alluding to the story of the sot who said to a brother sot in the gutter, that he could not help him up, but would lie down beside him). A little playfulness and fun would thus blend, at times, with his extremest distress.

Toward morning he expressed a hope that this suffering might soon end. "Had never wished to live beyond a cheerful existence. His life, if prolonged, might be of value to others, and hence it was desirable; but, for himself, he was willing to go. So singular and unaccountable that he should be distressed in this way; had nothing to worry him; nothing on his mind; no concern about his worldly means or literary reputation; had had honor enough in that respect," etc.

June 29th. — I was reading Mrs. Stowe's "Minister's Wooing," then coming out in numbers in the "Atlantic Monthly," and asked him his impression of Burr, whom she had introduced in her story. "Burr was full of petty mystery; he made a mystery of everything. When I called on him, at Baltimore, in the morning, on my way to his trial, I must come again in the evening. Five or six were in the room. He would take me in one corner, and say a word or two; another in another, and so on. I met him again at Fredericksburg, and rode with him in the stage to Richmond. I could not well make out why I was sent for. From some sounding of his, I suspected he wanted me to write for the press in his behalf, but I put a veto on that."

June 30th. — The doctor came up, and stayed over night. Left him a new prescription — a tonic — which had a favorable effect.

July 7th. — Just before sitting down to breakfast, a stranger called at the door, wishing to see Mr. Irving. The servant informed him he was ill — but he had come from a great distance, and begged to see him, if but for a few moments. Mr. Irving, excessively troubled at the time with shortness of breath, requested me to see him. I went to the door, and found a very ordinary-looking personage with a carpet-bag. He asked if I was Mr. Irving. Not Mr. Washington Irving, I told him. He is ill, and unable to see any one. "It would be a great gratification to see him, if but for a few moments. Had come a great distance. Had called four years before, but he was

not at home. Trusted he might not be disappointed." I returned to Mr. Irving, and reported what he said. He went to the door, and invited him into the library. The stranger took a chair, was going in for a long talk, when Mr. Irving had to excuse himself, from his difficulty of breathing. The stranger then asked for his autograph. Mr. Irving informed him he was too distressed to write it then, but would send it to his address, which the stranger gave, and asked Mr. Irving his charge, saying, "It is a principle with me always to pay for such things." "It is a principle with me," replied Mr. Irving, sharply, "never to take pay."

He came back quite disgusted. As he detailed this incident at breakfast, one of his auditors was reminded of an anecdote related by Longfellow, last summer, at Nahant. A person wrote the poet, wishing him to send an acrostic, the first letters of which should spell, "My Sweet Girl." "Write as if it were some beautiful girl with whom you were in love — just as if it were for yourself;" and at the foot of the letter were these words, "Send bill."

Had a good night, without attendance of any kind. His nervousness seems to be leaving him, and his general health to be improving. Looks better. It may be the result of a tonic which the doctor prescribed about ten days ago.

July 10th. — Drove to church. A fair appetite at dinner, and very playful. "What a pity, Kate, we had not known Louis Napoleon was such a warrior when he took breakfast with us!

We might have turned the conversation on military matters." The war in Italy was then going on, in which he was much interested.

A good deal troubled with shortness of breath in the afternoon, and before retiring. On the whole, can hardly say he is gaining ground in his recovery. Though free from nervousness for the last ten or eleven nights, yet does not seem to be getting rid of this oppressed respiration, which has less of paroxysm than heretofore, but is more frequent.

July 12th. — Called me, in the morning, from the library to the piazza, to see "what a picture there was on the river." No wind — no tide — clusters of vessels motionless in front, making beautiful groups — clouds moving so lazily, that

"Even in their very motion there was rest;"

the sounds of the hammer from workmen on a house at the opposite side of the river borne *distinctly* across the water. "That's the way," pointing to one of the lazy vessels in the broad sunlight, with its boom creaking to and fro, "that's the way we used to travel to Albany in former days, baking in the sun, and trying to keep within the shade of the sail. We thought it the order of things, then, to roast in summer and freeze in winter."

Remarked, at noon, that he felt he was getting on — getting well. He had expressed occasional confidence before, during an intermission of his symptoms, but never so strongly. Seemed more encouraged than he had ever been. Spent the

evening on the piazza. Sturgeons leaping every few minutes. Was surprised to find them so far down the Hudson.

July 13*th.* — Has had a rather nervous and wakeful night — the first *nervous* night in a fortnight. Fears he had bragged too soon yesterday. A thunder-storm began to gather just after dinner. He and I sat on the bench up the bank for a while to watch its gathering. He rather disposed to drowsiness. On returning to the house, fell into a sound sleep on the sofa, from which he awoke just before tea. At tea, seemed to be bewildered. Asked how the storm came up; if there had been any children there that afternoon; had been dreaming there were, and that his old friend, Leslie, recently dead, was there. A strange hallucination, such as he had occasionally during his *nervous* nights.

July 18*th.* — I brought up from the city Poe's Poems. He read over "The Raven." "What a capital hit that was — such a strange, weird interest in it!" H—— proposed that I should read it aloud. "No; too dismal to go to bed upon." "I got one or two letters from Poe, but saw little of him. Once asked permission to use certain materials of mine for a story. I gave it."

The next day a Mr. Hugh Erwin, of Nashville, called — a stranger. Conversation about Clay. Mr. Irving expressed warm admiration of Clay. Spoke of his having seen him at Washington in early life, and been strongly attracted toward him. Of his going out to take leave of him; and Clay, mounted on his horse, accosting him with, "If I

can do anything for you, let me know." "Does he suppose," thought I, "that I have been courting him all this time for a selfish object?"

July 24th. — Speaking of the details of the battle of Solferino, which had just appeared in the papers: "I used to read all the details of a painful nature in wars, but now I skip them. My stomach has lost its tone; I cannot digest horrors any longer."

August 5th. — Very much untuned and out of sorts. A bad night; little sleep. Great oppression and shortness of breath during the day. I brought up from the city a fresh supply of medicine from Dr. Peters, to whom I had reported Mr. Irving's condition. He advised a continuance of the tonic remedies, particularly laying stress upon them as necessary to build him up and fortify him for the trials of the winter.

Seemed to have a craving for news when I came up — anything, probably, to take off his thoughts from himself and his distress.

Had a bad night, and was excessively nervous during the whole of the next day. To one who was trying to talk to him, and get his mind off of himself: "It is a shame to depress you by my sad feelings; but I can no more restrain these nerves than I could wild horses. Everything has such a gloomy aspect — nothing to look forward to. In this situation, I am a burden to myself and to everybody else, and would rather lie down and die. Ah! I have got to the dregs, and must take them."

August 21st. — Went to church. A good deal

distressed with laboring breath after dinner. Gave H—— a letter to read, which he had received the day before from a stranger proposing to call on him. The letter was long, and occupied some time in the reading. "O! if he could only give me his long wind, he should be most welcome." Slept an hour or two after tea, and awoke very much distressed with shortness of breath. Great misgiving on retiring for the night. "Ah me! what a blight to fall on a man's life!"

The next morning felt better. Alluded to the common practice of swearing in the early days of New York. "Could not utter a sentence without sending a *damn* with it to give it force."

August 31st. — Mr. Irving paid a last visit to his friend Mr. Ames, at his country residence at Craigville, Orange County, his niece Sarah, Mrs. Irving, and myself accompanying him. He hoped to find benefit from change of air, and seemed improved at first.

Drove to Chester the next day. Very cheerful in the evening. Had seen, in some old periodical, an account of Cooper, Bryant, Tuckerman, and others, having visited the Foxes at the rooms of Rufus W. Griswold, in the year 1850, and adverted to the enigma of the manifestations. "Ah!" said he, playfully, "the only way to get at the truth, is to bring the mediums to the stake; that was the good old way."

September 4th. — Drove to a camp-meeting near Oxford. Mr. Irving told, with great zest, a story of his going to a camp-meeting, when a

youngster, not far from Tarrytown, with a young lady. An old negro, seated on a stump, rocking to and fro, with his hands clasping his knees, looked up at them with a curious glance, supposing they had come to mock and laugh. Gave them a passing shot: "Jesus will carry de day." "If God Almighty were not too strong for de debbil, der'd be no libing in *dis* world." Two black nymphs behind, fanning themselves: "Let old Scip(io) alone. I'll warrant he'll gib dem der own."

Was very cheerful during the evening, telling various anecdotes in his old way; but at bed-time the difficulty of breathing returned, and, with it, excessive nervousness. He had a wretched night, and the next morning decided to return home at once. We left at ten o'clock — he sadly discouraged. He had looked forward to this visit with great hope from change of air, and the disappointment added to his depression. We arrived at Sunnyside before two. He slept heavily in the afternoon and early evening, but at ten his shortness of breath returned, and with it his distressing nervousness.

On the 9th, he went to the city for the day on some little business, and for the change. On his return, found Gouverneur Kemble had called. Very sorry to have missed him. Did not care to see new faces, or have new faces see him; but of old faces he could not see too much.

A day or two after, had a call from Mr. George Sumner, who was visiting in the neighborhood. Remained to tea. Mr. Irving was

scarcely able to hold any conversation with him. Sumner reminded him of a remark of his at Madrid, that the best things of an author were spontaneous — the first pressure of the grape; the after squeezings not so rich.

September 12th. — Had been awake till three; then slept till four, after which he got no sleep. Very nervous in the morning. I took up a volume of Percival's Poems, which I had just brought, and read aloud, "She had no heart," etc. "That's very beautiful!" said he. "Flows so naturally and easily. No hammer in that."

Speaking of an English writer whose death had been announced in the papers, he remarked: "I never met him, and never liked him. He belonged to a Cockney clique for whom I had no relish. They used to hold junketings at the house of my landlady, Mrs. H——, with whom I lodged soon after I went up to London to prepare the 'Sketch Book,' and they sometimes forgot to pay for them. She told me once, when a good deal straitened, that she called at the house of one of them with her bill for wine, etc. He was absent, but she saw his wife, who told her she had not the money, and that her husband was a *man of genius*, and could not attend to such matters. 'Send a bailiff after the man of genius,' said I. 'I know of no genius that lifts a man above his honest engagements.'"

September 15th.— Found the annexed extract, after tea, in the "Home Journal," from the pen of N. P. Willis, which was cut out by Sarah, that he might not see it, from its allusion to his closing life:—

Mr. Irving, by far the most honored man in our country, is, curiously enough, even less honored than loved. He is a marvel, if only by that difference from other men of genius — whose destiny it seems to have their last days sad. The setting of his sun is mellow, the clouds around and behind him rosier as he goes. There is another summer-day beauty, too, in his decline — the full moon of renown, after death, seen clearly even before the setting of his sun.

We have said thus much expressive of our own feeling, by way of declining more graciously the numbers of articles which have poured in upon us with the recent news of Mr. Irving's illness. From authentic sources, we learn that the report of his recent indisposition was very much exaggerated, and that he is at present in his usual condition at Sunnyside.

My record of the evening is: Played whist from eight to ten, after which Mr. Irving dozed awhile in his chair, and then retired about eleven, quite free, apparently, from the nervous apprehensions of the night before.

To keep him awake until ready to retire for the night, and to drive off disagreeable thoughts, we were in the habit of playing either whist or backgammon. Chess, of which he was fond, was too exciting. He was always a very poor player at whist, and cared nothing for the game, but was glad to seize on anything to keep him awake in the evening, lest any indulgence then should lessen his chance of sleep for the night.

September 17th. — Mr. Irving finishes "Quits," a novel by the authoress of the "Initials." Very

much pleased with it. Has now "Cecil; or, The Adventures of a Coxcomb," which I have borrowed for him. Wants works of a continuous interest in his present condition.

September 18*th*. — Has had a good night, which makes the fourth. Apparently much better. After dinner, walks to Robert, the gardener's, to see and amuse himself with the children — his delight.

September 19*th*. — Attended a vestry meeting at Christ Church, Tarrytown, of which he was warden as well as vestryman. Returned before dark. Complained, at tea-time, of great heat in the head. Had something of a chill as he retired for the night. Was evidently feverish.

The next day I called on Dr. Peters, in New York, who came up with me in the afternoon train. Found that Mr. Irving had fever. Had coughed a good deal during the day. Gave him something quieting, which allayed his cough for the rest of the evening.

Dr. Peters came up again the next afternoon. Mr. Irving was better; and, at the dinner table, the doctor told an anecdote of a drunkard's applying to him for *sixpence*, though with an evident consciousness of his own drunkenness. *Apropos* to which, Mr. Irving related an anecdote of his walking the streets of London, smiling at the recollection of one of his own jokes, when he was accosted by an Irishwoman: "Ah, God bless your merry face! surely you're not the man will refuse a poor woman a *sixpence*." He put his hand in his pocket, and gave her — the smallest he had

— a guinea. "So much had I to pay," said he, "for laughing at my own joke; and it served me right."

September 28th. — The doctor has been up for several successive days, sometimes remaining over night. Mr. Irving feels his kindness very deeply. Was with him at one last night, and again from three to four during the night, as he was very nervous. Was tormented with an idea that he had a big book to write before he could sleep. Visitors abounded to-day — eighteen or nineteen. Mr. Irving could see no one.

September 29th. — Went to bed at eleven, and had a deplorably nervous night. I had tried in vain to find a book for him to read. In his present state, it is hard for him to find entertainment in anything. Though his asthma was relieved, the lamentable nervous distress of which he was so long the victim months back, seemed to be reëstablishing itself, while he had less strength to contend with it.

One of his favorite books, during his long illness, was Slidell's "Year in Spain." He read it again and again. Its graphic pictures seemed to carry him back to pleasant scenes, and out of himself. When reading to him, as we did constantly, to produce sleep, we always avoided it, as we found it excited his imagination, and roused rather than soothed him.

September 30th. — A deplorably bad night. Sadly nervous and wakeful. The doctor came up at half past seven P. M., and remained all night. Administered opium in slight doses, to

make him more amenable to the other medicines, but not to drug him.

October 2d. — Had a tolerable night, though not his quantum of sleep. Showed him a letter of his brother William, to his mother, written in October, 1778, when he was just twenty-one, giving a picture of his life on the Mohawk. Quite amused with it; then launched into a eulogium of his brother. "There was a natural richness of mind about him, that made him the most delightful of companions. How I used to delight to set him going with his world of anecdote! I knew just what key to touch." Then came an allusion to his father's pastor, "old Dr. Rodgers, with his buzz wig, silver-mounted cane, well-polished shoes, and silver shoebuckles."

October 4th. — A good night, and a good, comfortable day. No asthma now for three weeks.

October 7th. — Has had a good night, vith a little more cough, and a *little* shortness of breath — slight indications, possibly, of returning asthma. At dinner, got speaking of Cooper, started by an article on Cooper in the "North American," written by Henry T. Tuckerman. Pronounced it a very fair, discriminating article. Thought Leatherstocking a creation. No one would care to meddle with that class of character after Cooper. In life, they judge a writer by his last production; after death, by what he has done best. Look at Shakespeare. You do not think of ——" (naming some of Shakespeare's inferior plays), "but of Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello. So it will be with Cooper."

October 10*th.* — Whist in the evening. Mr. Irving said, in the course of the game, "I do not like to be guilty of pretension, but I must say I'm the very worst player that ever was. I think, if I had Mrs. Sidesbottom here, I'd almost borrow her spectacles." (Mrs. S. was an inveterate card-player of Liverpool, whose partner at whist he once was, and who pettishly offered to lend him her spectacles when he mistook the card.) He had played only in courtesy, to make up a hand.

October 11*th.* — On my return from the city, at a quarter past seven P. M., found him rather nervous. Asked at once if I had brought anything to read; whereupon I unfolded my stores — "Doctor Thorne," "Reginald Dalton," "Guy Livingstone." Rather inclined to condemn all without reading. Took up "Doctor Thorne," and thought he would try it.

The next day was a very good one, and he seemed quite like himself. Went to bed in good spirits, rejoiced that he had "Doctor Thorne" to read, in which he had become quite interested.

Afterward read "Reginald Dalton." Relished the pictures of Oxford college life. Had finished "Doctor Thorne." Thought it very clever — out of the common run. Went to bed not very "sanguin-ary," as he termed it, of a good sleep.

October 30*th.* — After church, a call from Mrs. S——, of Richmond, M—— and A—— H——. They announce intention of John P. Kennedy to call to-morrow, at twelve, on his way down from Idlewild, the seat of N. P. Willis, the poet. On

the morrow, accordingly, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Willis, and Mr. Wise, author of "Los Gringos," called. The latter had never met Mr. Irving before, and the others were to see him for the last time.

I quote from the "Home Journal" of November 19th, a portion of Mr. Willis's account of the visit: —

During the ten minutes before Mr. Irving came in (for he was out upon his morning drive when we arrived), his nieces very kindly gratified our interest in the "workshop of genius," by taking us into the library — the little curtain-windowed sanctuary where his mind had found both its labor and its repose, though, by the open newspapers scattered carelessly over the large writing-table in the centre, and the inviting readiness of the well-cushioned lounge in the recess, it now serves more the purpose of the repose more needed. It was a labyrinth of books, as it was a labyrinth of tender associations, in which, as the eye roved over its consecrated nooks and corners, the fancy, in all reverence, rambled lovingly!

I was looking admiringly, once more, at Jarvis's record of him at the "Sketch Book" period of his life (the portrait with the fur collar, which all who have seen it will so well remember), when Mr. Irving came in from his drive. We had heard so much recently of his illness, that I was surprised to see with how lively and firm a step he entered; removing the slouched hat (a comfortable departure from the old-school covering, which I had never expected to see on so proper a head!) with as easy elegance as ever, sitting down with his gray shawl left carelessly over his shoulders, and entering upon kind inquiries and exchange of courtesies with no hindrance of debility

that I could see. He is thinner, somewhat, in both form and features — owing to the asthma, which interferes somewhat with his repose when lying down; but the genial expression of his countenance is unchanged, and his eye as kindly and bright. As to sprightliness of attention and reply, I could see little difference from the Washington Irving of other days. The report of his illness must have been exaggerated, I thought.

Conversation falling upon exercise, Mr. Irving remarked that he daily took his drive in the carriage — less from any desire to go abroad, than from finding, since he had given up habits of labor, that time hung heavy on his hands. If he walks out, it is only in the grounds. We spoke of horseback riding, and he gave us a most amusing account of his two last experiences in that way — a favorite horse called "Gentleman Dick" having thrown him over his head into a laurel bush, which kindly broke his fall; and another very handsome nag having proved to be opinionative as to choice of road — particularly at a certain bridge, which it was very necessary to pass in every ride, but which the horse could not by any reasonable persuasion be got over. With the sending of this horse dogmatist to town, to be sold to meaner service for his obstinacy, had ended the experiments in the saddle. . . . .

Attributable, perhaps, to a rallying of his animal spirits with cessation from work — I could not but wonder at the effortless play of "Diedrich Knickerbocker" humor which ran through all his conversation — Washington Irving, in his best days, I am very sure, was never more socially "agreeable" than with us, for that brief visit. One little circumstance was mentioned in the course of this pleasant

gossip. There was some passing discussion of the wearing of beards — his friend Mr. Kennedy having made that alteration in his physiognomy since they had met; and Mr. Irving closed a playful comment or two upon the habit, by saying that he could scarce afford the luxury himself, involving, as it would do, the loss of the most effectual quietus of his nerves. To get up and shave, when tired of lying awake, sure of going to sleep immediately after, had long been a habit of his. There was an amusing exchange of sorrows, also, between him and Mr. Kennedy, as to persecution by autograph hunters; though the ex-Secretary gave rather the strongest instance — mentioning an unknown man who had written to him when at the head of the Navy Department, requesting, as one of his constituents, to be furnished with autographs of all the Presidents, of himself and the rest of the Cabinet, and of any other distinguished men with whom he might be in correspondence!

But there was a *table* calling for us which was less agreeable than the one we were at — the "time-table" of the railroad below — and our host's carriage was at the door. Mr. Kennedy was bound to the city, where Mr. Irving, as he gave us his farewell upon the porch, said he thought he might find him, in a day or two; and Wise and I, by the up train, were bound back to Idlewild. We were at home by seven, and, over our venison supper (the "Alleghany haunch" still bountiful), we exchanged our remembrances of the day, and our felicitations at having been privileged, thus delightfully, to see, in his home and in health, the still sovereign Story King of the Hudson. May God bless him! and may the clouds about his loved and honored head grow still brighter with the nearer setting of his sun. . . .

I draw again on my notes for the following memorandum, which records his last pilgrimage to his native city — made six days after the foregoing visit.

November 5th. — A good deal troubled with his cough. Visited New York. Lunched at Charles A. Davis's.

Two days after, Mr. Theodore Tilton, one of the editors of the New York "Independent," spent a half hour at Sunnyside, of which he contributed to the columns of that print the following interesting account: —

I had half an hour, one day last week, at Sunnyside, the residence of Washington Irving. Such a half-hour ought to have one of the pleasantest in one's life; and so it was. . . . .

The morning had been rainy, and the afternoon showed only a few momentary openings of clear sky; so that I saw Sunnyside without the sun. But, under the heavy clouds, there was something awe-inspiring in the sombre view of those grand hills, with their many-colored forests, and of Hendrik Hudson's ancient river still flowing at the feet of the ancient palisades.

The mansion of Sunnyside has been standing for twenty-three years; but when first its sharp-angled roof wedged its way up among the branches of the old woods, the region was far more a solitude than now; for at that time our busy author had secluded himself from almost everybody but one near neighbor; while he has since unwittingly gathered around him a little community, whose elegant country seats, opening into each other by mutual intertwining roads, form what looks like one vast and free estate, called on

the time-tables of the railroad by the honorary name of Irvington. But even within the growing circle of his many neighbors, the genial old Knickerbocker still lives in true retirement, entertaining his guests, within echo distance of Sleepy Hollow, without thought, and almost without knowledge,

> ——— "how the great world
> is praising him far off."

Mr. Irving is not so old-looking as one would expect who knew his age. I fancied him as in the winter of life; I found him only in its Indian summer. He came down-stairs, and walked through the hall into the back parlor, with a firm and lively step that might well have made one doubt whether he had truly attained his seventy-seventh year! He was suffering from asthma, and was muffled against the damp air with a Scotch shawl, wrapped like a great loose scarf around his neck; but as he took his seat in the old arm-chair, and, despite his hoarseness and troubled chest, began an unexpectedly vivacious conversation, he almost made me forget that I was the guest of an old man long past his "threescore years and ten."

But what should one talk about who had only half an hour with Washington Irving? I ventured the question: "Now that you have laid aside your pen, which of your books do you look back upon with most pleasure?"

He immediately replied: "I scarcely look with full satisfaction upon any; for they do not seem what they might have been. I often wish that I could have twenty years more, to take them down from the shelf one by one, and write them over."

He spoke of his daily habits of writing, before he had made the resolution to write no more. His usual

hours for literary work were from morning till noon. But, although he had generally found his mind most vigorous in the early part of the day, he had always been subject to moods and caprices, and could never tell, when he took up the pen, how many hours would pass before he would lay it down.

"But," said he, "these capricious periods of the heat and glow of composition have been the happiest hours of my life. I have never found, in anything outside of the four walls of my study, any enjoyment equal to sitting at my writing-desk, with a clean page, a new theme, and a mind wide awake."

His literary employments, he remarked, had always been more like entertainments than tasks.

"Some writers," said he, "appear to have been independent of moods. Sir Walter Scott, for instance, had great power of writing, and could work almost at any time. So could Crabbe; but with this difference — Scott always, and Crabbe seldom, wrote well. I remember," said he, "taking breakfast, one morning, with Rogers, Moore, and Crabbe. The conversation turned on Lord Byron's poetic moods. Crabbe said that, however it might be with Lord Byron, as for himself, he could write as well at one time as at another. But," said Irving, with a twinkle of humor at recalling the incident, "Crabbe has written a great deal that nobody can read."

He mentioned that, while living in Paris, he went a long period without being able to write. "I sat down repeatedly," said he, "with pen and ink, but could invent nothing worth putting on the paper. At length I told my friend Tom Moore, who dropped in one morning, that now, after long waiting, I had the mood, and would hold it, and work it out as long as it would last, until I had wrung my brain dry. So I began to write shortly after breakfast and con-

tinued, without noticing how the time was passing, until Moore came in again at four in the afternoon — when I had completely covered the table with freshly written sheets. I kept the mood almost without interruption for six weeks."

I asked which of his books was the result of this frenzy. He replied, "Bracebridge Hall."

"None of your works," I remarked, "are more charming than the 'Biography of Goldsmith.'"

"Yet that was written," said he, "even more rapidly than the other." He then added: "When I have been engaged on a continuous work, I have often been obliged to rise in the middle of the night, light my lamp, and write an hour or two, to relieve my mind; and, now that I write no more, I am sometimes compelled to get up in the same way to read."

Sometimes, also, as the last Idlewild letter mentions, he gets up to shave!

"When I was in Spain," he remarked, "searching the old chronicles, and engaged on the 'Life of Columbus,' I often wrote fourteen or fifteen hours out of the twenty-four."

He said that, whenever he had forced his mind unwillingly to work, the product was worthless, and he invariably threw it away, and began again; "for," as he observed, "an essay or chapter that has been only *hammered out*, is seldom good for anything. An author's right time to work is when his mind is aglow — when his imagination is kindled. These are his precious moments. Let him wait until they come; but, when they have come, let him make the most of them."

I referred to his last and greatest work, the "Life of Washington," and asked if he felt, on finishing it, any such sensation as Gibbon is said to have experienced over the last sheet of the "Decline and Fall."

He replied that the whole work had engrossed his mind to such a degree, that, before he was aware, he had written himself into feebleness of health; that he feared in the midst of his labor that it would break him down before he could end it; that when, at last, the final pages were written, he gave the manuscript to his nephew to be conducted through the press, and threw himself back upon his red-cushioned lounge with an indescribable feeling of relief. He added, that the great fatigue of mind, throughout the whole task, had resulted from the care and pains required in the construction and arrangement of materials, and not in the mere literary composition of the successive chapters.

On the parlor wall hung the engraving of Faed's picture of "Scott and his Contemporaries." I alluded to it as presenting a group of his former friends.

"Yes," said he; "I knew every man of them but three; and now they are all gone!"

"Are the portraits good?" I inquired.

"Scott's head," he replied, "is well drawn, though the expression lacks something of Scott's force. Campbell's is tolerable. Lockhart's is the worst. Lockhart," said he, "was a man of very delicate organization, but he had a more manly look than in the picture."

"You should write one more book," I hinted.

"What is that?"

"Your reminiscences of those literary friends."

"Ah," he exclaimed, "it is too late now! I shall never take the pen again. I have so entirely given up writing, that even my best friends' letters lie unanswered. I must have rest. No more books now!"

As I rose to go, he brought from a corner of the room a photograph of a little girl, exhibiting it with great enthusiasm. It was a gift from a little child

who had come to see him every day during his sickness. The picture was accompanied with a note printed in large letters with a lead pencil, by the little correspondent, who said she was too young to write. He spoke with great vivacity of his childish visitor. "Children," said the old man, "are great pets. I am very fond of the little creatures."

The author's study — into which I looked for a few moments before leaving — is a small room, almost entirely filled by the great writing-table and the lounge behind it. The walls are laden with books and pictures, which evidently are rearranged every day by some delicate hand; for none of the books were tumbled into a corner, and no papers were lying loose upon the table. The pen, too, was lying precisely parallel to the edge of the inkstand — a nicety which only a womanly housekeeper would persevere to maintain. Besides, there was not a speck of dust upon carpet or cushion.

I stood reverently in the little room, as if it were a sacred place. Its associations filled my mind with as much delight as if I had been breathing fragrance from hidden flowers. On leaving, I carried the picture of it vividly in my mind, and still carry it — the quiet, secluded, poetic haunt in which a great author wrote his greatest works.

As I came away, the old gentleman bundled his shawl about him, and stood a few moments on the steps. A momentary burst of sunshine fell on him through the breaking clouds. In that full light he looked still less like an old man than in the dark parlor by the shaded window. . . . . I wish always to remember him as I saw him at that last moment.

I return once more to my notes: —

November 10*th.* — His cough not so troublesome. Is evidently stronger than he was.

November 16*th.* I returned to Sunnyside from an absence of two days in the city. Found Mr. Irving had been suffering from a renewal of his asthma, which had been distressing him for three or four days. A Mrs. ——— called just at twilight, to importune him for an autograph in her book. Mr. Irving being asleep, we tried to fight her off with an offer of a loose one; but she was pertinacious, and we had to seize a moment of partial wakefulness to get him to write it in her book, which he did without seeing her.

November 20*th, Sunday.* — At breakfast, one of his nieces mentioned her dream of seeing a spirit; her dread, and the nightmare consequent thereupon. "Did you question it?" was asked. "No; she did not want to have anything to do with spirits in this life;" and appealed for approval to Mr. Irving, who thought we were "better adapted to communion in the flesh." He then alluded again to the anecdote of Hall and himself, and their strange and solemn compact, which had no result.

Went to church.

November 22*d, Tuesday.* — A call from Mr. William G. Dix, seeking a personal acquaintance, and bringing a note from Rev. James Selden Spencer, assistant minister of Christ Church, Tarrytown. It was Mr. Irving's last interview with a stranger.

I happened to mention (says Mr. Dix, in a letter published after his death, recounting the interview) the name of Washington Allston. It set his soul all glowing with tender, affectionate enthusiasm. To hear the great painter so praised by the great writer, with a voice tremulous partly with infirmity but more with emotion, was something to keep, as surely as if every word had been engraven with the point of a diamond.

I drew my interview soon to a close, not wishing to make him weary; and his cordial desire that I would call to see him again, and his expressions of good-will, so much more hearty than I had any right to expect, will ever be cherished as a benediction. I seem to have received a parting blessing on my heart and soul. How little did I then think that it would prove the very last! . . . .

November 27th, Sunday. — Attended church at Tarrytown. In the evening, it was remarked that we would have to contrive some religious games to prevent his falling asleep. "I shall have to get a dispensation from Dr. Creighton to allow me to play whist on Sunday evening," was his playful rejoinder. We kept him in conversation till nine o'clock, when sleep overtook him, though he still tried to struggle against it.

November 28th, Monday. — Mr. Irving seemed very comfortable. C——, S——, and myself, started for the city in the morning train, leaving H—— and M—— with the invalid. He walked out to the brook lot about eleven, but did not drive out as usual, as he feared a return of difficult breathing. He had come back from his short walk with oppressed respiration, and

seemed more than usually depressed, but rallied to a playful conversation with Mrs. H——, a lovely neighbor, who was a great favorite with him.

On our return from the city, in the afternoon, we found the family at dinner, with the addition of his nephew, the Rev. Pierre P. Irving, who had come up during our absence. The windows of the dining-room looked to the west and south, and the whole party were lost in admiration of one of the most gorgeous sunsets I have ever beheld. The whole western sky was hung with clouds of the richest crimson, while the scene had all the softness of our lingering Indian summer. Mr. Irving exclaimed again and again at the beauty of the prospect. How little did any of us dream it was to be his last sunset on earth!

He slept between dinner and tea. In the evening seemed heavy, and a good deal depressed, as he had been more than usual during the day, but was free from nervousness, and would occasionally join in pleasant conversation.

On retiring for the night, at half past ten, his niece Sarah, who always took charge of his medicines, went into his room to place them, as usual, within easy reach. "Well," he exclaimed, "I must arrange my pillows for another weary night!" and then, as if half to himself, "If this could only end!" or "When will this end!" she could not tell which; for at the instant, he gave a slight exclamation, as if of pain, pressing his hand on his left side, repeated the exclamation and the pressure, caught at the footboard of the bed, and fell backward to the floor. The sound

of his fall and the screams of Sarah brought the whole family in an instant to his room. I raised his head in my arms. Every means was resorted to to recall animation, and continued until a physician — Dr. Caruthers, from a distance of two miles — arrived, who pronounced life entirely extinct. He had passed away instantaneously. The end for which he had just been sighing — the end, which to him had no terrors — had come. His departure was sudden ; but so he was willing it should be. In the fullness of years, with unclouded intellect, crowned with the warmest affections of his countrymen, and with an assured hope of a happy immortality, he had gone down, according to his own pathetic aspiration, "with all sail set." Who that loved him would have wished to recall him!

When his physician, Dr. Peters, arrived at the house the next morning, he pronounced the immediate cause of his death to be disease of the heart. He had informed me eleven months before, that there was enlargement of the heart, but he did not then express serious apprehension from this cause.

His attention to his patient during a year of suffering was most unwearied, and whatever skill could accomplish was faithfully done; but the difficulty lay too deep for remedy. No skill could have averted or delayed the catastrophe.

When the news of Mr. Irving's death was announced, the next morning, in his native city, the flags on the shipping and the public buildings were instantly hung at half mast ; and the various public bodies which had a session during the

day, made allusion to the event. The Common Council, also, at the instigation of the Mayor, passed resolutions to testify its respect to his memory.

It is a remarkable incident in the obsequies of a private individual, that the various courts of the city adjourned on the day of the funeral, to afford opportunity to those who wished to attend it; and during the hour when the last services were performing, miles distant, in the little rural church in which he had worshipped, the bells of his native city were tolling a mournful and responsive peal. On that day, also, the shops and places of business of the village through which the procession was to pass were closed. The railroad depot at which passengers were to alight from New York, the hotel, the public buildings, and many of the private residences in the principal streets, were draped in black, and mourning festoons were hung across the road.

It was on the 1st of December that the mortal remains of Washington Irving were conveyed to their last resting-place; but no breath of winter chilled the air. The Indian summer, which this season had lingered into the very winter, shed its soft and melancholy beauty over the scene; and nothing could have been more exquisite than the day, or more in keeping with the sad occasion. "It is one of his own days," was the remark of many present.

The carriages, with the officiating clergymen, his physician, the relatives of the deceased, and the pall-bearers, moved from Sunnyside at half-past twelve o'clock. At the head of the lane

which forms the entrance to the place, a long line of carriages, containing the residents of the immediate neighborhood, joined the procession. Upon its arrival at Christ Church, Tarrytown, where the services were to be held, it was met by a large concourse of the inhabitants of the neighboring country, and an array of men eminent in the various walks of literature and commerce, who had assembled from New York and other cities to pay the last tribute of respect to the honored dead.

At half past one, the clergy present entered the chancel, led by Bishop Potter. They were the Rev. Dr. Vinton, of St. Paul's, New York; Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Grace Church; Rev. Mr. Meade; Rev. Mr. Farmington, of Trinity; Rev. Dr. Morgan, of St. Thomas's; Rev. Dr. McVickar; Rev. Mr. Babbitt; and Rev. Mr. Moore. At the door of the church, the coffin was met by the rector, Rev. Dr. Creighton (pastor and friend of the deceased) and Rev. Mr. Spencer, his assistant, who preceded it up the aisle, the rector reading the opening sentences of the Episcopal burial service. The coffin was placed in front of the altar, when the choir joined in the solemn and beautiful anthem, "Lord, let me know my end."

When the impressive services were concluded, Dr. Creighton announced that, as had been requested, the lid of the coffin would be opened, to enable all who were so disposed to take a last look of the face of the deceased. Nearly a thousand persons, it is stated, who had been unable to gain entrance to the church, availed them-

selves of this mournful privilege, and passed in silent procession by the remains. The coffin was then returned to the hearse, and the procession of carriages, computed at one hundred and fifty, formed anew, and, accompanied by a large concourse of pedestrians, proceeded to the cemetery. It was situated about a mile north of the church, on a beautiful hill, commanding on one side a noble view of the Hudson, and on the other a portion of the Sleepy Hollow valley. The route passed by the monument erected to the captors of Major André on the spot where he was taken, and across the bridge immortalized in the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," which was hung with emblems of mourning.

On reaching the place of interment, Dr. Creighton, according to the beautiful and impressive service of the Episcopal Church, consigned the body to the grave: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

As he was laid down to take his last sleep among the scenes he had loved and celebrated, and by the side of his mother, as he had himself desired, the sun was declining; and soon another gorgeous sunset, such as brightened his last evening in life, again lighted up the western sky. It was a glorious scene; and few of the sad-hearted mourners who had stood around the grave failed to associate that day's decline with the close of that pure and beautiful life.

My task is finished. I have traced the career of the author from its commencement to its close, as far as possible, through his own letters and words; and if the reader has not imbibed a correct idea of his personal and literary character in this way, it would be idle to attempt a more formal delineation of his virtues as a man or his genius as a writer.

I close with an extract from a beautiful and truthful portrait of him by a young author, which appeared among numerous other tributes after his decease. It is from the pen of George William Curtis: —

With Irving, the man and the author were one. The same twinkling humor, untouched by personal venom; the same sweetness, geniality, and grace; . . . . which endeared the writer to his readers, endeared the man to his friends. Gifted with a happy temperament, with that cheerful balance of thought and feeling which begets the sympathy which prevents bitter animosity, he lived through the sharpest struggles of our politics, not without interest, but without bitterness, and with the tenderest respect of every party.

His tastes, and talents, and habits were all those of the literary man. . . . . And it was given to him first of our authors to invest the American landscape with the charm of imagination and tradition. . . . .

When his death was known, there was no class of men who more sincerely deplored him than those of his own vocation. The older authors felt that a friend, not a rival — the younger, that a father had gone. There is not a young literary aspirant in the

country, who, if he ever personally met Irving, did not hear from him the kindest words of sympathy, regard, and encouragement. There is none of the older rank, who, knowing him, did not love him. He belonged to no clique, no party in his own profession, more than in any other of the great interests of life; and that not by any willful independence, or neutrality armed against all comers, but by the natural catholicity of his nature.

On the day of his burial, unable to reach Tarrytown in time for the funeral, I came down the shore of the river he loved. As we darted and wound along, the Catskills were draped in sober gray mist, not hiding them, but wreathing, and folding, and lingering, as if the hills were hung with sympathetic, but not unrelieved gloom. Yet far away toward the south, the bank on which his home lay, was Sunnyside still, for the sky was cloudless, and soft with serene sunshine. I could not but remember his last words to me, more than a year ago, when his book was finished, and his health was failing: "I am getting ready to go; I am shutting up my doors and windows." And I could not but feel that they were all open now, and bright with the light of eternal morning.

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